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FIVE SIGNIFICANT ENGLISH PLAYS

FIVE SIGNIFICANT ENGLISH PLAYS

Selected and Edited by
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PREFACE

The five plays included in this volume are selected because they were popular, important, and significant in their respective periods, because they are good illustrations of notable types of English drama, and because the editor believes that they will appeal to the average undergraduate. *Dr. Faustus* is a romantic tragedy with a universal theme. *The Shoemakers' Holiday* is a happy blending of varied aspects of comedy and presents a delightful picture of life in Elizabethan London. *The Conscious Lovers* exemplifies sentimental comedy, a type of play always popular in England and America. *The School for Scandal* as comedy of manners finds a place here because of its artistic excellence and its wide appeal. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* marks the introduction to the English public stage of the modern play with a social problem treated in the mood and temper of Ibsen. Each of the dramas is introduced by an essay intended to arouse interest in the author and his play. There has been a consistent attempt to avoid giving the kind of comment which the student may use instead of his own opinion concerning the drama. The bibliographical notes, with brief estimate or analysis, are limited to a very few books in the hope that the suggestions may be immediately useful. The notes in the last section of the volume include only such explanations as seemed necessary for an intelligent reading of the plays. General indebtedness to earlier editors is acknowledged with pleasure at this time; special indebtedness is indicated wherever possible under the individual note. The plays as printed represent a standard critical edition, the first edition, a recognized text, or a copyright edition. *Dr. Faustus* and *The Shoemakers' Holiday* are from President Neilson's text as printed in *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists*. They are used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of these texts. *The Conscious Lovers* is from the first edition of this play. Sheridan never authorized for print a standard edition of *The School for Scandal* and continued to revise the text of the play during his life. The edition by Thomas Moore (London, 1821), generally ac-

cepted since that time by students of the drama as the best, is here used. The recent critical edition by R. Crompton Rhodes (Oxford, 1928), though of great value for any scholarly study of the play, is still a subject of debate among students of Sheridan. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* represents the copyright edition of the play. It is used by permission of and by arrangement with Walter H. Baker and Company, American holders of the copyright.

GEORGE R. COFFMAN

September 1, 1930.

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APPROACH TO THE PLAYS

Among the creative arts, drama has the unique distinction of needing several other factors for its complete interpretation. When the author has written the last line of a potentially successful play, the producer must enter with his skilled mechanical aids, ranging from the simplest costume and staging to the most elaborate trappings, scenery, lighting, dancing, and music. Then must appear gifted, sympathetic actors who will interpret intelligently the words and actions of the author's characters. Finally there must be the audience ready and willing to accept the illusion intended by the author, and made a reality by producer and actor. Some dramas need for adequate interpretation the particular kind of staging, costuming, and acting which prevailed at the time the author wrote his play. A case in point is Sophocles' Greek tragedy, *Oedipus Rex*. Other plays have to such a minor degree the literary element that apart from the theatre they have no interest for the individual. Two distinctive virtues of the five plays included in this text are that they could all be presented successfully on a modern stage, and that, in addition, they would please the reader who has learned to enjoy drama as literature through the medium of the printed page.

Obviously this is not the place for a comprehensive survey of the English drama. But the background of a few of the significant and pertinent facts may contribute to a more intelligent and enjoyable reading of these plays. Broadly speaking, one may classify the subject matter of English drama preceding the sixteenth century into four groups. First, there is the material from the Bible, with its range from the little Easter play of the Resurrection, presented in monasteries in the tenth century, to the great cycles of plays of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, presented in the open air and including selected incidents from the Old and New Testaments. Then there were the lives, miracles, and martyrdoms of saints, and related legendary materials of which *Mary Magdalene* of the fifteenth century is a notable example. Again, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a popular type was the morality, a dramatization of allegory. The most popular example of

this is the Dutch-English *Everyman*, which presents with symbolic vividness and power the last hour and the death of any man, who must appear before God. Recent successful presentations of this play attest its universality and vitality. Finally, there is the folk material illustrated in the plays of Robin Hood.

The humanistic drama of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century is too rich and varied to characterize adequately here. To its making contributed classical, court, nationalistic, romantic, and folk influences. One of the glories of Shakespeare is that his plays illustrate practically all of these varied influences. In the midst of this Elizabethan environment wrote Marlowe and Dekker. If one were selecting two dramatists from the seventeenth century, notable for its artificial court drama and French influence, he would certainly name among the first Dryden and Congreve. Though the eighteenth century is not primarily a period of drama, it has given us in *The Conscious Lovers* and *The School for Scandal*, a sentimental comedy and a comedy of manners, two very representative plays in the field of English literature. Robertson with *Caste* (1867) and Gilbert and Sullivan with their light operas mark the transition to modern drama. The protagonist for this modern drama all over the continent and in England was Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906). And the first representative in England to write a modern social drama approaching the mood of Ibsen was Arthur W. Pinero with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893).

The five plays included in this text are selected because they represent significant and important aspects of English drama as a whole and because the editor believes that in subject matter and point of view they will appeal to the average undergraduate. *Dr. Faustus* epitomizes in content, philosophy, and form much of the spirit of English romantic tragedy. *The Shoemakers' Holiday* blends happily rollicking bourgeois comedy of manners, akin to the Falstaff scenes in *Henry IV*, romantic comedy, and romanticized chronicle history. *The Conscious Lovers* illustrates the element of sentimentalism dominant in eighteenth century life and literature and perennially popular in English drama. *The School for Scandal*, on the other hand, exemplifies not only the English comedy of manners to a very high degree of perfection, but is also an able and brilliant attack on the whole school of sentimentalism: this despite the fact that Sheridan did not here entirely escape its influence. And *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is the pioneer in the field of the modern problem play.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF DR. FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593) AND *DR. FAUSTUS*

Fifteen hundred and sixty-four is an important date in the history of English drama. On April 23 of this year, in the country town of Stratford, Warwickshire, a boy christened William was born into the Shakespeare family. On February 6 of the same year in the cathedral town of Canterbury, Kent, a place familiar in English literature through Chaucer, was born Christopher, son of John Marlowe, shoemaker. After early training in the local King's school, he attended Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, on a scholarship established for the boys of King's by Archbishop Parker, a former Corpus Christi student. Of the events of his life following his B.A. (1583) and M.A. (1587) at Cambridge, we know comparatively little. When he received his M.A. he seems to have been a member of one of the leading dramatic companies of London, the Lord Admiral's, for which he wrote most of his plays. As one of a circle of liberals and humanists, including Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Oxford, he was interested in speculative thought. The charge of atheism made against him would place him in a suspected class analogous to that of our young extreme social and intellectual radicals of today. For the circumstances of his violent death in a tavern at Deptford on May 30, 1593, at the hand of Ingram Frizer, we are indebted to the brilliant discovery of Dr. Leslie Hotson a few years ago. In a word, it frees Marlowe from the contemporary stigma of having been killed in a sordid tavern brawl over a serving maid and possibly connects him with many years of secret political service in the government intelligence bureau.

The important and tragic consideration for us is that he was only twenty-nine at his death. The extent of the loss to English drama may be suggested by imagining Shakespeare's death to have occurred this same year. But Marlowe's place in English drama is secure. Though the term "father of English tragedy," which has been applied to him, is not entirely accurate, it furnishes a sound starting point. On January 18, 1562, there was presented before

Queen Elizabeth by law students of the Inner Temple, *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy. Norton and Sackville, two of the students and the authors, who were influenced in this by Seneca's Latin tragedies recently translated, used blank verse for the dialogue, an innovation in English drama, heavy-footed and self-conscious as first attempts often are. The next thirty-five years were a period of wide, rich experimentation with suggestions from classical themes and rules, but with unrestrained freedom and spontaneity in subject matter and form in actual practice. In this last, the experimentation was an expression of the renaissance of humanism. The authors exemplified the spirit of romance which characterized the age. In other words, their constant effort was to escape from the conventional, the ordinary, and the commonplace into the untried, the novel, and the unusual, into a world of adventure, of wonder, of beauty. This, which is the essence of romanticism, is as one scholar put it, "the heart and soul of Elizabethan drama." Thus this inchoate romantic tragedy ranged from *Jocasta* (1566), coming into English from the Greek by way of the Latin and Italian, to the Oriental *Cambises*, *King of Persia* (1569-1570), and the native *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587). A restriction under which both comedy and tragedy labored during these years was that their appeal was too frequently limited to the court or university audience. In helping to free drama from this restriction, Thomas Kyd, Marlowe's immediate predecessor and contemporary, in *The Spanish Tragedy* (ca. 1586-1587), a popular and lurid melodrama, performed a function for tragedy analogous to Lyly's, Greene's, and Peele's for comedy.

Against such a background are projected the works of Marlowe. In his *Tamburlaine* (1587) blank verse becomes for the first time a powerful symphonic medium for dialogue in English romantic tragedy. This same medium as employed in *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II* during the next five years popularized it as the distinctive form of verse for serious English drama during the next three hundred years. In these four plays, also, Marlowe, the master, set the standard and established the norm for English romantic tragedy. In these two respects, his is a dominant influence in English dramatic literature. Students, critics, and poets have united in praise of his sense of dignity, the majesty of his style, his brilliancy, his tremendous force and power, his simplicity and centralization, and his dedication to beauty. With Swinburne he ranks as one of

the greatest figures in English literature in his mastery of words in poetry for visual and melodic effects. Edmund Gosse in an essay on style in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that the following lines from *Tamburlaine* are the finest definition of style given in any language:

If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

In a larger sense, these words epitomize the attempt of poets and dramatists to express the inexpressible aspirations of the renaissance of humanism and suggest something of Marlowe's prevailing literary spirit and mood.

* * * * *

It seems highly fitting that in August, 1929, three hundred and forty years after *Dr. Faustus* was performed by the Lord Admiral's Men in the city of London, this play should be performed, as it was, in the chapter house of the Canterbury Cathedral. In this town rich in literary associations Marlowe lived as a boy; on a scholarship established by the contemporary Archbishop Parker of his cathedral Marlowe was enabled to attend Cambridge University; by representatives of the church of which this Cathedral was the head Marlowe as a free thinker was charged with atheism. Of that very spirit of inquiry, of freedom, of unrestrained daring, so characteristic of Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus* is an epitome. Again,

This grey spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought

is probably more universally modern than any character in the whole range of Elizabethan drama. Though a human being selling his soul to the devil is a theme as old as the sixth century and is recurrent in mediaeval literature, its

immediate appeal came to Marlowe through the German *Faustbuch* of Johann Spiess in 1587. In the *Dr. Faustus* as it has come down to us, one finds essentially not a drama but a dramatic poem. It lacks plot, proportion, the technique observable in his three other plays mentioned above. It appears so fragmentary in parts that one wonders whether he has all that Marlowe wrote. And the comic scenes seem so cheap and inadequate that one wonders here whether he may not have more than Marlowe wrote. But in this dramatic biography there are the moral problem, the play of forces, the struggle, and the tragic ending which are the essence of all serious drama.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE POPE.

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

DUKE OF VANHOLT.

FAUSTUS.

VALDES and CORNELIUS, Friends to FAUSTUS.

WAGNER, Servant to FAUSTUS.

Clown.

ROBIN.

RALPH.

Vintner.

Horse-Courser.

Knight.

Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCIFER.

BELZEBUB.

MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

The Seven Deadly Sins.

Devils.

Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour, and of HELEN OF TROY.

CHORUS.]

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS*

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits!

Exit.

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[SCENE I.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his Study.

Faust. Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
 Having commenc'd, be a divine in show.
 Yet level and at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 't is thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
 Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
 Affords this art no greater miracle?
 Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
 Bid *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν* farewell; Galen come,
 Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus;*
 Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
 And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
 "The end of physic is our body's health."
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
 Is not thy common talk sound Aphorisms?
 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
 Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
 Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,
 Or, being dead, raise them to life again?
 Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
 Physic, farewell.—Where is Justinian? [Reads.]
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter
valorem rei, &c.
 A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.]
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
 Such is the subject of the Institute
 And universal Body of the Law.
 His study fits a mercenary drudge,
 Who aims at nothing but external trash;
 Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best;
 Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well. [Reads.]
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
"The reward of sin is death." That's hard. [Reads.]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas.

"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves,
 and there's no truth in us." Why then, belike we must
 sin and so consequently die.

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera*,

"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters,

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings

Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;

But his dominion that exceeds in this

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.

A sound magician is a mighty god:

Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.

Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,
 The German Valdes and Cornelius;
 Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
 Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. O Faustus! lay that damned book aside,
 And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul,

And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

Exeunt [Angels.]

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with [silk],
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
 'T is magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
 Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
 And I that have with concise syllogisms
 Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
 And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
 On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
 Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience

Shall make all nations to canónise us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
 So shall the subjects of every element
 Be always serviceable to us three;
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
 Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
 Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
 Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
 From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
 And from America the golden fleece
 That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
 If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
 As thou to live; therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
 He that is grounded in astrology,
 Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth require.
 Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
 And more frequented for this mystery
 Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
 The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
 And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
 Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
 Within the massy entrails of the earth;
 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus's works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll convass every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.] [Before Faustus's House]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 *Schol.* I wonder what's become of Faustus that
was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*?

2 *Schol.* That shall we know, for see here comes his
boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 *Schol.* How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows!

2 *Schol.* Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell
us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argu-
ment, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't:
therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2 *Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

Wag. Have you any witness on 't?

1 *Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 *Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? Then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. *Exit.*

1 *Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 *Schol.* O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 *Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.] [A Grove]

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.

Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
 Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
 The breviated names of holy saints,
 Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
 And characters of signs and erring stars,
 By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
 Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
 And try the uttermost magic can perform.

Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovahae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, sal-vete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovaham, Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] a Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
 Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
 That holy shape becomes a devil best. *Exit Devil.*
 I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
 Who would not be proficient in this art?
 How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
 Full of obedience and humility!
 Such is the force of magic and my spells.
 [Now], Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,
 Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.
Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [like a Franciscan Friar].

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
 To do whatever Faustus shall command,
 Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
 Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
 And may not follow thee without his leave;

No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?

Speak:

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Adjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

Faust. And what are you that you live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus.

Exit.

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that [country] continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again.

Exit.

[SCENE IV.] [A Street]

Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have

seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. Boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By 'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.

Clown. How, how, Knave's acre! Av, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why, then, be-like if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll twin all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for [their] meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [Gives money.]

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warn-

ing, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knockt since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop?—he has kill'd the devil." So I should be call'd Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS: the Clown runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away!

Exeunt Devils.

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain—call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be dimetarily fixt upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*. *Exit.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *Exit.*

[SCENE V.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine
ears

“Abjure this magic, turn ears to God again!”
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God?—He loves thee not—
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL].

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

Exeunt [ANGELS].

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is 't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust [*stabbing his arm*]. Lo, Mephistophilis, for
love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis, My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend? Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stay'd.

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again; Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]

Meph. O what will not I do to obtain his soul.

[*Aside.*]

Faust. *Consummatum est:* this bill is ended, And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer— But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ

Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

Exit.

Re-enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] with Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, and dance, and then depart.

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever [he desires]. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy
mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the
contrary,
For I am damned, and now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here;
What? walking, disputing, &c.?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How—a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for
I will have one.

Meph. Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there till I
come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name. [Exit.]

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil dressed like a
woman, with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell [me,] Faustus, how dost thou like thy
wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[*Gives a book.*]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book. *Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. *Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. *Turns to them.*

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI.] [The same]

[*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*]

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 't is not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How provest thou that?

Meph. 'T was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 't was made for me;
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exeunt [ANGELS].

Faust. My heart's so hard'ned I cannot repent.

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords and knives,

Poison, gun, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself,

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me

Of Alexander's love and Cænon's death?

And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes

With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,

Made music with my Mephistophilis?

Why should I die then, or basely despair?

I am resolv'd: Faustus shall ne'er repent.

Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,

And argue of divine astrology.

Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres

Mutually folded in each other's orb,

And, Faustus,

All jointly move upon one axletree

Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;

Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter

Feign'd, but are erring stars.

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion, both
situ et tempore?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!

These slender trifles Wagner can decide;

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets?

The first is finish'd in a natural day;

The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respecta totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is.

Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damn'd.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this.

Faust. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.

'T is thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.
Exeunt [ANGELS].

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
 Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
 There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
 And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy
 soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
 Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
 Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil,
 And of his dam, too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
 And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
 Never to name God, or to pray to him,
 To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
 And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be pleasing unto me,
 As Paradise was to Adam the first day
 Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else.—
 Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou—the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents.
 I am like to Ovid's flea: I can creep into every corner

of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfum'd, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou—the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and might I have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou—the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou—the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou—the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery Marchbeer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou—the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! (*Exeunt the SINS.*)—Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again.
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly. And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnised.

Exit.

[SCENE VII.] [The Pope's Chamber]

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents.
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 't is no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
[Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts:]
 Over the which four stately bridges lean,
 That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
 Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo
 Erected is a castle passing strong,
 Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
 And double cannons, fram'd of carved brass,
 As match the days within one cômplete year;
 Besides the gates and high pyramides,
 Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
 Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
 Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
 That I do long to see the monuments
 And situation of bright-resplendent Rome:
 Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd fain see
 the Pope,
 And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
 Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
 Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
 And by their folly make us merriment.
 Then charm me, [Mephistophilis,] that I
 May be invisible, to do what I please
 Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.]

Meph. So, Faustus, now
 Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a scnnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL of LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare!

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

1 *Friar.* Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Snatches it.

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatch'd the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches it.*]

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace. [*Snatches the cup.*]

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crent out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

The POPE crosseth himself.

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more I would advise you.

[*The POPE*] *crosses* [*himself*] *again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,

I give you fair warning.

[*The POPE*] *crosses* [*himself*] *again, and*

FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

1 Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!*

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS] *beat the FRIARS, and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill,
As they admir'd and wond'red at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold—your eyes shall see perform'd. *Exit.*

[SCENE VIII.] [An Inn-yard]

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to

search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH calling ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismember'd, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.] [An Inn]

Enter ROBIN and RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the VINTNER.

Ralph. But, Robin, here come the vintner.

Robin. Hugh! I'll gull him supernaturally.
Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you.
Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a &c. I, a goblet! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches him.*]

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [*VINTNER searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. [*Aside.*] You lie, drawer, 't is afore me.—Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men; stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet!—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[*Aside to* RALPH.]

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. *Reads* [*from a book.*] *Sanctobulorum, Periphrasticon*—Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[*Aside to* RALPH.]

Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c.

[*Reads.*]

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, [and then exit]. They run about.

Vint. *O nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. *Peccatum peccatorum!* Here's thy goblet, good vintner. [*Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.*]

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis!* What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter to them MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexed with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption,
I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone. *Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape? That's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pot-tage pot. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE X.] [The Court of the Emperor]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT with attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare

with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee by the honour of my imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I' faith he looks much like a conjuror.

Aside.

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As, when I heard but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I' faith that's just nothing at all. *Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.

Aside.

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best liv'd in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I' faith that's as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, begone.

Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone.

Exit.

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* [SPIRITS *in the shape of*] ALEXANDER *and* his PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your Highness may boldly go and see.

Exeunt [Spirits].

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

Faust. Will 't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Re-enter the KNIGHT with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog, Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock, How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman? Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you rememb'ed how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offer'd me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [*MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward. *Excunt.*

[SCENE XI.] [A Green; afterwards the house of
FAUSTUS]

[*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*]

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course That Time doth run with calm and silent foot, Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,

Calls for the payment of my latest years;
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more.—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. [*HORSE-COURSER gives FAUSTUS the money.*] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir.—Now I am made man for ever. I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. [*Aside.*] Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark ye, sir, if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

Exit HORSE-COURSER.

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Sleeps in his chair.

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying.

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purg'd me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanish'd away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? You hey-pass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian!—Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho!—so ho, ho! (*Hollas in his car.*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go.

(Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg, and pulls it away.) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.

HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XII.] [The Court of the Duke of Vanholt]

Enter the DUKE [of VANHOLT], the DUCHESS, [FAUSTUS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide

from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with the grapes.

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see.—How do you like them, madam; be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath show'd to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.] [Room in the house of FAUSTUS]

Enter WAGNER, solus.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given me all his goods;

I *Schol.* Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
works,
And only paragon of excellence.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell—the same I wish to
you. *Exeunt SCHOLARS [and WAGNER].*

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast
thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"
And Faustus [now] will come to do thee right.

MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! Belike the feast is ended.

*Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS
[and MEPHISTOPHILIS].*

1 *Schol.* Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.

2 *Schol.* Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 *Schol.* No marvel though the angry Greeks pursue'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer.
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.]

Faust. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;

Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it now then quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest danger do attend thy drift.

[*FAUSTUS stabs his arm and writes on a paper
with his blood.*]

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked
age,
That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

[*Kisses her.*]

Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appear'd to hapless Semele:
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour. *Excunt.*

Old Man. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
 That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
 And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
 As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
 My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
 Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smiles
 At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn!
 Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God. *Excunt.*

[SCENE XIV.] [The same]

Enter FAUSTUS with the SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 *Schol.* What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived
 with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally.
 Look, comes he not, comes he not?

2 *Schol.* What means Faustus?

3 *Schol.* Belike he is grown into some sickness by
 being over solitary.

1 *Schol.* If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure
 him. 'T is but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd both
 body and soul.

2 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offences can never be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

3 *Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

1 *Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in pieces if I nam'd God; to divinity: and now 't is too late. Gentlemen, away! to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear lest you perish with me.

2 *Schol.* Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3 *Schol.* God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1 *Schol.* Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 *Schol.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning I'll visit you: if not—Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell!

Exeunt SCHOLARS. *The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus.

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my
Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'T is gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
 That when they vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.

The watch strikes [the half hour].

Ah, half the hour is past! 'T will all be past anon!
 O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
 O, no end is limited to damned souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
 But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curst be the parents that engend'red me!
 No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of Heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder and lightning.

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found.
 My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
 Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
 I'll burn my books!—Ah Mephistophilis!

Exeunt [DEVILS with FAUSTUS].

Enter CHORUS.

[*Cho.*] Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
 That sometimes grew within this learned man.
 Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*]

Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus.

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SUGGESTED PLAYS—COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex* (Good English translation by Gilbert Murray). Excellent example of classical tragedy. John Masefield, *The Tragedy of Nan*. A poignant modern tragedy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Wherein is Faustus different from other tragedies with which you are familiar?

What elements in this play are mediaeval, what renaissance, and what modern or universal?

What do you think of the comic scenes in the play?

What is your reaction to the final scene of the play?



THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

THOMAS DEKKER



THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1632?) AND *THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY*

The little that we know concerning the life of Thomas Dekker is gleaned from records of dramatic companies by which he was employed, from a literary quarrel, and from autobiographical passages in his writings. He emerges from complete obscurity January 8, 1599, when Philip Henslowe, manager of the Admiral's Men, the company which was the rival of Shakespeare's, records in his Diary, payment to him for a play. During the next two or three years Ben Jonson satirizes him along with other fellow dramatists in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*. To these attacks Dekker replies effectively and with good humor in *Satiriomastix* (1602), a whip for satirists. During his literary career, extending over about thirty years, he collaborated with practically every important dramatist except Shakespeare and two or three others. He was also a writer of pageants for London civic celebrations. That he was familiar with the life of Elizabethan and Jacobean London we know from a series of vivid journalistic pamphlets of invaluable worth to social historians. Notable among these are *The Wonderful Year*, with its photographic pictures of the terrible plague of 1603, *The Belman of London* (1608), a description of life among the vagabonds, and *The Gul's Hornbook* (1609), a primer in ironical vein telling the young gallant from the country how to spend his day in the city. Of special interest to us is the chapter in which he tells how a gallant should behave himself in a playhouse. This is the section in which we have the "young bloods" sitting on the stage to show their latest fashions, heckle the players, laugh at the plebeians in the pit, and make themselves nuisances to everybody interested in the play. The vicissitudes of his life are suggested by the fact that he was often imprisoned for debt, once for a period of several years. He passes into obscurity again during the thirties. The available evidence indicates that he was not a university man and that he lived practically all of his life in London.

With *The Shoemakers' Holiday* (1599) we turn from

the high romantic tragedy of Marlowe to one of the most delightful bourgeois comedies of manners in English drama. With an instinct for selection of material as happy as that of Shakespeare at his best, he seizes upon *The Gentle Craft* (1597), the shoemaker stories of Thomas Deloney, a popular contemporary writer of ballads and fiction. The stories of Lacy and Rose, Ralph and Jane, and Simon Eyre, with his wife and his fellow craftsmen interwoven into this drama, all have their suggestion or basis in *The Gentle Craft*. In his emphasis on the normal, wholesome, happy side of the daily life of London tradesmen, in his gentle, kindly humor, and in his warm sympathy he stands in contrast to Jonson (*Every Man in His Humor*, etc.) and Middleton (*A Trick to Catch an Old One*, etc.), fellow dramatists—writers of comedy of manners—who were primarily satirists interested in exposing the base and sordid aspects of human nature. In his love story of Lacy and Rose he plays with romance. In the story of Simon Eyre and his independent tradesmen, presented with verisimilitude, is the essence of realism. And in his basic doctrine that human nature is fundamentally good, illustrated by a play with no villain, one finds the elements of sentimentalism which becomes a prevailing doctrine in eighteenth century life and literature to be exemplified in Steele's *The Conscious Lovers*. Justly Simon Eyre is called one of the great comic creations of all English literature. After all, the rollicking mood and the happy romance of this play give it a distinctive place with the contemporary Shakespearean comedies of *Henry IV* i-ii, especially the Falstaff scenes, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*. The fact that *The Shoemakers' Holiday* was presented before the queen on New Year's Day, 1600, is suggestive of its current appeal and popularity. One critic calls Dekker the Dickens of the Elizabethan period, both having "humorous kindness in their way of looking at life," "a vein of sentiment," and "an eye for odd characters." And one may add that their best portrayals are the people of the lower middle class.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE KING.

THE EARL OF CORNWALL.

SIR HUGH LACY, *Earl of Lincoln.*

ROWLAND LACY,
otherwise HANS, } *his Nephews.*

ASKEW,

SIR ROGER OATELY, *Lord Mayor of London.*

Master HAMMON,

Master WARNER, } *Citizens of London.*

Master SCOTT.

SIMON EYRE, *the Shoemaker.*

ROGER,

called HODGE, } *EYRE'S Journeymen.*

FIRK,

RALPH,

LOVELL, *a Courtier.*

DODGER, *a Servant to the EARL OF LINCOLN.*

A Dutch Skipper.

A Boy.

ROSE, *Daughter of SIR ROGER.*

SYBIL, *her Maid.*

MARGERY, *Wife of SIMON EYRE.*

JANE, *Wife of RALPH.*

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, Servants.

Scene.—London and Old Ford.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY, OR THE GENTLE CRAFT*

THE PROLOGUE

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day,
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
Make prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes,
So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fear
To sink into the bottom of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes, prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sails of hopes do strike,
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.
Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears,
Locking the temple where all mercy sits,
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues;
Oh, grant, bright mirror of true chastity,
From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile; for your celestial breath
Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

ACT I.

SCENE I. [*A street in London.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor and the Earl of Lincoln.

Linc. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself and many courtiers more;

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Seldom or never can we be so kind
 To make requital of your courtesy.
 But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
 Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves him
 so well

That I mislike her boldness in the chase.

Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then a
 shame,

To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name?

L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his high
 birth;

Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
 Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
 More in one year than I am worth, by far:
 Therefore your honor need not doubt my girl.

Linc. Take heed, my lord, advise you what you do!

A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
 Than is my cousin; for I'll tell you what:
 'T is now almost a year since he requested
 To travel countries for experience.
 I furnisht him with coin, bills of exchange,
 Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
 Solicited my friends in Italy
 Well to respect him. But, to see the end,
 Scant had he journey'd through half Germany,
 But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
 His bills embezzl'd and my jolly coz
 Asham'd to show his bankrupt presence here,
 Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg,
 A goodly science for a gentleman
 Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this:
 Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
 He did consume me more in one half year:
 And make him heir to all the wealth you have
 One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all.
 Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
 To wed your daughter to.

L. Mayor. I thank your lordship.

(*Aside.*) Well, fox, I understand your subtilty.—
 As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye

But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
 For I have seen my daughter far enough.
 And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
 Now he hath learn'd an occupation:
 And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

Linc. Aye, but I have a better trade for him.
 I thank his grace, he hath appointed him
 Chief colonel of all those companies
 Must'rd in London and the shires about,
 To serve his highness in those wars of France.
 See where he comes!—

Enter Lovell, Lacy and Askew.

Lovell, what news with you?

Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 't is his highness' will,
 That presently your cousin ship for France
 With all his powers; he would not for a million,
 But they should land at Dieppe within four days.

Linc. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.

Exit Lovell.

Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
 Are all your companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd.

The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
 Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
 The Londoners and those of Middlesex,
 All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
 With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.

L. Mayor. They have their imprest, coats, and furniture;

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
 To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay;
 And twenty pounds besides my brethren
 Will freely give him, to approve our loves
 We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.

Lacy. I thank your honor.

Linc. Thanks, my good lord mayor.

L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect your coming.

Exit.

Linc. To approve your loves to me? No, subtilty.
 Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow
 For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.
 But, cousins both, now here are none but friends,
 I would not have you cast an amorous eye
 Upon so mean a project as the love
 Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen.
 I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
 Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.
 I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz,
 What honorable fortunes wait on thee.
 Increase the king's love, which so brightly shines,
 And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee,—
 And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
 Thou start from the true bias of my love.

Lacy. My lord, I will for honor, not desire
 Of land or livings, or to be your heir,
 So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
 As shall add glory to the Lacies' name.

Linc. Coz, for those words here's thirty Portuguese,
 And, nephew Askew, there's a few for you.
 Fair Honor, in her loftiest eminence,
 Stays in France for you, till you fetch her thence.
 Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs.
 Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall;
 There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay:
 Where honor beckons shame attends delay.

Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your uncle have you gone!

Lacy. True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies.
 I have some serious business for three days,
 Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.
 You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
 Shall haste to Dover; there I'll meet with you:
 Or, if I stay past my prefixed time,
 Away for France; we'll meet in Normandy.
 The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me
 You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese,
 Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,
 Have care to our great charge; I know, your wisdom
 Hath tried itself in higher consequence.

Askew. Coz, all myself am yours: yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secrecy;
Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,
Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these?

Enter Simon Eyre, Margery, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, and Ralph with a piece [of leather].

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whim'ring, this puling, these blubb'ring tears, and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee, sweet Jane; go to!

Hodge. Master, here be the captains.

Eyre. Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht!

Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery, away! I am a man of the best presence; I'll speak to them, an they were Popes.—Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street; this wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you; here's Hodge, my man and my foreman; here's Firk, my fine firking journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Ralph. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the gentle craft, buy spurs yourself, and I'll find ye boots these seven years.

Marg. Seven years, husband?

Eyre. Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do. Peace!

Firk. Truly, master cormorant, you shall do God good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together. She's a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her a-night, you undo her; she may beg in the daytime; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone!

Firk. Aye, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly, my friends, it lies not in my power: The Londoners are press'd, paid, and set forth By the lord mayor; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said, melancholy Hodge; gramercy, my fine foreman.

Marg. Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case: she is new-married, but let that pass. I pray, deal not roughly with her: her husband is a young man, and but newly ent'red; but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols! Peace, midriff; silence, Cicely Bum-trinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yea, and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish. Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels. Prince Arthur's Round-table—by the lord of Ludgate!—ne'er fed such a tall, such a dapper swordsman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave, resolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge. Ralph, th' art a gull by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap To meet so resolute a soldier.

Trust me, for your report and love to him,

A common slight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph. Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thine hand;

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.

Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send

Thy husband safe again; but he must go,

His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my stirrup, if thou dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine enemies, Ralph.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill

Stays with the lord-mayor and the aldermen,

And doth request you, with all speed you may,

To hasten thither.

Askew. Cousin, let's go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come.—

Exit Dodger.

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,

The arrant'st varlet that e'er breath'd on earth;

He sets more discord in a noble house

By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,

Than can be salv'd again in twenty years,

And he, I fear, shall go with us to France,

To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore, coz,

It shall behove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fear not, good cousin.—Ralph, hie to your colors.

Exeunt Lacy and Askew.

Ralph. I must, because there's no remedy;

But, gentle master and my loving dame,

As you have always been a friend to me,

So in mine absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Marg. She cannot speak for weeping.

Eyre. Peace, you crack'd groats, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph!

Jane. Aye, aye, you bid him go; what shall I do When he is gone?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge; be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work; work, you bombast cotton-candle-quean; work for your living, with a pox to you.—Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee; fight for the honor of the gentle craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers; the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel; crack me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on them, crack them; fight, by the lord of Ludgate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three twopences; two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For my sake, firk the *Basa mon cues*.

Hodge. Ralph, I am heavy at parting; but here's a shilling for thee. God send thee to cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thank you, master, and I thank you all. Now, gentle wife, my loving, lovely Jane, Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts, Jewels and rings to grace their lily hands. Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels: Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge, Stitch'd by my fellow Firk, seam'd by myself, Made up and pink'd with letters for thy name. Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake, And every morning when thou pull'st them on, Remember me, and pray for my return. Make much of them; for I have made them so That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Drum sounds. Enter the Lord Mayor, the Earl of Lincoln, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and Soldiers. They pass over the stage; Ralph falls in amongst them; Firk and the rest cry "Farewell," etc., and so exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. [*A garden at Old Ford.*]

Enter Rose, alone, making a garland.

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head.
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds,
The fair embroidery of his coronet,
Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks.
As the sweet count'nance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkind father! O my stars,
Why lower'd you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robb'd of my love?
Here as a thief am I imprisoned
For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls,
Which by my father's cost were builded up
For better purposes. Here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament, I know,
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sybil.

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Rose. Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil. None but good; my lord mayor, your father, and master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scot, your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth. I scant knew him; here 'a wore a scarf; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters,—O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford House

here, in Master Bellymount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, look'd at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word; marry go-up, thought I, with a wanion! He pass'd by me as proud—Marry foh! are you grown humorous, thought I; and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong! My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb, No dove was ever half so mild as he.

Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamp't crabs. He lookt upon me as sour as verjuice. Go thy ways, thought I, thou may'st be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my nether-stocks. This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you; he thinks scorn to do as he's done to; but if I were as you, I'd cry, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by!"

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets, And the hare's foot against the goose giblets, For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France?

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper man; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick-up, young mistress.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly Whether my Lacy go to France, or no.

Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains My cambric apron and my Romish gloves, My purple stockings and a stomacher.

Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake?

Sybil. Will I, quoth'a? At whose suit? By my troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mistress, for you; I'll take anything that comes, a' God's name. O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at "up tails all." I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be here in a trice, young mistress. *Exit.*

Rose. Do so, good Sybil. Meantime wretched I Will sit and sigh for his lost company. *Exit.*

SCENE 2. [*A street in London.*]

Enter Lacy, like a Dutch Shoemaker.

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devis'd,
Thereby to compass their desired loves!
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then,
To clothe his cunning with the gentle craft,
That, thus disguis'd, I may unknown possess
The only happy presence of my Rose.
For her have I forsook my charge in France,
Incurr'd the king's displeasure, and stirr'd up
Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.
O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change
High birth to baseness, and a noble mind
To the mean semblance of a shoemaker!
But thus it must be; for her cruel father,
Hating the single union of our souls,
Has secretly convey'd my Rose from London,
To bar me of her presence; but I trust,
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.
Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker
Mean I a while to work; I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg.
Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismay'd,
Thou canst not want: do Fortune what she can,
The gentle craft is living for a man.

Exit.

SCENE 3. [*Before Eyre's house.*]

Enter Eyre, making himself ready.

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs,
these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewess of
my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will
not rise to see my walks cleansed. Come out, you

powder-beef queans! What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble-crust! Come out, you fat midriff-swag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels that the noisome stench offend not the noses of my neighbors. What, Firk, I say! What, Hodge! Open my shop windows! What, Firk, I say!

Enter Firk.

Firk. O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early. Have you drunk this morning that your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk; well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou 't be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat it. Good master, send for a souse-wife, if you'll have my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel!—Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y' are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning.—Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave day towards.

Eyre. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain?

Enter Margery.

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids.

Marg. See to rise? I hope 't is time enough, 't is

early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon. Gods me, 't is not noon,—here's a yawling!

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely Bum-trinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep. Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup.

Firk. Yet that's but a dry beating; here's still a sign of drought.

Enter Lacy, disguised, singing.

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland,
 Frolick sie byen;
 He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,
 Upsolce sie byen.
 Tap eens de canneken,
 Drincke, schone mannekin.

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the gentle craft; if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones, I'll forfeit my bones; he's some uplandish workman: hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble; 't will make us work the faster.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish; we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk!

Marg. Nay, nay, y' are best follow your man's counsel; you shall see what will come on 't. We have not men enow, but we must entertain every butter-box; but let that pass.

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef. He shall be glad of men an he can catch them.

Firk. Aye, that he shall.

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell; dame, adieu; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you.

(Offers to go.)

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge.

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must

take a journey to seek a new journeyman; if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master; good-bye, dame.

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk! Peace, pudding-broth! By the lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry! Hodge, if he want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him; stay,—he comes to us.

Lacy. *Goeden dach, meester, ende, u, vro, oak.*

Firk. Nails, if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke. And you, friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker.*

Firk. *Den skomaker*, quoth'a! And hark you, *skomaker*, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand-and-thumb-leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw; be niet vorveard. Ik hab all de dingen voour mack skooes groot and cleane.*

Firk. Ha, ha! Good master, hire him; he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of cordwainers?

Lacy. *Ik weet niet wat yow seg; ich verstaw you niet.*

Firk. Why, thus, man: [*Imitating by gesture a shoemaker at work.*] *Ich verste u niet*, quoth'a.

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, yaw; ick can dat wel doen.*

Firk. *Yaw, yaw!* He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds. Oh, he'll give a villainous pull at a can of double-beer; but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans—Hans Meulter.

Eyre. Give me thy hand; th' art welcome.—Hodge,

entertain him; Firk, bid him welcome; come, Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge!

Hodge. Hans, th' art welcome; use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows; if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee.—Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. *O, ich wersto you; ich moet een halve dosen cans betaelen; here, boy, nempt dis skilling, tap eens freeclicke.*

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away! Firk, scour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come, my last of the fives, give me a can. Have to thee, Hans; here, Hodge; here, Firk; drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker.—Here, Hans, and th' art welcome.

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This beer came hopping in well.

Marg. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon? Is't seven a clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you sous'd conger, away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans, come after, my fine Firk; to work a while, and then to breakfast.

Exit.

Firk. Soft! Yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman.

Exeunt.

SCENE 4. [*A field near Old Ford.*]

Halloaing within. Enter Warner and Hammon [like Hunters].

Ham. Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far;
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
Find out his highway to destruction.
Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
He saw him take soil, and he halloaed him,
Affirming him to have been so embost
That long he could not hold.

Warn. If it be so,
'T is best we trace these meadows by Old Ford.

A noise of Hunters within. Enter a Boy.

Ham. How now, boy? Where's the deer? Speak,
saw'st thou him?

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge, and then
over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale, over he skipt
me, and in he went me, and "holla" the hunters cried,
and "there, boy; there, boy!" But there he is, a' mine
honesty.

Ham. Boy, Godamercy. Cousin, let's away; I hope
we shall find better sport to-day.

Exeunt.

SCENE 5. [*The garden at Old Ford.*]

[Sounds of hunting within.] Enter Rose and Sybil.

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil. Upon some, no. Forester? Go by; no, faith,
mistress. The deer came running into the barn through
the orchard and over the pale; I wot well, I
lookt as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip,
says Goodman Pinclose, up with his flail, and our Nick
with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him,
and I upon them. By my troth, we had such sport;

and in the end we ended him; his throat we cut, flay'd him, unhorn'd him, and my lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes.

(*Horns sound within.*)

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come; y' are best take heed,

They'll have a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, Huntsmen, and Boy.

Ham. God save you, fair ladies.

Sybil. Ladies! O gross!

Warn. Came not a buck this way?

Rose.

No, but two does.

Ham. And which way went they? Faith, we'll hunt at those.

Sybil. At those? Upon some, no. When, can you tell?

Warn. Upon some, aye.

Sybil.

Good Lord!

Warn.

Wounds! Then farewell!

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy.

This way, sir, he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose; Our game was lately in your orchard seen.

Warn. Can you advise, which way he took his flight?

Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide you right.

Warn. T' art a mad wench.

Sybil.

O, rich!

Rose.

Trust me, not I.

It is not like that the wild forest-deer
Would come so near to places of resort;
You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way.

Warn. Which way, my sugar-candy, can you show?

Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some, no.

Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?

Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame.

Ham. A deer more dear is found within this place.

Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase.

Ham. I chas'd the deer, but this dear chaseth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see.
But where's your park?

(She offers to go away.)

Ham. 'T is here: O stay!

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.

Warn. They wrangle, wench; we are more kind than they.

Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart you seek?

Warn. A hart, dear heart.

Sybil. Who ever saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is 't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alack, good gentleman!

Ham. This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.

Rose. You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind.

Ham. Why, Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.

Rose. Now, God, an 't be his will, send Luck into your way.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Servants.

L. Mayor. What, Master Hammon? Welcome to Old Ford!

Sybil. Gods pittikins, hands off, sir! Here's my lord.

L. Mayor. I hear you had ill-luck, and lost your game.

Ham. 'T is true, my lord.

L. Mayor. I am sorry for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother-in-law.

L. Mayor. Y' are welcome both; sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Until you have refresht your wearied limbs.

Go, Sybil, cover the board! You shall be guest

To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

Ham. I thank your lordship.—Cousin, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife.

Exeunt all but Mayor.

L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I'll not be absent long.—
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairly allied;
How fit an husband were he for my girl!
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman.

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. [*A room in Eyre's house.*]

Enter Lacy as Hans, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk.

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen, Hans; dis skip dat comen from Candy, is all vol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, tow-sand towsand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor u meester. Daer be de bils van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen. Wat seggen yow, Hans?

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen—laugh, Hodge, laugh!

Hans. Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe un Swannekin; daer sal yow finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder Firk? Doot it, Hodge. Come, Skipper.

Exeunt.

Firk. Bring him, quoth you? Here's no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing; a trifle, a bauble, Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny?

Hodge. Portuguese thou wouldst say; here they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells.

Enter Eyre and Margery.

Firk. Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday.

Marg. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart. I fear, for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk. Smart for me, dame; why, dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

Firk. If she take me down, I'll take her up; yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you.—Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do.

Marg. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish! vanish, melt! melt, like kitchen-stuff!

Marg. Yea, yea, 't is well; I must be call'd rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.

Firk. Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell.

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk; thou shalt not go alone.

Marg. I pray, let them go; there be moe maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turn'd to shoethread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at.—Come, Firk.

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre?—Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin, out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoe-maker? And now do you deal thus with my journey-men? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge; here's a face for a lord.

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.

Eyre. Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! Boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen cans? O, brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyre. (*In a low voice to the Boy.*) An the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. (*Exit Boy.*)—A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. (*Re-enter Boy.*) Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor. Where be the odd ten?—No more. Madge, no more.—Well said. Drink and to work!—What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

Hodge. I am a making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchenstuff and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark and seam, yark and seam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to 't.

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias. Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan. Here be the Portuguese to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least.

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me.

Marg. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tipples thus.

Firk. Tipples, dame? No, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy?

*Enter Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown.
Eyre puts them on.*

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a seal-ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown and a damask cassock. See where it comes; look here, Maggy; help me, Firk; apparel me, Hodge; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, silk and satin.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet.

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the city but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turn'd and drest. Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamored?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Marg. Fine? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never likt thee so well in my life,

sweetheart; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel; but let that pass too.

Re-enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice; de commodity ben good; nempt it, master, nempt it.

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skip. De skip ben in revere; dor be van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand towsand tings, gotz sacrament; nempt it, mester: ye sal heb good copen.

Firk. To him, master! O sweet master! O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fattening meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre. Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you.—Hans, have you made him drink?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city.

Exeunt.

Firk. Yaw heb veale gedrunck, quoth 'a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Marg. No, faith, Firk; no, perdy, Hodge. I do feel honor creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh; but let that pass.

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Aye, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down.

Marg. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in; Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow: Hodge, pass out in state.

Exeunt.

SCENE 2. [*London: a room in Lincoln's house.*]

Enter the Earl of Lincoln and Dodger.

Linc. How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May
The French and English were prepar'd to fight;
Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours
Both armies fought together; at the length
The lot of victory fell on our side.
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Four thousand English, and no man of name
But Captain Hyam and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Linc. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodger. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.

Linc. Not there?

Dodger. No, my good lord.

Linc. Sure, thou mistakest.

I saw him shipp'd, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger, take heed.

Dodger. My lord, I am advis'd
That what I spake is true: to prove it so,
His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself thither.

Linc. Is 't even so?

Dares he so carelessly venture his life
Upon the indignation of a king?
Has he despis'd my love, and spurn'd those favors
Which I with prodigal hand pour'd on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul;
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'll make him wish he had not known my hate.
Thou hast no other news?

Dodger.

None else, my lord.

Linc. None worse I know thou hast.—Procure the king

To crown his giddy brows with ample honors,
Send him chief colonel, and all my hope
Thus to be dash'd! But 't is in vain to grieve,
One evil cannot a worse relieve.

Upon my life, I have found out his plot;
That old dog, Love, that fawn'd upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheek'd Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that love's lunacy
Hath he burnt up himself, consum'd his credit,
Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to his wife,
Dodger, it is so.

Dodger.

I fear so, my good lord.

Linc. It is so—nay, sure it cannot be!

I am at my wits' end. Dodger!

Dodger.

Yea, my lord.

Linc. Thou art acquainted with my nephew's haunts,
Spend this gold for thy pains; go seek him out.
Watch at my lord mayor's—there if he live,
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him.
Prithee, be diligent.—Lacy, thy name
Liv'd once in honor, now 't is dead in shame.—
Be circumspect.

Dodger. I warrant you, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3. [*London: a room in the Lord Mayor's house.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor and Master Scott.

L. Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been bold with
you,

To be a witness to a wedding-knot
Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daughter.
O, stand aside; see where the lovers come.

Enter Master Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so?
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
Pray now, let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet Mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge it right,
Men love their hearts best when they're out of sight.

Ham. I love you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now!
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow!

Ham. Then by my life I swear.

Rose. Then do not brawl;
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith, you jest.

Rose. Love loves to sport; therefore leave love, y' are
best.

L. Mayor. What? square they, Master Scott?

Scott. Sir, never doubt,
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me.
Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight:
I am not grown so fond, to fond my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain;
If you will love me, so;—if not, farewell.

L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you both
agreed?

Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.

L. Mayor. 'T is well, give me your hand,
Give me yours, daughter.—How now, both pull back!
What means this, girl?

Rose. I mean to live a maid.

Ham. (*Aside.*) But not to die one; pause, ere that
be said.

L. Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well;
If she can live an happy virgin's life,
'T is far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say, sir, I cannot: I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 't is not you.

L. Mayor. Your tongue is quick; but Master Ham-
mon, know,

I bade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you have me pule and pine and
pray,

With "lovely lady," "mistress of my heart,"

"Pardon your servant," and the rhymers play,

Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's-dart;

Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,

Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,

And tell how many gallants I unhors'd—

Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rose.

Yea, when wilt begin?

What, love rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly sin!

L. Mayor. If you wilt have her, I'll make her agree.

Ham. Enforced love is worse than hate to me.

(*Aside.*) There is a wench keeps shop in the Old
Change,

To her will I—it is not wealth I seek.

I have enough—and will prefer her love

Before the world.—My good lord mayor, adieu.

Old love for me, I have no luck with new.

Exit.

L. Mayor. Now, mammet, you have well behav'd your-
self,

But you shall curse your coyness if I live.—

Who's within there? See you convey your mistress

Straight to th' Old Ford! I'll keep you straight enough,

Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl

Would willingly accepted Hammon's love;

But banish him, my thoughts!—Go, minion, in!

Exit Rose.

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought

That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,

Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott. 'T was well, my lord, your honor and myself

Grew partners with him; for your bills of lading
 Show that Eyre's gains in one commodity
 Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
 Besides like gain in other merchandise.

L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
 For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter Eyre.

See, where he comes.—Good morrow, Master Eyre.

Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker.

L. Mayor. Well, well, it likes yourself to term you so.

Enter Dodger.

Now Master Dodger, what's the news with you?

Dodger. I'd gladly speak in private to your honor.

L. Mayor. You shall, you shall.—Master Eyre and Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman;

I pray, let me entreat you to walk before

To the Guildhall; I'll follow presently.

Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.

Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you might call me King of Spain.—Come, Master Scott.

Exeunt Eyre and Scott.

L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what's the news you bring?

Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can,

Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps.

L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?

Dodger. No, I assure your Lordship, but disguis'd
 Lurks here in London.

L. Mayor. London? Is 't even so?

It may be; but upon my faith and soul,

I know not where he lives, or whether he lives:

So tell my Lord of Lincoln. Lurk in London?

Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him;

Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains:
So much I love his honor, hate his nephew.
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leave.

Exit Dodger.

L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life,
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Deni'd young Master Hammon in his love.
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.
Gods Lord, 't is late! to Guildhall I must hie;
I know my brethren stay my company.

Exit.

SCENE 4. [*London: a room in Eyre's house.*]

Enter Firk, Margery, Lacy as Hans, and Roger.

Marg. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. O, Firk!

Firk. Aye, forsooth.

Marg. I pray thee, run—do you hear?—run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well, I go; an he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou art too compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence; how like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humor;—I run.

Exit.

Marg. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Hodge. Aye, forsooth, dame—mistress, I should say,

but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Marg. Even what thou wilt, good Roger; dame is a fair name for any honest Christian; but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. *Mee tanck you, vro.*

Marg. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of London—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for your: I will not be your back-friend; but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe.

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro.*

Marg. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall.

Marg. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hoodmaker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think.

Hodge. (*Aside.*) As a cat out of a pillory.—Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Marg. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Marg. Thou art an ungracious wag: perdy, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Marg. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Hodge. (*Aside.*) So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Marg. Fie, upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it.—Is not Firk come yet?

Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see yow soo.

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Marg. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Ralph, being lame.

Hodge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier.

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Marg. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well As when I went from London into France.

Marg. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is not well; 't was a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from France; but let that pass.

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

Marg. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker; but let that pass.

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife? Where lives my poor heart? She'll be poor indeed, Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Marg. O Ralph, your wife,—perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her; I check'd her, and so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah; and, Ralph, you know, "ka me, ka thee." And, so as I tell ye—Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Hodge. No, forsooth.

Marg. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men; I am sure, there's not any of them, perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firk be come.

Hans. *Yaw, ik sal, vro.*

Exit Hans.

Marg. And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return; and, therefore, thank God for all things.

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her a while ago very brave and neat; we'll ferret her out, an London hold her.

Marg. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow; he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Ralph. I thank you, dame; since I want limbs and lands,
I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands.

Enter Hans and Firk running.

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears; mistress, smug up your looks; on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, condemn'd by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come. And, time now being, a great many

men in black gowns were askt for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried "Aye, aye, aye, aye"—and so I came away—

Wherefore without all other grieve

I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve.

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve.

Hodge. Did I not tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship.

Marg. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank you, my good people all.—Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'T is but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 't is three-pence, I smell the rose.

Hodge. But, mistress, be rul'd by me, and do not speak so pulingly.

Firk. 'T is her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key: "To it, Firk"; "there, good Firk"; "ply your business, Hodge"; "Hodge, with a full mouth"; "I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang."

Enter Eyre wearing a gold chain.

Hans. See, myn liever broder, heer comt my meester.

Marg. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady; here's a French hood for thee; on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be sheriffs of London.—How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Aye, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves,

for the gentle craft. But I forgot myself, I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd cratchets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shops, knaves, and make holiday.

Exeunt.

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me,
Hans;
We'll be with them for a morris-dance.

Exeunt.

SCENE 5. [*A room at Old Ford.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, [Rose], Eyre, [Margery] in a French hood, Sybil, and other Servants.

L. Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford As I myself.

Marg. Truly, I thank your lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer! A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,
It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is ent'red into our society.

Marg. Aye, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity.

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What,

honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.
What says my lord mayor?

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord?

A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

THE FIRST THREE MEN'S SONG

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say:

"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale;
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a briar.

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth: come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy."

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say:
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

L. Mayor. It's well done. Mistress Eyre, pray, give
good counsel
To my daughter.

Marg. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to
take nothing that's bad.

L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith, Mistress
Eyre,

I would bestow upon that peevish girl
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she'd be rul'd by me.
The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revenues,

Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:
 But my fine cockney would have none of him.
 You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die:
 A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd, sweet Rose: th' art ripe for a man.
 Marry not with a boy that has no more hair on his
 face than thou hast on thy cheeks. A courtier, wash,
 go by, stand not upon pishery-pashery: those silken
 fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose;
 their inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry
 me with a gentleman grocer like my lord mayor, your
 father; a grocer is a sweet trade: plums, plums. Had
 I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation
 and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack. What,
 the gentle trade is a living for a man through Europe,
 through the world.

A noise within of a tabor and a pipe.

L. Mayor. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that
 for love to your honour are come hither with a morris-
 dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily!

*Enter Hodge, Hans, Ralph, Firk, and other Shoemakers,
 in a morris; after a little dancing, the Lord Mayor
 speaks.*

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor.

Rose. (Aside.) How like my Lacy looks yond shoe-
 maker!

Hans. (Aside.) O that I durst but speak unto my
 love!

L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these
 drink. You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

(Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.)

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st.
 Good friend, I drink to thee.

Hans. *Ich bedancke, good frister.*

Marg. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judg-
 ment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.

L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London.

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;
And to make merry as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow.

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honor of shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company.

Exeunt.

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?

Sybil. Why, what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy, Disguis'd in that attire to find me out.

How should I find the means to speak with him?

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something: To-morrow, if my counsel be obey'd, I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. [*A street in London.*]

Jane in a Seamster's shop, working; enter Master Hammon, muffled: he stands aloof.

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits. She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.

O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her,
 Thrice hath my hand been moist'ned with her hand,
 Whilst my poor famisht eyes do feed on that
 Which made them famish. I am unfortunate:
 I still love one, yet nobody loves me.
 I muse in other men what women see
 That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,
 And this too curious! Oh, no, she is chaste,
 And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
 To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes.
 How prettily she works! Oh pretty hand!
 Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand
 Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood
 In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,
 Enduring biting cold, only to eye her.
 One only look hath seem'd as rich to me
 As a king's crown; such is love's lunacy.
 Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try
 Whether she know me.

Jane.

Sir, what is 't you buy?

What is 't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn,
 Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. (Aside.) That which thou wilt not sell. Faith,
 yet I'll try:—

How do you sell this handkerchief?

Jane.

Good cheap.

Ham. And how these ruffs?

Jane.

Cheap too.

Ham.

And how this band?

Jane. Cheap too.

Ham. All cheap; how sell you then this hand?

Jane. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham.

To be given then!

Nay, faith, I come to buy.

Jane.

But none knows when.

Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while; let's play.

Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.

Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you wound
 me.

Jane. It may be so.

Ham.

'T is so.

Jane.

What remedy?

Ham. Nay, faith, you are too coy.

Jane.

Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any task at your command,

I would let go this beauty, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

That controls kings: I love you!

Jane.

So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may, but never with my heart.
In faith, I love you.

Jane.

I believe you do.

Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?

Jane. I hate you not.

Ham.

Then you must love.

Jane.

I do.

What are you better now? I love not you.

Ham. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means, "Come to me," when she cries, "Away!"
In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,
A true chaste love hath ent'red in my breast.
I love you dearly, as I love my life,
I love you as a husband loves a wife;
That, and no other love, my love requires.
Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beauteous Jane, what's mine
Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine.
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.

Jane. Good sir, I do believe you love me well;
For 't is a silly conquest, silly pride
For one like you—I mean a gentleman—
To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought
Such and such women to his amorous lure;
I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it even a very trade to woo.
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton looks,
But I detest witchcraft; say that I
Do constantly believe you constant have —

Ham. Why dost thou not believe me?

Jane. I believe you;

But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you
With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the sum of all:

My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives.
Prest was he to these bitter wars in France;
Bitter they are to me by wanting him.

I have but one heart, and that heart's his due.
How can I then bestow the same on you?

Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,
And rather be his wife than a king's whore.

Ham. Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.

Thy husband, prest for France, what was his name?

Jane. Ralph Dampport.

Ham. Dampport?—Here's a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,
A gentleman of place; here he doth write
Their names that have been slain in every fight.

Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my love's
name.

Ham. Cannot you read?

Jane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest. See here.

Jane. Ay me, he's dead!

He's dead! If this be true, my dear heart's slain!

Ham. Have patience, dear love.

Jane. Hence, hence!

Ham. Nay, sweet Jane,

Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears.
I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st.

Jane. That bill is forg'd; 't is sign'd by forgery.

Ham. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many,
Carrying the like report: Jane, 't is too true.

Come, weep not: mourning, though it rise from love,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourn.

Jane. For God's sake, leave me.

Ham. Whither dost thou turn?

Forget the dead, love them that are alive;
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.

Jane. 'T is now no time for me to think on love.

Ham. 'T is now best time for you to think on love,
Because your love lives not.

Jane. Though he be dead,
My love to him shall not be buried;
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.

Ham. 'T would kill my soul, to leave thee drown'd
in moan.

Answer me to my suit, and I am gone;
Say to me yea or no.

Jane. No.

Ham. Then farewell!

One farewell will not serve, I come again;
Come, dry these wet cheeks; tell me, faith, sweet Jane,
Yea or no, once more.

Jane. Once more I say no;
Once more be gone, I pray; else will I go.

Ham. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this white hand,
Until you change that cold "no"; here I'll stand
Till by your hard heart —

Jane. Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase.
Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone; therefore in brief
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu:
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.

Ham. A blessed voice! Dear Jane, I'll urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Jane. Death makes me poor.
Exeunt.

SCENE 2. [London: a street before Hodge's shop.]

*Hodge, at his shop-board, Ralph, Firk, Hans, and a Boy
at work.*

All. Hey, down a down, down derry.

Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work to-day.

we loit' red yesterday; to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least.

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou, Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw, mester.

Firk. Not so neither, my organ-pipe squeaks this morning for want of liquoring. Hey, down a down, derry!

Hans. Forward, *Firk*, tow best un jolly youngster. *Hort*, I, mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres vor Mester *Jeffre's* boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Firk. Master!

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeits, or else my work will not pass current; hey, down a down!

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mistress *Priscilla's* shoes done?

Firk. Your cousin? No, master; one of your aunts, hang her; let them alone.

Ralph. I am in hand with them; she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 't will be a lame doing, and that she loves not. *Ralph*, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would have yarked and firked your *Priscilla*. Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold.

Hodge. How say'st thou, *Firk*, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry! Why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir *Roger Oatmeal*, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk. 'T is true, because Mistress *Rose* drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'll be none.

Ralph. No, nor I; but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter Sybil.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Sib-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tickle it, i' faith.

Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford.

Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil: and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first.

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some *spreken*.

Hans. *Vat begaie you? Vat vod you, Frister?*

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. *Vare ben your edle fro, vare ben your mistris?*

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon needles.

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking.

Sybil. For that let me alone. I have a trick in my budget. Come, Hans.

Hans. *Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane.**

Excunt Hans and Sybil.

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come, who lacks work?

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 't is munching-time, and past.

Hodge. Is 't so? Why, then leave work, Ralph. To

breakfast! Boy, look to the tools. Come, Ralph; come, Firk.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3. [*The same.*]

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Mass, yonder's the house. What, haw! Who's within?

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning. What, can you do them?

Ralph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length's her foot?

Serv. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe; but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Ralph. How? by this shoe must it be made? By this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to-morrow morning by four o'clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do 't?

Ralph. Yes, sir, yes—I—I—I can do 't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do 't. Four o'clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street; inquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Ralph. Yea, sir; by this shoe, you say?

Serv. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Ralph. They shall be done by this shoe. Well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball; very well, very well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Prithee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Exit.

Ralph. By this shoe, said he. How am I amazed At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife, When I was prest for France; since when, alas! I never could hear of her. It is the same, And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane.

Enter Firk.

Firk. 'Snails, Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Ralph. I care not; I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Ralph. Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

Firk. No, by my troth; neither doth that know me! I have no acquaintance with it, 't is a mere stranger to me.

Ralph. Why, then I do; this shoe, I durst be sworn, Once covered the instep of my Jane. This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love; These true-love knots I prickt. I hold my life, By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firk. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon thee?

Ralph. Thus, Firk: even now here came a serving-man;

By this shoe would he have a new pair made
Against to-morrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a gentleman.

And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass?
Ha, ha!

Ralph. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this:

Against to-morrow morning I'll provide
A dusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to church.
If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
From Hammon and the devil, were he by.
If it be not my Jane, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die,
Although I never with a woman lie.

Exit.

Firk. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but
Cripplegates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it
may be, he may light upon his matrimony by such a
device; for wedding and hanging goes by destiny.

Exit.

SCENE 4. [*London: a room in the Lord Mayor's house*]

Enter [Lacy as] Hans and Rose, arm in arm.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee!
Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign
That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too over-fond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection!
But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
Who now by death of certain aldermen
Is mayor of London, and my master once.

Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sybil.

Sybil. Oh, God, what will you do, mistress? Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming, he's coming! Master Lacy, hide yourself in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for yourselves!

Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what shall I do?

Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter the Lord Mayor.

Hans. Mass, and that's well rememb'red.

Sybil. Here comes your father.

Hans. *Forware, metresse, 't is un good skow, it sal vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen.*

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will you do?

Hans. (*Aside.*) Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.

L. Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. *Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well; forware, 't is un good skoo, 't is gimait van neitz leither: se ever, mine here.*

Enter a Prentice.

L. Mayor. I do believe it.—What's the news with you?

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate
Is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

L. Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak with me?

Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!

Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow me.

Exit.

Hans. Mine uncle come! Oh, what may this portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rosc. Be not dismay'd at this; whate'er befall,
Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth,
Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet with thee.
I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently steal hence. Do not reply:
Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,
Shall now add wings to further our escape.

Exeunt.

SCENE 5. [*Another room in the same house.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor and the Earl of Lincoln.

L. Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak truth:
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France
I have not seen him. It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stay'd behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.

Lincoln. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did think
Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house;
But now I see mine error, and confess,
My judgment wrong'd you by conceiving so.

L. Mayor. Lodge in my house, say you? Trust me,
my lord,
I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
So much to wrong his honor; and he hath done so,
That first gave him advice to stay from France.
To witness I speak truth, I let you know
How careful I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him;
Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
I bear your honor, lest your noble blood
Should by my mean worth be dishonored.

Lincoln. (*Aside.*) How far the churl's tongue wanders from his heart!—

Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley, I believe you,
With more than many thanks for the kind love
So much you seem to bear me. But, my lord,
Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France.
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my breast.

Enter Sybil.

Sybil. Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake!
My mistress; oh, my young mistress!

L. Mayor. Where is thy mistress? What's become of her?

Sybil. She's gone, she's fled!

L. Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled?

Sybil. I know not, forsooth; she's fled out of doors
with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them scud, scud, scud,
apace, apace!

L. Mayor. Which way? What, John! Where be my men? Which way?

Sybil. I know not, an it please your worship.

L. Mayor. Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be true?

Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in Heaven.

Lincoln. Her love turn'd shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L. Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker!
Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorn'd she young Hammon
To love a honniken, a needy knave?
Well, let her fly. I'll not fly after her.
Let her starve, if she will: she's none of mine.

Lincoln. Be not so cruel, sir.

Enter Firk with shoes.

Sybil. I am glad she's scapt.

L. Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my child.
Was there no better object for her eyes,

But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave!

Firk. Yea, forsooth; 't is a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

L. Mayor. How now, what knave is this? From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman, and I have come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, Firk.

L. Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'T is happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you. I am moved, for I stir.

L. Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

Firk. Then 't is by the gentle craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm. Sit your worship merry! Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob them, now my Master Eyre is lord mayor of London.

L. Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you?

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat.

(*Pointing to Sybil.*)

Lincoln. He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid, But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero.
Roger, my fellow, is now my master.

Lincoln. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker?

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes, I have him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret: Mistress Rose and he are by this time—no, not so, but shortly are to come over one another with "Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?" It is that Hans—(*Aside.*) I'll so gull these diggers!

L. Mayor. Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk. Yes, forsooth; yea, marry!

Lincoln. Canst thou, in sadness——

Firk. No, forsooth, no, marry!

L. Mayor. Tell me, good honest fellow, where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'll bestow on thee.

Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir; my profession is the gentle craft; I care not for seeing, I love feeling; let me feel it here; *aurium tenus*, ten pieces of gold; *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver; and then Firk is your man—(*Aside.*) in a new pair of stretchers.

L. Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy reward,
Which I will give thee; tell me where he is.

Firk. No point. Shall I betray my brother? No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall I cry treason to my corporation? No, I shall be firkt and yerkt then. But give me your angel; your angel shall tell you.

Lincoln. Do so, good fellow; 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

L. Mayor. Huswife, get you in.

Exit Sybil.

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths; but for Hans Prauns, upon my word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal.

L. Mayor. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone, or that the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? Dost thou know the church?

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the name of it; it is a swearing church—stay a while, 't is—aye, by the mass, no, no,—'t is—aye, by my troth, no, nor that; 't is—aye, by my faith, that, that, 't is, aye, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony; there they'll be inconie.

Lincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth.

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow?

Firk. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody but Hans,
no spirit.

L. Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 't is so, indeed.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the
trade.

L. Mayor. Let me request your company, my lord;
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne.
Shall I request this favor?

Lincoln. This, or what else.

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to
fall to their hey-pass and repass, pindy-pandy, which
hand will you have, very early.

L. Mayor. My care shall every way equal their haste.
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brain'd nuptial.
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains:
They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns.

Exit.

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life.

Exit.

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's
no craft in the gentle craft. I came hither of purpose
with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his
daughter, be cony-catcht by Hans. Soft now; these
two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow
morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride
napping, and they, in the mean time, shall chop up the
matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger
Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to
marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of
his daughter. Oh brave! there will be fine tickling
sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know; now

a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack in Ivy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's true.

Alack, alack!
Girls, hold out tack!
For now smocks for this jumbling
Shall go to wrack.

Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. [*A room in Eyre's house.*]

Enter Eyre, [Margery], Hans, and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning, then; stay, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you ——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras! By mine honor, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear nothing, Rose: let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me—laughest thou?

Marg. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never cover'd thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale ('t is trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walk'd in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese.—And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 't is time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them linkt, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtledoves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minc'd-pies and marchpane. Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed; kiss, and away! Go, vanish!

Marg. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Marg. She'd fain the deed were done.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.

Exeunt Hans, Rose, and Margery.

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cap-padocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do 't, I'll do 't, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procur'd that upon every Shrove Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away. This is the day, and this day they shall do 't, they shall do 't.

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

SCENE 2. [*A street near St. Faith's Church.*]

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons.

Hodge. Come, Ralph; stand to it, Firk. My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong: were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance. But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 't is thy wife?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I strokt on her shoes, I lookt upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, askt me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his sake, said she—tears standing in her eyes—and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that: I know she's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She's thine own, 't is thy wife, and she loves thee; for I'll stand to 't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London. Is not our old master Eyre lord mayor? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon, his man, Jane, and others.

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they come.

Ralph. Stand to 't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No, Ralph, let me.—Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others.

Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Ham. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All. Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices!

Hodge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that: we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammon's side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. I'll show you.—Jane, dost thou know this man? 'T is Ralph, I can tell thee; nay, 't is he in faith, though he be lam'd by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

Jane. Lives then my husband? Oh, God, let me go! Let me embrace my Ralph.

Ham. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you, to tell me he was slain?

Ham. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled.

(To Ralph.) 'T was rumor'd here in London thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with him.

Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serv. 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

All. Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him!

Hodge. Hold, hold!

Ham. Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong. Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk. Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it!

Hodge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel: set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

Jane. Whom shall I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds
Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth.
Therefore, I will but put off this attire,
Returning it into the owner's hand,
And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side: he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Ralph; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph; the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, look not at her!

Serv. O, swounds, no!

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you. Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.

Serv. Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here.

Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and, honest Ralph,

Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane;
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph; make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,
And let her be my wife?

All.

No, do not, Ralph.

Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? O indignity!

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,

To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.
 Since I have fail'd of her, during my life,
 I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.
 Farewell, good fellows of the gentle trade:
 Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.

Exit.

Firk. (*To the Serving-man.*) Touch the gold, creature, if you dare! Y' are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let's home, my hearts.

Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask!

*Enter the Earl of Lincoln, the Lord Mayor,
 and Servants.*

Lincoln. Yonder's the lying varlet mockt us so.

L. Mayor. Come hither, sirrah!

Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married?

Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Mayor. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter
 Rose

This morning should be married at Saint Faith's;
 We have watch'd there these three hours at the least,
 Yet see we no such thing.

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for 't; a bride's a pretty thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

L. Mayor. See, see, my daughter's maskt.

Lincoln. True, and my nephew,
 To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea, truly; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

L. Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.

Lincoln. I'll his lameness cure.

Firk. Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

L. Mayor. What, have I found you, minion?

Lincoln. O base wretch!

Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off. Where are thy powers?
What battles have you made? O yes, I see,
Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquer'd thee.

This lameness will not serve.

L. Mayor. Unmask yourself.

Lincoln. Lead home your daughter.

L. Mayor. Take your nephew hence.

Ralph. Hence! Swounds, what mean you? Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me. Where's Hammon?

L. Mayor. Your wife?

Lincoln. What, Hammon?

Ralph. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Firk. To him, lame Ralph! Here's brave sport!

Ralph. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now?

(*Unmasking Jane.*)

Lincoln. Is this your daughter?

L. Mayor. No, nor this your nephew.

My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abus'd

By this base, crafty varlet.

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the gentle craft.

L. Mayor. Where is my daughter Rose? Where is my child?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew Lacy married?

Firk. Why, here is good lac'd mutton, as I promist you.

Lincoln. Villain, I'll have thee punisht for this wrong.

Firk. Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.
Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the lady mayoress.
Besides, I learnt among the officers,
The lord mayor vows to stand in their defense
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match.

Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's
quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper
too.

Dodger. Besides, his grace to-day dines with the
mayor;

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault.

Lincoln. But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger
Oateley;

The king will do us justice in this cause.
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.

Exeunt.

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools!
Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stay'd, I would have so lam'd
them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready
to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose.
But let that pass, as my lady mayoress says.

Hodge. This matter is answer'd. Come, Ralph; home
with thy wife. Come, my fine shoemakers, let's to our
master's the new lord mayor, and there swagger this
Shrove Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for
Madge keeps the cellar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for sim-
p'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals,
my brave soldiers; follow your captain. O brave! Hark,
hark!

(Bell rings.)

All. The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell! Trilill, my hearts!

Firk. O brave! O sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! keep in the house, let out the pancakes! O rare, my hearts! Let's march together for the honor of Saint Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious Street corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Ralph. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost to-day!

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave man. How shall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honor of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens: venison-pasties walk up and down piping hot, like sergeants; beef and brewess comes marching in dry-vats, fritters and pancakes comes trowling in in wheel-barrows; hens and oranges hopping in porters'-baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quavering in in malt-shovels.

Enter more Prentices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here!

Hodge. How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

1 Prentice. Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. O brave shoemakers, O brave lord of incomprehensible good-fellowship! Whoo! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings.

(Cast up caps.)

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday; I'll have it call'd Saint Hugh's Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. O brave! Come, come, my hearts! Away, away!

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the gentle craft! March fair, my hearts! O rare!

Exeunt.

SCENE 3. [*A street in London.*]

Enter the King and his Train over the stage.

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your land.

Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor.

Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty,

In all his actions that concern his state

He is as serious, provident, and wise,

As full of gravity amongst the grave,

As any mayor hath been these many years.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffcap.

But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dasht clean out of countenance.

Nobleman. It may be so, my liege.

King. Which to prevent,

Let some one give him notice, 'tis our pleasure

That he put on his wonted merriment.

Set forward!

All. On afore!

Exeunt.

SCENE 4. [*A great hall.*]

Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers; soft, where be these cannibals, these var-

lets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk. O my lord, it will be rare!

Eyre. No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your fellow-prentices want no cheer; let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lambskins. Rip, knaves, avaunt! Look to my guests!

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end for room; those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk about, my nimble Firk! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honor of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Firk?

Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer; but for meat, they would eat it an they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchen-stuff cook? Call the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. What meat? Vanish, Firk! Avaunt, Hodge!

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk; he means, their bellies want meat, not the boards; for they have drunk so much, they can eat nothing.

The Second Three Men's Song

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee:
 Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
 And down it merrily.

Down a down hey down a down,
(Close with the tenor boy.)
 Hey derry derry, down a down!
 Ho, well done; to me let come!
 Ring compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee: etc.
*(Repeat as often as there be men to drink;
 and at last when all have drunk, this verse:)*

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed:
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

Enter Hans, Rose, and wife [Margery].

Marg. Where is my lord?

Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy?

Marg. The king's most excellent majesty is new come:
 he sends me for my honour; one of his most worship-
 ful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth;
 but let that pass.

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoe-
 makers, my nimble brethren; look to my guests, the
 prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How
 looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me.
 I know, your honor easily may obtain
 Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,
 And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journey-
 man; look cheerily! I'll fall upon both my knees, till
 they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

Marg. Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace.

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot! hence, you hopper-arse! you barley-pudding, full of maggots! you broiled carbonado! avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophiles! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap; vanish, go, trip and go; meddle with your partlets and your pishery-pashery, your flews and your whirligigs; go, rub, out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic freebooters! Firk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London.

Firk. Hey, for the honor of the shoemakers!

Exeunt.

SCENE 5. [*An open yard before the hall.*]

A long flourish, or two. Enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, Margery, Lacy, Rose. Lacy and Rose kneel.

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you.
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren,
the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's
image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honor you
have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon
my rude behavior; I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart
is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul,
that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as
merry
As if thou wert among thy shoemakers;
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By the lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker; you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I assure thy majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sam Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom; Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't; yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry hump! with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king: I danc'd the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born.

King. Ha, ha!

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Nobleman. Not I, my lord.

Enter the Earl of Lincoln and the Lord Mayor.

King. Lincoln, what news with you?

Lincoln. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself, For there are traitors here.

All. Traitors? Where? Who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid! Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy!—Lincoln, speak, What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?

Lincoln. This, my dear liege: your Grace, to do me honour,

Heapt on the head of this degenerate boy
Desertless favors; you made choice of him
To be commander over powers in France.
But he——

King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while!
Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak.
I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,
Into vile treason——

Lincoln. Is he not a traitor?

King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pard'ned him.
'T was not a base want of true valor's fire,
That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln; I forgive you both.

Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lincoln. No, my liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty;
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands
That are conjoin'd in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forego?

Rose. If Rose were askt that question, she'd say no.

King. You hear them, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these
two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?

L. Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think?

Nobleman. The same, my liege.

King. Would you offend Love's laws?

Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me,

To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see—
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?

Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

King. Then, upon thy life,

I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

L. Mayor. I thank your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious lord!

(*Kneels.*)

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe I shall not marry you.

Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?

King. Yea, so profound?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.

This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.
Are you pleas'd, Lincoln? Oateley, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes, my lord.

King. Then must my heart be eas'd;

For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorc'd, be join'd again.

Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose, lend me thine!

Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine.

At night, lovers, to bed!—Now, let me see,

Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

L. Mayor. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why tell me, Oateley: shines not Lacy's name
As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen?

Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he;
Her blood is too too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.

Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state?

The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman.

Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bear necessity, and, as I hear,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures.

To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
 As for the honour which he lost in France,
 Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down!—
 Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now,
 Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
 Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

L. Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends;

Where there is much love, all discord ends.

What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honour you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors which you have shown to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name;

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
 One honour more I'll do thee: that new building.

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,

Shall take a name from us; we'll have it call'd

The Leadenhall, because in digging it

You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Marg. God bless your grace!

King. Lincoln, a word with you!

Enter Hodge, Firk, Ralph, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply.

Before one summer more pass o'er my head,

France shall repent, England was injured.

What are all these?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,

Sometime my fellows; in their companies

I liv'd as merry as an emperor.

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege; all gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All the Shoemakers. God save your majesty!

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do 't, I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege; all for themselves, and I for them all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times.
Will this content you?

All. Jesus bless your grace!

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

King. What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts;
Already have I been too troublesome;
Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken un-
awares upon a day of shroving, which I promist long
ago to the prentices of London.

For, an 't please your highness, in time past,

I bare the water-tankard, and my coat

Sits not a whit the worse upon my back;

And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,

It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 't is now, gave me
my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my

tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the prentices. This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered; they are gone home and vanisht;

Yet add more honour to the gentle trade,
Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day.

Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer.—

Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home!

When all our sports and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun.

Exeunt.

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Ernest Rhys (ed.), *The Best Plays of Thomas Dekker* (Charles Scribner's Sons). The Mermaid edition. The most accessible edition.

F. E. Schelling, *The Elizabethan Drama*. See especially Vol. I, chap. xi, "London Life and the Comedy of Manners."

SUGGESTED PLAYS—COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour* or *The Alchemist*.
Contemporary realistic comedy of London life.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY 141

William Shakespeare, *Henry IV*, i-ii. Delightful "tavern" comedy, and chronicle history.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Stage dialect and Elizabethan slang in this play.

Relations of master and workmen in this play.

Show how the different situations are interwoven in this play (the romantic love story, the bourgeois love story, the story of Eyre and London life) and comment on artistry or lack of it.

Compare Eyre with other humorous characters in fiction and drama with whom you are familiar.

What is your estimate of Hammon?

Are there improbable incidents or situations in the play?

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS

RICHARD STEELE

RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729) AND THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS

For the average reader of English drama, at least four events of the period between Thomas Dekker and Richard Steele are of major importance. During the Civil War and the period of the Commonwealth (1642-1660) the English theatres were officially closed. During the years immediately following the Restoration, John Dryden (1631-1700) established as a type the "heroic play" (e.g., *Almanzar and Almahide* or *The Conquest of Granada*), serious romantic drama akin to Tamburlaine but with a happy ending, and was a leader in popularizing adaptations of Shakespeare (e.g., *All for Love* from *Antony and Cleopatra*). During the closing years of the seventeenth century, the popular form of drama was the comedy of manners, distinguished by wit, brilliant dialogue, and intrigues in love. The finest example of this type is Congreve's *Way of the World* (1700). The last event of major importance is the publication of Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1699), an effective broadside directed against the questionable elements in the comedy of manners, and acknowledged as a material factor in the purification of the English stage.

* * * * *

Of this new moral order on the English stage and in all English social life Richard Steele is an able protagonist. Generous, warm hearted, impulsive, ruled by his feelings instead of his intellect, he is often cited as an illustration of a prevailing mood of the eighteenth century. Son of an Irish attorney and left an orphan at the age of five, he was educated in England, at Charterhouse and Oxford. He enlisted in the army and rose to the rank of captain, was for many years active in politics as a Whig, and served as a member of Parliament. He is only incidentally a man of the theatre. Along with Daniel Defoe he is one of the first journalists in English history. His great work is in *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*, with the second of which periodicals Addison assisted. His point of view in these periodicals, and in all of his literary activities

as well, he states in his editorial policy for *The Tatler*: "The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, honour, and virtue as the chief ornaments of life." Terms often applied to such an attitude are sentiment, sensibility, and sentimentalism. Thus a "man of sentiment" in the eighteenth century is a person who moralizes about life on the basis of conduct and feelings; a person of sensibility is governed by emotions or feelings; and sentimentalism is the idealistic acceptance of humanity as much better than its actions often indicate and than the realists are willing to grant. Steele, in a word, is the leading exponent of sentimentalism. Its basic doctrine has been ably summarized by Professor Bernbaum in *The Drama of Sensibility*:

Confidence in the goodness of average human nature is the mainspring of sentimentalism. That confidence became in the eighteenth century the cardinal point of a new gospel, and the underlying ethical principle of a new school of literature. It was the fundamental assumption of the dramatists of sensibility.

After all, this doctrine has universal acceptance in literature and life. In *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, as Bernbaum points out, "the virtuous conduct of the shoemaker's wife (Jane) so impresses her wealthy pursuer (Hammon) that he generously rescues her husband and herself from poverty." And it is a principal reason for the popularity of a goodly portion of current novels, dramas, and movies. It is, on the other hand, the source of humanitarianism and its inspiration. But such literary productions as the novels of Richardson (e.g., *Pamela*), the essays of Steele, and his plays make sentimentalism a dominant factor in the English literature of the eighteenth century. This is the recurring theme of his four plays: *The Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode* (1701); *The Lying Lover* (1703); *The Tender Husband* (1705); and *The Conscious Lovers* (1722). Though Steele did not write the first sentimental comedy of this period, he is generally regarded as the founder of the school; and *The Conscious Lovers* is one of the best examples of the type. Its immediate purpose is indicated by Steele in his *Preface* as an attack on the eighteenth century "stupid and diabolical custom of duelling" among gallants:

Nor do I make any difficulty to acknowledge that the whole was writ for the sake of the scene of the Fourth Act, wherein Mr. Bevil evades the quarrel with his

friend, and hope it may have some effect upon the Goths and Vandals that frequent the theatres, or a more polite audience may supply their absence.

May a drama with such a moral purpose and with an appeal to sympathy and tears rather than intellect and laughter justly be called comedy? Steele defended this classification in his Preface. The question was often debated in the eighteenth century. Fielding ironically makes his Parson Adams (*Joseph Andrews*) say that this comedy and *Cato* of Addison were the only plays fit for a Christian to read and that *The Conscious Lovers* "had some things almost solemn enough for a sermon." Goldsmith in his *Essay on the Theatre; or, A Comparison between Laughing and Sentimental Comedy* (1772) attacked this whole school of drama and prepared the way for the reaction illustrated in his plays and in those of Sheridan.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN BEVIL.

MR. SEALAND.

BEVIL, JUN., *in love with* INDIANA.

MYRTLE, *in love with* LUCINDA.

CIMBERTON, *a Coxcomb.*

HUMPHRY, *an old Servant to* SIR JOHN.

TOM, *Servant to* BEVIL, JUN.

DANIEL, *a Country Boy, Servant to* INDIANA.

MRS. SEALAND, *second Wife to* SEALAND.

ISABELLA, *Sister to* SEALAND.

INDIANA, SEALAND'S *Daughter, by his first Wife.*

LUCINDA, SEALAND'S *Daughter, by his second Wife.*

PHILLIS, *Maid to* LUCINDA.

SCENE.—*London.*

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. *Sir John Bevil's House.*

(*Enter Sir John Bevil and Humphry.*)

Sir J. Bev. Have you ordered that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, sir; I believed you had something of moment to say to me.

Sir J. Bev. Let me see, Humphry; I think it is now full forty years since I first took thee to be about myself.

Humph. I thank you, sir, it has been an easy forty years; and I have passed 'em without much sickness, care or labor.

Sir J. Bev. Thou hast a brave constitution; you are a year or two older than I am, sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind, sir.

Sir J. Bev. You knave, you know it; I took thee for thy gravity and sobriety, in my wild years.

Humph. Ah, sir! our manners were formed from our different fortunes, not our different age. Wealth gave a loose to your youth, and poverty put a restraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Humphry, you know I have been a kind master to you; I have used you, for the ingenuous nature I observed in you from the beginning, more like an humble friend than a servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me as to explain your commands, sir, without any farther preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee, then: In the first place, this wedding of my son's in all probability—shut the door—will never be at all.

Humph. How, sir! not be at all? for what reason is it carried on in appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honest Humphry, have patience; and I'll tell thee all in order. I have, myself, in some part of my life, lived (indeed) with freedom, but, I hope, without reproach. Now, I thought liberty would be as little injurious to my son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards man, I indulged him in living after his own manner. I knew not how, otherwise, to judge of his inclination; for what can be concluded from a behavior under restraint and fear? But what charms me above all expression is, that my son has never, in the least action, the most distant hint or word, valued himself upon that great estate of his mother's, which, according to our marriage settlement, he has had ever since he came to age.

Humph. No, sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you or any belonging to you. He is as dependent and resigned to your will as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate bounty. You have ever acted like a good and generous father, and he like an obedient and grateful son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough sincerity which a man is not called to, and certainly disobliges most of his acquaintance; to be short, Humphry, his reputation was so fair in the world, that old Sealand, the great Indian merchant, has offered his only daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a wife for him. You may be sure I made no difficulties, the match was agreed on, and this very day named for the wedding.

Humph. What hinders the proceeding?

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last Thursday at the masquerade; my son, you may remember, soon found us out. He knew his grandfather's habit, which I then wore; and though it was the mode, in the last age, yet the masquers, you know, followed

us as if we had been the most monstrous figures in that whole assembly.

Humph. I remember, indeed, a young man of quality in the habit of a clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right; he was too much what he seemed to be. You remember how impertinently he followed and teased us, and would know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that particular. (Aside.)

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us till the gentleman who led the lady in the Indian mantle presented that gay creature to the rustic, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable) grow polite by falling in love, and let that worthy old gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not reformed, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my mask; with that, the gentleman, throwing off his own, appeared to be my son, and in his concern for me, tore off that of the nobleman; at this they seized each other; the company called the guards, and in the surprise the lady swooned away; upon which my son quitted his adversary, and had now no care but of the lady. When raising her in his arms, "Art thou gone," cried he, "for ever?—forbid it, Heaven!" She revived at his known voice, and with the most familiar, though modest, gesture, hangs in safety over his shoulder weeping, but wept as in the arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose, were she not under observation; while she hides her face in his neck, he carefully conveys her from the company.

Humph. I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzzed about she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea-officer who had served in France. Now this unexpected and public discovery of my son's so deep concern for her —

Humph. Was what, I suppose, alarmed Mr. Sealand, in behalf of his daughter, to break off the match?

Sir J. Bev. You are right. He came to me yesterday and said he thought himself disengaged from the bargain; being credibly informed my son was already married, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct breach between us.

Humph. Well, sir; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you. I have said nothing to him yet—but look you, Humphry, if there is so much in this amour of his, that he denies upon my summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engaged to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures. In the meantime I would have you find out how far that rogue, his man, is let into his secret. He, I know, will play tricks as much to cross me, as to serve his master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your son's age.

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the rascal's looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long; I'll go to my son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his rogue, Tom, that I am in earnest.—I'll leave him to you.

(Exit Sir John Bevil.)

Humph. Well, though this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain is attended with constant mutual uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both. But they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful, however. Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught. Ho! ho! Tom, whither so gay and so airy this morning?

(*Enter Tom, singing.*)

Tom. Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business; we are raised above you. The pleasures of board wages, tavern dinners, and many a clear gain; vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, though 't is but as t'other day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience. You then pulled off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful great awkward cub as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop. That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphry, you know my master scorns to strike his servants. You talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth; when you went to dinner because it was so much o'clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Humph. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after? Despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my good young master talk so like a profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to town, about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those lessons because I

supposed at that time your master and you might have dined at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made a good family servant. But the gang you have frequented since at chocolate houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance —

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, sir, I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

Tom. Master Humphry, ha! ha! you were an unhappy lad to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why, now, sir, the lackeys are the men of pleasure of the age, the top gamesters; and many a laced coat about town have had their education in our party-colored regiment. We are false lovers; have a taste of music, poetry, billet-doux, dress, politics; ruin damsels; and when we are tired of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' wigs and linen, and marry fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, sir, our order is carried up to the highest dignities and distinctions; step but into the Painted Chamber, and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality. Then, again, come down to the Court of Requests, and you see us all laying our broken heads together for the good of the nation; and though we never carry a question *nemine contradicente*, yet this I can say, with a safe conscience (and I wish every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and say the same), that I never took so much as a single mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to see you to enquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dressed as gay as the sun; but, between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dressed I retired, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walked thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet; when he came out he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid, you know —

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and *ridottos* for the winter, the parks and *Belsize* for our summer diversions; and “Lard!” says she, “you are so wild, but you have a world of humor.”

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don’t you run with your master’s letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he ordered you?

Tom. Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? Why, sirrah, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It’s no matter for that; her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphry, that in that family the grey mare is the better horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff, starched philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffered no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond soul that can keep nothing from me; one that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly managed.

Humph. What! her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even she, sir; this is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit

to your housekeeper, forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at ——

Humph. Your sweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature; you must know, I love to fret and play with the little wanton.

Humph. Play with the little wanton! What will this world come to!

Tom. I met her this morning in a new manteau and petticoat, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing; and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes—then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house; and is, indeed, the whole town of coquets at second-hand. But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear sir, when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphry, you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget.

Humph. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Phillis.*)

Phil. Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugarkey at home? Lard, one is almost ashamed to pass along the streets! The town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see anything dressed like a woman of condition, as it were on the same floor with them, pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. O fortune! fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk? Why, Madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

Phil. No, Mr. Tom, but I wish I were generally carried in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flier in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twire and loll as well as the best of them. Oh, Tom! Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great

a coxcomb, and I so great a coquet, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that —

Phil. Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy, upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast mantaus: That any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy; for now only it was becoming. To my lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you said, after somebody or other. Oh, Tom! Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all; but, you wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious subject—don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your commands, madam. (*In a submissive tone, retiring.*)

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right temper to be wrought upon and set a-prat-ing. (*Aside.*)—Why, truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

Phil. Pray, Mr. Thomas, what is it all of a sudden offends your nicety at our house?

Tom. I don't care to speak particulars, but I dislike the whole.

Phil. I thank you, sir, I am a part of that whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good Phillis.

Phil. Good Phillis! Saucy enough. But how-ever —

Tom. I say, it is that thou art a part, which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know, madam, to be serious, I am a man, at the bottom, of prodigious nice honor. You are too much exposed to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many, that would be your mistress's lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this,

because I wrung you to the heart when I touched your guilty conscience about Judy.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

Phil. I know too much on 't.

Tom. Nay, then, poor Crispo's fate and mine are one. Therefore give me leave to say, or sing at least, as he does upon the same occasion—

“*Se vedette,*” &c.

(*Sings.*)

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobbed off with a song? I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. Judy too.

Tom. Don't disparage your charms, good Phillis, with jealousy of so worthless an object; besides, she is a poor hussy, and if you doubt the sincerity of my love, you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune, Phillis.

Phil. What would the fop be at now? In good time, indeed, you shall be setting up for a fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. Phillis, you have such a spirit that we shall never be dull in marriage when we come together. But I tell you, you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my hands.

(*He pulls out a purse, she eyes it.*)

Phil. What pretence have I to what is in your hands, Mr. Tom?

Tom. As thus: there are hours, you know, when a lady is neither pleased or displeased; neither sick or well; when she lolls or loiters; when she's without desires, from having more of everything than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open, to look at her own dear image in the glass.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natured moments: as when a knot or a patch is happily fixed; when the complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not patience!

Tom. Why, then—or on the like occasions—we servants who have skill to know how to time business, see when such a pretty folded thing as this (*Shows a letter.*) may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humor. And, madam, because it is a long wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of a lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this to bear your charges on the road.

(*Gives her the purse.*)

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt hussy.

Tom. O fie, I only think you'll take the letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own innocence; I take it for my mistress's sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it, because I would not have my mistress deluded by one who gives no proof of his passion; but I'll talk more of this as you see me on my way home. No, Tom, I assure thee, I take this trash of thy master's, not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress.

I remember a verse to the purpose—

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who part with money never feign.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2. *Bevil, Junior's Lodgings.*

(*Bevil, Junior, reading.*)

Bev. Jun. These moral writers practice virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza! Such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirit for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aching heart! If this lady my father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? Is not she in equal distress with me? Has not the letter I have sent her this morning confessed my inclination

to another? Nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements, too, to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it; for, sure, to be denied is a favor any man may pretend to. It must be so—Well, then, with the assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my father, I am ready to marry her. Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, though it is) an honest dissimulation.

(Enter Tom.)

Tom. Sir John Bevil, sir, is in the next room.

Bev. Jun. Dunce! Why did not you bring him in?

Tom. I told him, sir, you were in your closet.

Bev. Jun. I thought you had known, sir, it was my duty to see my father anywhere.

(Going himself to the door.)

Tom. The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have. *(Aside.)*

(Bevil, Jun., introducing Sir John.)

Bev. Jun. Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant of all parents. Sure, 't is not a compliment to say these lodgings are yours. Why would you not walk in, sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

Bev. Jun. One to whom I am beholden for my birthday might have used less ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my curiosity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter; for courtship must then be over.

Bev. Jun. I assure you, sir, there was no insolence in it upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family; but much acknowledgment of the lady's greater desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this? And will you really marry her?

Bev. Jun. Did I ever disobey any command of yours, sir? nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't say you have, son; but me-

thinks in this whole business, you have not been so warm as I could have wished you. You have visited her, it's true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can say and do as handsome things as any man; but you have done nothing but lived in the general—been complaisant only.

Bev. Jun. As I am ever prepared to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

(Humphry enters, unobserved.)

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why, what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a resignation?

Bev. Jun. Think? that I am still your son, sir. Sir, you have been married, and I have not. And you have, sir, found the inconvenience there is when a man weds with too much love in his head. I have been told, sir, that at the time you married, you made a mighty bustle on the occasion. There was challenging and fighting, scaling walls, locking up the lady, and the gallant under an arrest for fear of killing all his rivals. Now, sir, I suppose you having found the ill consequences of these strong passions and prejudices, in preference of one woman to another, in case of a man's becoming a widower —

Sir J. Bev. How is this?

Bev. Jun. I say, sir, experience has made you wiser in your care of me; for, sir, since you lost my dear mother, your time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially by way of bargain and sale. For, as you well judge, a woman that is espoused for a fortune, is yet a better bargain, if she dies; for then a man still enjoys what he did marry, the money, and is disencumbered of what he did not marry, the woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, sir, do you think Lucinda, then, a woman of such little merit?

Bev. Jun. Pardon me, sir, I don't carry it so far neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well;

she has, for one of her fortune, a great many needless and superfluous good qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, son, there's something I don't see yet, something that's smothered under all this rail-lery.

Bev. Jun. Not in the least, sir. If the lady is dressed and ready, you see I am. I suppose the lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm if I don't interpose. (*Aside.*)—Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the way, you say.

Bev. Jun. If you please, sir, I'll take a chair, and go to Mr. Sealand's, where the young lady and I will wait your leisure.

Sir J. Bev. By no means. The old fellow will be so vain if he sees —

Bev. Jun. Ay; but the young lady, sir, will think me so indifferent.

Humph. Ay, there you are right; press your readiness to go to the bride—he won't let you. (*Aside to Bev. Jun.*)

Bev. Jun. Are you sure of that? (*Aside to Humph.*)

Humph. How he likes being prevented! (*Aside.*)

Sir J. Bev. No, no. You are an hour or two too early. (*Looking on his watch.*)

Bev. Jun. You'll allow me, sir, to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous young woman, in the pride and bloom of life, ready to give herself to my arms; and to place her happiness or misery, for the future, in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is, a — Call a chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear Jack; this Sealand is a moody old fellow. There's no dealing with some people but by managing with indifference. We must leave to him the conduct of this day. It is the last of his commanding his daughter.

Bev. Jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this matter; you

can't tell how humorsome old fellows are. There's no offering reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich.—If my son should see him before I've brought old Sealand into better temper, the match would be impracticable. (*Aside.*)

Humph. Pray, sir, let me beg you to let Mr. Bevil go.—See whether he will or not. (*Aside to Sir John*)—(*Then to Bev.*)—Pray, sir, command yourself; since you see my master is positive, it is better you should not go.

Bev. Jun. My father commands me, as to the object of my affections; but I hope he will not, as to the warmth and height of them.

Sir J. Bev. So! I must even leave things as I found them; and in the meantime, at least, keep old Sealand out of his sight—Well, son, I'll go myself and take orders in your affair. You'll be in the way, I suppose, if I send to you. I'll leave your old friend with you—Humphry, don't let him stir, d'ye hear?—Your servant, your servant. (*Exit Sir John.*)

Humph. I have a sad time on 't, sir, between you and my master. I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent inclinations for the match.—I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common good. Heaven grant a good end of this matter.—But there is a lady, sir, that gives your father much trouble and sorrow.—You'll pardon me.

Bev. Jun. Humphry, I know thou art a friend to both, and in that confidence I dare tell thee, that lady is a woman of honor and virtue. You may assure yourself I never will marry without my father's consent. But give me leave to say, too, this declaration does not come up to a promise that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. Come, sir, I wholly understand you. You would engage my services to free you from this woman whom my master intends you, to make way, in time, for the woman you have really a mind to.

Bev. Jun. Honest Humphry, you have always been a useful friend to my father and myself; I beg you continue your good offices, and don't let us come to the

necessity of a dispute; for, if we should dispute, I must either part with more than life, or lose the best of fathers.

Humph. My dear master, were I but worthy to know this secret, that so near concerns you, my life, my all should be engaged to serve you. This, sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain and tell you so.

Bev. Jun. That's all I ask. Thou hast made it now my interest to trust thee. Be patient, then, and hear the story of my heart.

Humph. I am all attention, sir.

Bev. Jun. You may remember, Humphry, that in my last travels my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. Jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this lady. She is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol, who, upon repeated misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favorable to his industry, and, in six years' time, restored him to his former fortunes. On this he sent directions over that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and, with her husband's sister only, and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage—for here, poor creature, she lost her liberty and life. She and her family, with all they had, were, unfortunately, taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though as such not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

Humph. Poor soul! O the helpless infant!

Bev. Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her. The captain, too, proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home into Toulon this her little country-woman, presenting her, with all her dead mother's movables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

Bev. Only to make her frowns more terrible; for, in his height of fortune, this captain, too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea; and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who, coming soon to take possession, there found (among his other riches) this blooming virgin at his mercy.

Humph. He durst not, sure, abuse his power?

Bev. No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her—in short, he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered, too, his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty, demanding her to account for all her maintenance from her childhood; seized on her little fortune as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me, by miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'T was Providence, indeed. But pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

Bev. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts, descended to a composition, which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

Humph. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bev. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England: where, no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

Humph. I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

Bev. As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet

you see what I do to please my father: walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—But, Humphry, you have your lesson.

Humph. Now, sir, I have but one material question——

Bev. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

Bev. I shall appear, Humphry, more romantic in my answer than in all the rest of my story; for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me, yet in all my acquaintance and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bev. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct that, till I have his consent to speak, I am determined, on that subject, to be dumb for ever.

Humph. Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

(*Enter Tom.*)

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and, if you are at leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. Whenever he pleases——hold, Tom! did you receive no answer to my letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desired to call again; for I was told her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence, Mrs. Lettice said, I should certainly have one.

Bev. Very well.

(*Exit Tom.*)

Humph. Sir, I will take another opportunity. In the meantime, I only think it proper to tell you that, from a secret I know, you may appear to your father

as forward as you please, to marry Lucinda without the least hazard of its coming to a conclusion—Sir, your most obedient servant.

Bev. Honest Humphry, continue but my friend in this exigence, and you shall always find me yours. (*Exit Humph.*)—I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda—but I think it cannot fail; for, at worst, were it possible she could take it ill, her resentment of my indifference may as probably occasion a delay as her taking it right. Poor Myrtle, what terrors must he be in all this while? Since he knows she is offered to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing or taking any measures with him for his own service.—But I ought to bear with my friend, and use him as one in adversity—

All his disquiets by my own I prove,
The greatest grief's perplexity in love.

(*Exit.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Bevil, Jun.'s Lodgings.*

(*Enter Bevil, Jun., and Tom.*)

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle.

Bev. Jun. Very well—do your step again, and wait for an answer to my letter.

(*Exit Tom.*)

(*Enter Myrtle.*)

Bev. Jun. Well, Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? Is there anything in this world deserves it? You, who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late changed complexions. You, who used to be much the graver man, are now all air in your behavior.—But the cause of my concern may, for aught I know, be the same object that gives

you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day—and your dress confirms me in it—to be married to Lucinda.

Bev. Jun. You are not misinformed.—Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival till you hear me out. I shall disoblige the best of fathers if I don't seem ready to marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her for your own service as you please; but I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing or complying unless you help me to escape the match.

Myrt. Escape? Sir, neither her merit or her fortune are below your acceptance—Escaping do you call it?

Bev. Jun. Dear sir, do you wish I should desire the match?

Myrt. No; but such is my humorous and sickly state of mind since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that though I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

Bev. Jun. Pardon me, sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit——

Myrt. Nay, dear Bevil, don't speak of her as if you loved her neither.

Bev. Jun. Why, then, to give you ease at once, though I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue, I know another in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natured friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness and cure my jealousy.

Bev. Jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehension, of another man that has twice the fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantic coxcomb; for the sot, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity and very little judgment, shows his strongest bias

is avarice; which is so predominant in him that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms than if she were a mere breeding animal.

Bev. Jun. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence than by —

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the rogue has no art; it is pure, simple insolence and stupidity.

Bev. Jun. Yet, with all this, I don't take him for a fool.

Myrt. I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, though very slow understanding. He says, indeed, many things that want only the circumstances of time and place to be very just and agreeable.

Bev. Jun. Well, you may be sure of me if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda, though those for mine with her are, by her father's orders, ready for signing; but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! a poor troublesome woman. Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it. Besides, I am sure Cimberton can make no settlement upon her without the concurrence of his great uncle, Sir Geoffry, in the west.

Bev. Jun. Well, sir, and I can tell you that's the very point that is now laid before her counsel, to know whether a firm settlement can be made without his uncle's actual joining in it. Now, pray consider, sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture, how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father, too, to hear his proposals?

Myrt. There you are right, indeed; that must be provided against. Do you know who are her counsel?

Bev. Jun. Yes, for your service I have found out that, too. They are Serjeant Bramble and Old Target — by the way, they are neither of 'em known in the family. Now, I was thinking why you might not put

a couple of false counsel upon her to delay and confound matters a little; besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. Jun. Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be Old Bramble yourself?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it.—But what shall I do for a brother in the case?

Bev. Jun. What think you of my fellow, Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimic. All his part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case. Nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him were it not that his impertinence is the occasion of its breaking out to that degree. The conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things. If you'll send Tom to my chambers, I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for a while at least.

Bev. Jun. I'll warrant you success.—So far we are right, then. And now, Charles, your apprehension of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, though I know you are my friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope ——

Bev. Jun. Dear Myrtle, I am as much obliged to you for the cause of your suspicion, as I am offended at the effect; but, be assured, I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can, though I cannot but remember that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity.

(*Going.*)

Bev. Jun. Then depend upon it, you have no chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no ceremony, you know I must be going.

(*Exit Myrt.*)

Ben. Jun. Well, this is another instance of the perplexities which arise, too, in faithful friendship. We

must often in this life go on in our good offices, even under the displeasure of those to whom we do them, in compassion to their weaknesses and mistakes.—But all this while poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me. She has no support or comfort but in my fidelity, yet sees me daily pressed to marriage with another. How painful, in such a crisis, must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let her see at least my conduct to her is not changed. I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for though the religious vow I have made to my father restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman that is the pure delight of my eyes and the guiltless joy of my heart. But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery—

To hope for perfect happiness is vain,
And love has ever its allays of pain.

(*Exit.*)

[SCENE 2. *Indiana's Lodgings.*]

(*Enter Isabella and Indiana.*)

Isab. Yes, I say 't is artifice, dear child. I say to thee again and again 't is all skill and management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill design in supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality? attended, dressed, and lodged like one; in my appearance abroad and my furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, a design in it?

Isab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me that all about me comes from him!

Isab. Ay, ay, the more for that. That keeps the title to all you have the more in him.

Ind. The more in him! He scorns the thought——

Isab. Then he—he—he——

Ind. Well, be not so eager. If he is an ill man, let us look into his stratagems. Here is another of them. (*Showing a letter.*) Here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, with these words: "To pay for the set of dressing-plate which will be brought home to-morrow." Why, dear aunt, now here's another piece of skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend; and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say anything to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life and the support of it; then, again, as the man who loves me with sincerity and honor. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love. Oh! could I tell you —

Isab. Ah! you need not; I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my state of mind in his presence; and when he is absent, you are ever dinning my ears with notions of the arts of men; that his hidden bounty, his respectful conduct, his careful provision for me, after his preserving me from utmost misery, are certain signs he means nothing but to make I know not what of me.

Isab. Oh! You have a sweet opinion of him, truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thousand things, besides my sex's natural decency and shame, to suppress my heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say it loves him. I say, thus it is with me while I see him; and in his absence I am entertained with nothing but your endeavors to tear his amiable image from my heart; and in its stead, to place a base dissembler, an artful invader of my happiness, my innocence, my honor.

Isab. Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken been the most proper with you? Oh! ho! He has sense, and has judged the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, since nothing can answer you; say what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Isab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to say so, as you are now, than as many others are. There are, among the destroyers of women, the gentle, the gener-

ous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, soon after their success in their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters. I will own to you, Mr. Bevil carries his hypocrisy the best of any man living, but still he is a man, and therefore a hypocrite. They have usurped an exemption from shame for any baseness, any cruelty towards us. They embrace without love; they make vows without conscience of obligation; they are partners, nay, seducers to the crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observed. (*Aside.*)—But what's all this to Bevil?

Isab. This it is to Bevil and all mankind. Trust not those who will think the worse of you for your confidence in them; serpents who lie in wait for doves. Won't you be on your guard against those who would betray you? Won't you doubt those who would condemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me, fair and natural dealing is to invite injuries; 't is bleating to escape wolves who would devour you! Such is the world—and such (since the behavior of one man to myself) have I believed all the rest of the sex. (*Aside.*)

Ind. I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not doubt it. He has not spoke it by an organ that is given to lying. His eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to trust his management with a father to whom he has uncommon obligations. What have I to be concerned for? my lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my purpose of life is only to please him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly, and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than death has happened to me.

Isab. Ay, do, persist in your credulity! flatter yourself that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the town, and marry a handsome beggar for love.

Ind. The town! I must tell you, madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil will but make themselves more

ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

Isab. O' my conscience he has turned her head.—Come, come, if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks, without sending you to Bristol in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

Ind. I am convinced he still designs it, and that nothing keeps him here, but the necessity of not coming to a breach with his father in regard to the match he has proposed him. Beside, has he not writ to Bristol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there almost these twenty years?

Isab. All sham, mere evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked hopes! did I ever give him any such?

Isab. Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say, in your conscience, he has ever once offered to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his behavior I am convinced he will offer it, the moment 't is in his power, or consistent with his honor, to make such a promise good to me.

Isab. His honor!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy, by these ungrateful jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be, obliged. For from his integrity alone, I have resolved to hope for happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't see, at your peril be it!

Ind. Let it be—This is his hour of visiting me.

Isab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your form; don't see him in a bed-chamber—This is pure prudence, when she is liable, wherever he meets her, to be conveyed wher-e'er he pleases. (*Apart.*)

Ind. All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes. I live only when I'm with him. (*Exit.*)

Isab. Well, go thy ways, thou wilful innocent!—I once had almost as much love for a man, who poorly

left me to marry an estate; and I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid—but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me, only keep up the suspicion of it, to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms.

(*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter Indiana, speaking to a Servant.*)

Ind. Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in—Design! impossible! A base designing mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice. And yet, since the late rumour of his marriage, he seems more reserved than formerly—he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure—such new respect may cover coldness in the heart; it certainly makes me thoughtful—I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation, for these doubts are insupportable!—But see, he comes, and clears them all.

(*Enter Bevil.*)

Bev. Madam, your most obedient—I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night; 't was very late before we parted, but 't was your own fault. I never saw you in such agreeable humor.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleased; for I thought I never saw you better company.

Bev. Me, madam! you rally; I said very little.

Ind. But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal; and, when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

Bev. Then it's pity, madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your talent or power, to make my actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

Bev. If I might be vain of anything in my power,

madam, 't is that my understanding, from all your sex, has marked you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, 't were enough to make my vanity forfeit the very esteem you offer me.

Bev. How so, madam?

Ind. Because esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense, the height of human glory. Nay, I had rather a man of honor should pay me that, than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

Bev. You certainly distinguish right, madam; love often kindles from external merit only.

Ind. But esteem rises from a higher source, the merit of the soul.

Bev. True—and great souls only can deserve it.

(Bowing respectfully.)

Ind. Now I think they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. Now, madam, you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is, that I esteem you as I ought.

Ind. *(Aside.)* As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

Bev. But, madam, we grow grave, methinks. Let's find some other subject—Pray how did you like the opera last night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

Bev. Oh! your servant, madam. But pray tell me, you now, who are never partial to the fashion, I fancy must be the properest judge of a mighty dispute among the ladies, that is, whether *Crispo* or *Griselda* is the more agreeable entertainment.

Ind. With submission now, I cannot be a proper judge of this question.

Bev. How so, madam?

Ind. Because I find I have a partiality for one of them.

Bev. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know; there's something in that rural cottage of *Griselda*, her forlorn condition, her poverty, her solitude, her resignation, her innocent slumbers, and

that lulling *dolce sogno* that's sung over her; it had an effect upon me that—in short I never was so well deceived, at any of them.

Bev. Oh! Now then, I can account for the dispute. Griselda, it seems, is the distress of an injured innocent woman, Crispo, that only of a man in the same condition; therefore the men are mostly concerned for Crispo, and, by a natural indulgence, both sexes for Griselda.

Ind. So that judgment, you think, ought to be for one, though fancy and complaisance have got ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you on any subject; for I own, Crispo has its charms for me too. Though, in the main, all the pleasure the best opera gives us is but mere sensation. Methinks it's pity the mind can't have a little more share in the entertainment. The music's certainly fine, but, in my thoughts, there's none of your composers come up to old Shakespeare and Otway.

Bev. How, madam! why, if a woman of your sense were to say this in the drawing-room —

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. Sir, here's Signor Carbonelli says he waits your commands in the next room.

Bev. Apropos! you were saying yesterday, madam, you had a mind to hear him. Will you give him leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all means; desire the gentleman to walk in.

(*Exit Servant.*)

Bev. I fancy you will find something in this hand that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to make life seem less tedious to me.

(*Enter Music Master.*)

When the gentleman pleases.

(*After a Sonata is played, Bevil waits on the Master to the door, etc.*)

Bev. You smile, madam, to see me so complaisant to

one whom I pay for his visit. Now, I own, I think it is not enough barely to pay those whose talents are superior to our own (I mean such talents as would become our condition, if we had them). Methinks we ought to do something more than barely gratify them for what they do at our command, only because their fortune is below us.

Ind. You say I smile. I assure you it was a smile of approbation; for, indeed, I cannot but think it the distinguishing part of a gentleman to make his superiority of fortune as easy to his inferiors as he can.—Now once more to try him. (*Aside.*)—I was saying just now, I believed you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so. However, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate between my aunt and me, just before you came hither; she would needs have it that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman, but for his own sake.

Ber. Well, madam! Indeed I can't but be of her mind.

Ind. What, though he should maintain and support her, without demanding anything of her, on her part?

Ber. Why, madam, is making an expense in the service of a valuable woman (for such I must suppose her), though she should never do him any favor, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroic business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

Ber. Dear madam, why so? 't is but, at best, a better taste in expense. To bestow upon one, whom he may think one of the ornaments of the whole creation, to be conscious, that from his superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous spirit is supported above the temptations and sorrows of life! That he sees satisfaction, health, and gladness in her countenance, while he enjoys the happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible), I say, if he is allowed to delight in that prospect; alas, what mighty matter is there in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship!

Bev. Disinterested! I can't think him so; your hero, madam, is no more than what every gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are. He is only one who takes more delight in reflections than in sensations. He is more pleased with thinking than eating; that's the utmost you can say of him. Why, madam, a greater expense than all this men lay out upon an unnecessary stable of horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say?

Bev. You may depend upon it, if you know any such man, he does not love dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. Nor cards, nor dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. Nor bottle companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. Nor loose women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. Take my word, then, if your admired hero is not liable to any of these kind of demands, there's no such preëminence in this as you imagine. Nay, this way of expense you speak of is what exalts and raises him that has a taste for it; and, at the same time, his delight is incapable of satiety, disgust, or penitence.

Ind. But still, I insist, his having no private interest in the action makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bev. Dear madam, I never knew you more mistaken. Why, who can be more a usurer than he who lays out his money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him, who has a true taste of life, to ease an aching heart; to see the human countenance lighted up into smiles of joy, on the receipt of a bit of ore which is superfluous and otherwise useless in a man's own pocket? What could a man do better with his cash? This is the effect of an humane disposition, where there is only a general tie of nature and common necessity. What then must it be when we serve an object of merit, of admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue against it the more I shall admire the generosity.

Bev. Nay, nay—Then, madam, 't is time to fly, after a declaration that my opinion strengthens my adversary's argument. I had best hasten to my appointment with Mr. Myrtle, and begone while we are friends, and before things are brought to an extremity.

(Exit, carelessly.)

(Enter Isabella.)

Isab. Well, madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest, I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my heart, he has no other view but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

Isab. Ah! dear niece! don't be in fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me when you tell me so; for, if he has any wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them but with honor.

Isab. I wish I were as confident of one as t' other. I saw the respectful downcast of his eye, when you catch'd him gazing at you during the music. He, I warrant, was surprised, as if he had been taken stealing your watch. Oh! the undissembled guilty look!

Ind. But did you observe any such thing, really? I thought he looked most charmingly graceful! How engaging is modesty in a man, when one knows there is a great mind within. So tender a confusion! and yet, in other respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so determined!

Isab. Ah! niece! there is a sort of bashfulness which is the best engine to carry on a shameless purpose. Some men's modesty serves their wickedness, as hypocrisy gains the respect due to piety. But I will own to you, there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover. But it 's all a perplexity—till—till—till ——

Ind. Till what?

Isab. Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes.—And that I will be convinced of before I sleep; for you shall not be deceived.

Ind. I'm sure I never shall, if your fears can guard me. In the meantime I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious honor all his actions steers,
So conscious innocence dispels my fears.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sealand's House.*

(Enter Tom, meeting Phillis.)

Tom. Well, Phillis! What, with a face as if you had never seen me before!—What a work have I to do now? She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has catcht, and is resolved to practice them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance through before she'll answer this plain question: videlicet, have you delivered my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. *(Aside.)*—Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not, in the general, be any other than what I am. I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter than I am at this instant.

(Looking steadfastly at her.)

Phil. Did ever anybody doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am, indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty. Perhaps if I were rich I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I'll say one word. (*Aside.*)

Tom. I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal; and by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire—I am my mistress's from choice, would she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it's the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of the anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah, Phillis! can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I'm at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me; how you fell in love with me; and what you have suffered or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh, the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haste about my master's letter. But I must go through it. (*Aside.*)—Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion I was first surprised. It was on the 1st of April, 1715. I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-dehoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favorite handmaid of the housekeeper. At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean; the person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you—you could not guess what surprised me. You took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close, and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form! When I again drew near, you spit, and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

Phil. What silly thoughts you men have!

Tom. We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times

harder was my fate. Pyramus could peep only through a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between—for there was more: there was her will against me. Would she but yet relent! O Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it 's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming Phillis, if all depended on my fair one's will, I could with glory suffer—but, dearest creature, consider our miserable state.

Phil. How! Miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love; with that generous passion in the heart, to be sent to and fro on errands, called, checked, and rated for the meanest trifles. Oh, Phillis! you don't know how many china cups and glasses my passion for you has made me break. You have broke my fortune as well as my heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you that I believe your master writes and you speak the best of any men in the world. Never was woman so well pleased with a letter as my young lady was with his; and this is an answer to it.

(Gives him a letter.)

Tom. This was well done, my dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves by closing their affairs. It will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement, out of their large possessions. Whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themselves. One acre with Phillis would be worth a whole county without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips.

(Kisses her.)

Phil. There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue, Tom!

Tom. And will closer, in due time. But I must

hasten with this letter, to hasten towards the possession of you. Then, Phillis, consider how I must be revenged, look to it, of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best but coy compliances.

Phil. Oh, Tom, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my lady calls it; I must not endure it. Oh! foh! you are a man—an odious, filthy, male creature—you should behave, if you had a right sense or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; or, let me see, some other becoming hard word, with seeming in-in-in-advertency, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey.—But hush! the ladies are coming.—Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone. Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not considered the main business of our masters and mistresses.

Tom. Why, their business is to be fooling and toying as soon as the parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remembered, parchments; my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb cousin, Cimberton, and my mistress, though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepared between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and, I believe, my mistress herself has signed and sealed, in her heart, to Mr. Myrtle.—Did I not bid you kiss me but once, and be gone? But I know you won't be satisfied.

Tom. No, you smooth creature, how should I?

(Kissing her hand.)

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a man of quality.

(They salute formally.)

Tom. Pox of all this state.

(Offers to kiss her more closely.)

Phil. No, prithee, Tom, mind your business. We must follow that interest which will take, but endeavor at that which will be most for us, and we like most. Oh, here's my young mistress! *(Tom taps her neck behind, and kisses his fingers.)* Go, ye liquorish fool.

(Exit Tom.)

(Enter Lucinda.)

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service—to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No; but he hath so much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you. Why did you suffer that?

Phil. Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love—We servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of sample, and therefore as we have no parchments or wax necessary in our agreements, we squeeze with our hands and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another without such earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry hussy.

Phil. I wish, madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, madam; and I won't ask you what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, especially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How is that?

Phil. You have different beds in the same house.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his pretensions in the letter I gave you for him. But my father, in his heart, still has a mind to him, were it not for this woman they talk of; and I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. Myrtle——

Luc. He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my affections; who is to have this body of mine without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me. My mother says 't is indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband; nay, she says a maid, rigidly virtuous, though she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man when she sees him in a third place.

Phil. That is more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may is hardly possible; not to see when one can't is very easy. At this rate, madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen who —

Luc. Mamma says the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him; then you are to observe and take notice of him; because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as obey?

Luc. To love is a passion, 't is a desire, and we must have no desires.—Oh, I cannot endure the reflection! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience have I been exposed and offered to some awkward booby or other in every county of Great Britain!

Phil. Indeed, madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb. As fast as one treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my name and person have been the tittle-tattle of the whole town. What is this world come to?—no shame left—to be bartered for like the beasts of the field, and that in such an instance as coming together to an entire familiarity and union of soul and body. Oh! and this without being so much as well-wishers to each other, but for increase of fortune.

Phil. But, madam, all these vexations will end very soon in one for all. Mr. Cimberton is your mother's

kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly; nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in treaty with Sir Geoffry, who, to join in the settlement, has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in town for that purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great Britain—the art of listening, madam, for your ladyship's service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, Phillis, begone. Here, here! I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants, though I must converse with no one else. (*Exit Phil.*)—How unhappy are we who are born to great fortunes! No one looks at us with indifference, or acts towards us on the foot of plain dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offered to or treated for I have been used with the most agreeable of all abuses—flattery. But now, by this phlegmatic fool I'm used as nothing, or a mere thing. He, forsooth, is too wise, too learned to have any regard to desires, and I know not what the learned oaf calls sentiments of love and passion—Here he comes with my mother—It 's much if he looks at me, or if he does, takes no more notice of me than of any other movable in the room.

(*Enter Mrs. Sealand, and Mr. Cimberton.*)

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honorable house in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly descended as may be.

Cim. Why, really, madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewildered in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood. They

have no ideas of happiness, but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb! (*Aside.*)

Cim. And in truth, madam, I have considered it as a most brutal custom that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no shame, I'm sure. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Seal. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! But, indeed, it is too true there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best governed families, my master and lady are gone to bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

(*Hiding her face with her fan.*)

Cim. Lycurgus, madam, instituted otherwise; among the Lacedæmonians the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us under the audacious word, marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, had I lived in those days and been a matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten children, according to that modest institution, than one, under the confusion of our modern, barefaced manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman, she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of business. That girl walking about the room there is to be your wife. She has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cimb. I have observed her; her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance speak her very ——

Luc. Very what?

Cimb. If you please, madam—to set her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a husband when you're spoken to. But I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniences I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man. Ha! ay, the vermilion of her lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom.

Luc. Sir! madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward chest.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High health.

Luc. The grave, easy impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud heart.

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, child! hear him, he talks finely; he's a scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing—Now, I am considering her, on this occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unseasonable puppy!
(*Aside.*)

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear I shan't, for many years, have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot! there's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale.

Cimb. At sale! She's very illiterate—But she's very well limbed too; turn her in; I see what she is.

(Exit Lucinda, in a rage.)

Mrs. Scal. Go, you creature, I am ashamed of you.

Cimb. No harm done—you know, madam, the better sort of people, as I observed to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings *(Adjusting himself at the glass.)*—and the woman in the bargain, like the mansion house in the sale of the estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all considered.

Mrs. Scal. I grant it; and therefore make no demand for her youth and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the common world think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know your exalted understanding, abstracted, as it is, from vulgar prejudices, will not be offended, when I declare to you, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to beget a colony, or a plantation. This young woman's beauty and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least.

Mrs. Scal. With all that wit and learning, how considerate! What an economist! *(Aside.)*—Sir, I cannot make her any other than she is; or say she is much better than the other young women of this age, or fit for much besides being a mother; but I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and Sir Geoffry Cimberton's counsel is to meet ours here, at this hour, concerning his joining in the deed, which, when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, madam, it is not usual; and I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to overstock my family.

Mrs. Scal. I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton; but she is, for aught I see, as well as the daughter of anybody else.

Cimb. That is very true, madam.

(Enter a Servant, who whispers Mrs. Sealand)

Mrs. Seal. The lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have resolved as to the point whether it's necessary that Sir Geoffry should join in the settlement, as being what they call in the remainder. But, good cousin, you must have patience with 'em. These lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber counsel, the other a pleader. The conveyancer is slow, from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunned the bar, but extremely passionate and impatient of contradiction. The other is as warm as he; but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant Target and Counsellor Bramble? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same. Show in the gentlemen.

(Exit Servant)

(Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle and Tom disguised as Bramble and Target.)

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the party concerned, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have considered of the matter.

Tar. Yes, madam, we have agreed that it must be by indent——dent——dent——dent——

Bram. Yes, madam, Mr. Serjeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleased to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry must needs be a party; old Cimberton, in the year 1619, says, in that ancient roll in Mr. Serjeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear——

Tar. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands, it appears that ——

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody; but speak to the titles in your own deeds. I shall not show that deed till my client is in town.

Cimb. You know best your own methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, whether the entail is such that my cousin, Sir Geoffry, is necessary in this affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the message of Grimgribber.

Tar. I say that Gr—gr—that Gr—gr—Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us; that is to say the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—Triplet.

Bram. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him—But we are willing to waive that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate, as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son—Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family—yet——

Tar. Sir, Gr——gr——ber is ——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its parts—But, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into. I tell you, it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may d'e before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say——

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton. I am of opinion that, according to the instruction of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs general.

Tar. Sir, I have not patience to be told that, when Gr——gr——ber——

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the word heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question. Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him—But, gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this matter, and are firm in your different opinions. 'T were better, therefore, you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and gave your thoughts distinctly in writing. And do you see, sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying? In English! Oh! but I forgot myself, you're a wit. But, however, to please you, sir, you shall have it, in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, sir, without delay.

Bram. That, sir, the law will not admit of. The Courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 't would be wrong if I should not be in the hall to attend one of 'em at least; the rest would take it ill else. Therefore, I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

(*Exit Bramble.*)

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick; he parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick about that Gr——gr——ber.

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you. I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir Geoffry comes to town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my chambers, at my usual hours.

(*Exit.*)

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the tea table, where I shall hear from your ladyship reason and good sense, after all this law and gibberish.

Mrs. Seal. 'T is a wonderful thing, sir, that men of professions do not study to talk the substance of what

they have to say in the language of the rest of the world. Sure, they'd find their account in it.

Cim. They might, perhaps, madam, with people of your good sense; but with the generality 't would never do. The vulgar would have no respect for truth and knowledge, if they were exposed to naked view.

Truth is too simple, of all art bereaved:
Since the world will—why let it be deceived.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Bevil, Junior's Lodgings.*

(*Bevil, Jun., with a letter in his hand, followed by Tom.*)

Tom. Upon my life, sir, I know nothing of the matter. I never opened my lips to Mr. Myrtle about anything of your honor's letter to Madam Lucinda.

Bev. What's the fool in such a fright for? I don't suppose you did. What I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle showed any suspicion, or asked you any questions, to lead you to say casually that you had carried any such letter for me this morning.

Tom. Why, sir, if he did ask me any questions, how could I help it?

Bev. I don't say you could, oaf! I am not questioning you, but him. What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, sir, when I came to his chambers, to be dressed for the lawyer's part your honor was pleased to put me upon, he asked me if I had been at Mr. Sealand's this morning? So I told him, sir, I often went thither—because, sir, if I had not said that he might have thought there was something more in my going now than at another time.

Rev. Very well!—The fellow's caution, I find, has given him this jealousy. (*Aside.*)—Did he ask you no other questions?

Tom. Yes, sir; now I remember, as we came away in the hackney coach from Mr. Sealand's, Tom, says he, as I came in to your master this morning, he bade you go for an answer to a letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any? says he. Ah! says I, sir, your honor is pleased to joke with me; you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no?

Bev. And so, by showing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir —

(*Confused.*)

Bev. What mean actions does jealousy make a man stoop to! How poorly has he used art with a servant to make him betray his master!—Well! and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pulled off his lawyer's gown, at his own chambers.

Bev. Very well; and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

Tom. He looked a little out of humor, sir, and said it was very well.

Bev. I knew he would be grave upon 't; wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad, I don't like this; I am afraid we are all in the wrong box here.

(*Exit Tom.*)

Bev. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present; but I have never been more thoroughly disturbed. This hot man! to write me a challenge, on supposed artificial dealing, when I professed myself his friend! I can live contented without glory; but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first let me consider Lucinda's letter again.

(*Reads.*)

"SIR,

"I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring the refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it than the courtship of him who, I fear, will fall to my lot, except your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness. I have

reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble servant,

"LUCINDA SEALAND."

Well, but the postscript—

(*Reads.*)

"I won't, upon second thoughts, hide anything from you. But my reason for concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper which gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a tender love, and what may be cured by a careful and unblamable conduct."

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confidant, and put herself, in a kind, under my protection. I cannot tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of jealousy, and so serve him, and her, by disobeying her, in the article of secrecy, more than I should by complying with her directions.—But then this duelling, which custom has imposed upon every man who would live with reputation and honor in the world—how must I preserve myself from imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it or think it fear, if I explain without fighting.—But his letter—I'll read it again—

"SIR,

"You have used me basely in corresponding and carrying on a treaty where you told me you were indifferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you; which advertisement I thought proper to send you against the next meeting between you and the injured

"CHARLES MYRTLE."

(*Enter Tom.*)

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, sir. Would your honor please to see him?

Bev. Why, you stupid creature! Let Mr. Myrtle

wait at my lodgings? Show him up. (*Exit Tom.*) Well! I am resolved upon my carriage to him. He is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—but here he is.

(*Enter Tom, introducing Myrtle.*)

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honor.—(*To Tom.*) But, sir, you, with your very discerning face, leave the room. (*Exit Tom.*)—Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines—"I have yours," "I shall be at home."

Bev. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style; but as I design everything in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage and not mine—to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

Bev. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle?

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at; but, sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as—

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. As fear of answering for 'em! But that apprehension is just or blamable according to the object of that fear. I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into His presence—I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against Him, and immediately to urge on to His tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this gravity, this show of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have, indeed, the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda. But consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. Sir, show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorised, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will show thee—to chastise thee hardly deserves the name of courage—slight, inconsiderate man!—There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours; and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honor; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man, goes on like common business, and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excusable, in the guard of innocence (or from the infirmity of human nature, which can

bear no more), to accept your invitation, and observe your letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

(Enter Tom.)

Tom. Did you call, sir? I thought you did; I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. Yes; go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—master—Mr. Myrtle—friends—gentlemen—what d'ye mean? I am but a servant, or—

Bev. Call a coach. *(Exit Tom.)—(A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.)—(Aside.)* Shall I (though provoked to the uttermost) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine? *(Shutting the door.)—(To Myrtle.)* I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer; when perhaps too much regard to a false point of honor makes me prolong that suffering.

Myrt. I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence than his sword.

Bev. Why, then, would you ask it first that way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

Bev. True; but let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed would have been worse than death to yourself—Read it.—*(Aside.)* When he is thoroughly mortified, and shame has got the better of jealousy, when he has seen himself thoroughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda.

Myrt. With what a superiority has he turned the injury on me, as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—*A treaty in our family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse.—But I find (on the postscript) *something like jealousy*. With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer! (*Aside.*)—Oh, Bevil, with what words shall I——

Bev. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me. Alas! what machines are we! thy face is altered to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant wretch!

Bev. Pray, no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died, by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with. What had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

Bev. I congratulate to us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice. And yet how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other with dissembled anger and real fear.

Betrayed by honor, and compelled by shame,
They hazard being, to preserve a name:
Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake,
Till plunged in sad eternity they wake.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2. *St. James's Park.*

(*Enter Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand.*)

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however, Mr. Sealand, as we are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only the business of an ancient house. Genealogy and descent are to be of some consideration in an affair of this sort.

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and descent! Sir, there has been in our family a very large one. There was Galfrid the father of Edward, the father of Ptolomey, the father of Crassus, the father of Earl Richard, the father of Henry the Marquis, the father of Duke John —

Sir J. Bev. What, do you rave, Mr. Sealand? all these great names in your family?

Mr. Seal. These? yes, sir. I have heard my father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, sir? and did he say they were all in your family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, sir, he kept 'em all. He was the greatest cocker in England. He said Duke John won him many battles, and never lost one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh, sir, your servant! you are laughing at my laying any stress upon descent; but I must tell you, sir, I never knew anyone but he that wanted that advantage turn it into ridicule.

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one who had many better advantages put that into his account.—But, Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your ancient house, I am to talk freely of everything you are pleased to put into your bill of rates on this occasion; yet, sir, I have made no objections to your son's family. 'T is his morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a citizen's credit may be no stain to a gentleman's honor.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, the honor of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit of a trader. We are talking of a marriage, and in such a

case, the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honor or credit of her lover that he is a keeper——

Sir J. Bev. Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

Mr. Scal. Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases.

Sir J. Bev. My son, sir, is a discreet and sober gentleman.

Mr. Scal. Sir, I never saw a man that wenched soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off; the decency observed in the practice hides, even from the sinner, the iniquity of it. They pursue it, not that their appetites hurry 'em away, but, I warrant you, because 't is their opinion they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you suspect a truth—do you design to keep your daughter a virgin till you find a man unblemished that way?

Mr. Scal. Sir, as much a cit as you take me for, I know the town and the world; and give me leave to say, that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honorable, and almost as useful, as you landed folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your trading, forsooth, is extended no farther than a load of hay or a fat ox. You are pleasant people, indeed, because you are generally bred up to be lazy; therefore, I warrant you, industry is dishonorable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, sir; let us go back to our point.

Mr. Scal. Oh! not at all offended; but I don't love to leave any part of the account unclosed. Look you, Sir John, comparisons are odious, and more particularly so on occasions of this kind, when we are projecting races that are to be made out of both sides of the comparisons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my son, sir, is, in the eye of the world, a gentleman of merit.

Mr. Scal. I own to you, I think him so.—But, Sir John, I am a man exercised and experienced in chances

and disasters. I lost, in my earlier years, a very fine wife, and with her a poor little infant. This makes me, perhaps, over cautious to preserve the second bounty of providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this child. You'll pardon me, my poor girl, sir, is as valuable to me as your boasted son to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why, that's one very good reason, Mr. Sealand, why I wish my son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange lady here, this *incognita*, that can be objected to him. Here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one passion.

Sir J. Bev. A man of my son's understanding cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise men have been so enslaved; and, when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether moved from the demand of the world or slighter reasons, such a husband soils with his wife for a month perhaps—then good be w' ye, madam, the show's over—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says,—

“And while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.”

Now, in plain terms, sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turned a-grazing, and that must be the case when——

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, sir, my son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, sir, I'll make the matter short. This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him; but, one way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engaged to her. I am therefore resolved, this very afternoon, to visit her. Now from her behavior, or appearance, I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing inquired into relating to my son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely as you believe it.—

Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied, in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I shall wish your alliance more than that of any gentleman in Great Britain; and so your servant.

(*Exit.*)

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a way but barely civil; but his great wealth, and the merit of his only child, the heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little peevishness.

(*Enter Humphry.*)

Oh! Humphry, you are come in a seasonable minute. I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee that my head and heart are on the rack about my son.

Humph. Sir, you may trust his discretion; I am sure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thousand fears when I lay this vast wealth before me; when I consider his prepossessions, either generous to a folly, in an honorable love, or abandoned, past redemption, in a vicious one; and, from the one or the other, his insensibility to the fairest prospect towards doubling our estate: a father, who knows how useful wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it—I say a father, Humphry, a father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not transported, sir; you will grow incapable of taking any resolution in your perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yet, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surprised in anything. This mercantile rough man may go grossly into the examination of this matter, and talk to the gentlewoman so as to——

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know anything of her, or of him, or of anything of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear master, I know so much that I told him this very day you had reason to be secretly out of humor about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?

Humph. His words were, looking upon me steadfastly: "Humphry," says he, "that woman is a woman of honor."

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her, or designs to marry her?

Humph. I can say nothing to the latter; but he says he can marry no one without your consent while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his word with me.

Humph. I am sure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are sure of that—well! that's some comfort. Then I have nothing to do but to see the bottom of this matter during this present ruffle—Oh, Humphry—

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a man is very ill that's in a very ill-humor. To be a father is to be in care for one whom you oftener disoblige than please by that very care—Oh! that sons could know the duty to a father before they themselves are fathers—But, perhaps, you'll say now that I am one of the happiest fathers in the world; but, I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your pain arises, not from the thing itself, but your particular sense of it. You are overfond, nay, give me leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your fondness. My master Bevil never disoblige you, and he will, I know he will, do everything you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this money with this girl—For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much moderation as to think he ought not to force his liking for any consideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think. But, I know, nothing can be more miserable than to be in this doubt—Follow me; I must come to some resolution.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 3. *Bevil, Junior's Lodgings.**(Enter Tom and Phillis.)*

Tom. Well, madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle, you shall; he is now with my master in the library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take anything from him before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my mistress with another man.

Phil. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so; but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you. I'll call him to you.

(Exit Tom.)

Phil. What a deal of pother and sputter here is between my mistress and Mr. Myrtle from mere punctilio! I could, any hour of the day, get her to her lover, and would do it—but she, forsooth, will allow no plot to get him; but, if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it. I must, therefore, do her an acceptable violence, and surprise her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable. If she were my maid, I should think her the best servant in the world for doing so by me.

(Enter Myrtle and Tom.)

Oh sir! You and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen to let a lady remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and no attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the danger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

Myrt. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done—when a man can't come at his mistress! Why, can't you fire our house, or the next house to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. Phillis?

Phil. Ay; let me see that rogue deny to fire a house, make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other way to come at me.

Tom. I am obliged to you, madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hanging themselves for love, and won't they venture the hazard of being hanged for love? Oh, were I a man——

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake, according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

Phil. Only be at once what, one time or other, you may be, and wish to be, or must be.

Myrt. Dear girl, talk plainly to me, and consider I, in my condition, can't be in very good humor—you say, to be at once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay; I mean no more than to be an old man; I saw you do it very well at the masquerade. In a word, old Sir Geoffry Cimberton is every hour expected in town, to join in the deeds and settlements for marrying Mr. Cimberton. He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions and desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

Tom. Come to the business, and don't keep the gentleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection. Go, and put on that very habit, and come to our house as Sir Geoffry. There is not one there but myself knows his person; I was born in the parish where he is Lord of the Manor. I have seen him often and often at church in the country. Do not hesitate, but come hither; they will think you bring a certain security against Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle. Leave the rest to me; I leave this with you, and expect—They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this opportunity—I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear Phillis!

(Catches and kisses her, and gives her money.)

Phil. O fie! my kisses are not my own; you have committed violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. *(Tom kisses her.)*—Come, see me downstairs *(To Tom)* and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize.

(Exeunt Tom and Phillis.)

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient. The extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me opportunity to assert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I cannot live. But I am so mortified at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil. He must think meanly of me—I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirit enough for such an adventure as this; yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda under her present perplexities; and sure ——

The next delight to transport, with the fair,
Is to relieve her in her hours of care.

(Exit.)

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sealand's House.*

(Enter Phillis, with lights, before Myrtle, disguised like old Sir Geoffry; supported by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda, and Cimberton.)

Mrs. Seal. Now I have seen you thus far, Sir Geoffry, will you excuse me a moment while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation?

(Exit Mrs. Seal.)

Myrt. I have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were ten years old; and as it is incumbent on you to keep up our name and family, I shall, upon very reasonable terms, join with you in a settlement to that purpose. Though I must tell you, cousin, this is the first merchant that has married into our house.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a merchant because my father is?

(*Aside.*)

Myrt. But is he directly a trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the disgrace, sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

Myrt. We never had one of our family before who descended from persons that did anything.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a girl that they have, I am, for the honor of my family, willing to take it in again, and to sink her into our name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'T is prudently and generously resolved—Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, sir.

Phil. Good madam, don't be out of humor, but let them run to the utmost of their extravagance.—Hear them out. (*To Luc.*)

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer? My eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the uncle has something worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. (*To Luc.*)

(*Exit.*)

Cimb. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer!—Approach, sir.

Myrt. By your leave, young lady. (*Puts on spectacles.*)—Cousin Cimberton! She has exactly that sort of neck and bosom for which my sister Gertrude was so much admired in the year sixty-one, before the French dresses first discovered anything in women below the chin.

Luc. (*Aside.*) What a very odd situation am I in! though I cannot but be diverted at the extravagance of their humors, equally unsuitable to their age—Chin, quotha—I don't believe my passionate lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better glass.

(*Pulls out a large one.*)

(*Enter Phillis.*)

Phil. (*To Cimberton.*) Sir, my lady desires to show the apartment to you that she intends for Sir Geoffrey.

Cimb. Well, sir! by that time you will have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse there.—I will wait on you again.

(*Exit Cimb. and Phil.*)

Myrt. Were it not, madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, though we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old fellow, methinks, that raises my curiosity. (*Aside.*)

Myrt. To be free, madam, I as heartily condemn this kinsman of mine as you do, and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents to so insensible a possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope, then, sir, you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous as to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

Myrt. This hand of mine shall never be employed to sign anything against your good and happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, sir, it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments; but there is a gentleman in the world whose gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the favor.

Myrt. All the thanks I desire, madam, are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them and command them.

Myrt. Only, madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover, you will, with open arms, receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus, then, he claims your promise. O Lucinda!

Luc. Oh! a cheat! a cheat! a cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 't is I, 't is I, your lover, Myrtle himself, madam.

Luc. O bless me! what a rashness and folly to surprise me so—But hush—my mother.

(*Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.*)

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. O madam! as soon as you left the room my uncle fell into a sudden fit, and—and—so I cried out for help to support him and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! sir, how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in my life—pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here—(pray carry me)—to my cousin Cimberton's young lady.

Mrs. Seal. (*Aside.*) My cousin Cimberton's young lady! How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match! A right Cimberton.

(*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one in pain, etc.*)

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my ear off.

Luc. Pray, uncle! you will squeeze me to death.

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter—he knows not what he does.—Come, sir, shall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means! I'll trouble nobody but my young cousins here.

(*They lead him off.*)

Phil. But pray, madam, does your ladyship intend that Mr. Cimberton shall really marry my young mistress at last? I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his speculation are above desires—but be it as it may. Now I have given old Sir Geoffry the trouble of coming up to sign and seal, with what countenance can I be off?

Phil. As well as with twenty others, madam. It is the glory and honor of a great fortune to live in continual treaties, and still to break off: it looks great, madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, Phillis—yet to return our blood again into the Cimbertons is an honor not to be re-

jected—But were not you saying that Sir John Bevil's creature, Humphry, has been with Mr. Sealand?

Phil. Yes, madam; I overheard them agree that Mr. Sealand should go himself and visit this unknown lady that Mr. Bevil is so great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. Bevil should still marry my young mistress.

Mrs. Scal. How! nay, then, he shall find she is my daughter as well as his. I'll follow him this instant, and take the whole family along with me. The disputed power of disposing of my own daughter shall be at an end this very night. I'll live no longer in anxiety for a little hussy that hurts my appearance wherever I carry her: and for whose sake I seem to be at all regarded, and that in the best of my days.

Phil. Indeed, madam, if she were married, your ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. Sealand's daughter.

Mrs. Scal. Nay, when the chit has not been with me, I have heard the men say as much. I'll no longer cut off the greatest pleasure of a woman's life (the shining in assemblies) by her forward anticipation of the respect that's due to her superior. She shall down to Cimberton-Hall—she shall—she shall.

Phil. I hope, madam, I shall stay with your ladyship.

Mrs. Seal. Thou shalt, Phillis, and I'll place thee then more about me—But order chairs immediately; I'll be gone this minute.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2. *Charing Cross.*

(*Enter Mr. Sealand and Humphry.*)

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. Humphry, that you agree with me that it is for our common good I should look thoroughly into this matter.

Humph. I am, indeed, of that opinion; for there is no artifice, nothing concealed, in our family, which

ought in justice to be known. I need not desire you, sir, to treat the lady with care and respect.

Mr. Seal. Master Humphry, I shall not be rude, though I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter at once, to see how she will bear upon a surprise.

Humph. That's the door, sir; I wish you success.—*(While Humphry speaks, Sealand consults his table book.)*—I am less concerned what happens there, because I hear Mr. Myrtle is well lodged as old Sir Geof-fry; so I am willing to let this gentleman employ himself here, to give them time at home; for I am sure 't is necessary for the quiet of our family Lucinda were disposed of out of it, since Mr. Bevil's inclination is so much otherwise engaged.

(Exit.)

Mr. Seal. I think this is the door. *(Knocks.)* I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to inquire, though I make an errand, to begin discourse.

(Knocks again, and enter a foot-boy.)

So, young man! is your lady within?

Boy. Alack, sir! I am but a country boy—I dant know whether she is or noa; but an you'll stay a bit, I'll goa and ask the gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, sirrah, though you are a country boy, you can see, can't you? You know whether she is at home, when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad, neither, master, to think she's at home because I see her. I have been in town but a mcnth, and I lost one place al-ready for believing my own eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, sirrah! have you learnt to lie al-ready?

Boy. Ah, master! things that are lies in the country are not lies at London. I begin to know my business a little better than so—But an you please to walk in, I'll call a gentlewoman to you that can tell you for cer-tain—she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

Mr. Seal. Oh! then, she is within, I find, though you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here nor there: what's matter whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see anybody?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, sirrah, whether you are arch or simple; but, however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in; I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your business in time, child; but I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinary in such a house.

Boy. Such a house! Sir, you han't seen it yet. Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 3. *Indiana's House.*

(*Enter Isabella.*)

Isab. What anxiety do I feel for this poor creature! What will be the end of her? Such a languishing unreserved passion for a man that at last must certainly leave or ruin her! and perhaps both! Then the aggravation of the distress is, that she does not believe he will—not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another, as much as Adam and Eve were, for there is no other of their kind but themselves.

(*Enter Boy.*)

So, Daniel! what news with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a gentleman below would speak with my lady.

Isab. Sirrah; don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Boy. Madam, 't is not the gentleman who comes

every day, and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isab. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before. Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me.

(Exit Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Sealand; Isabella looks amazed.)

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surprised to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and——

Isab. I am indeed surprised!—I see he does not know me. *(Aside.)*

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodged here, madam; in troth you seem to have everything in plenty—A thousand a year, I warrant you, upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them.

(Aside, and looking about.)

Isab. (Apart.) Twenty years, it seems, have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty than of a girl of fourteen—he's almost still the same; but alas! I find, by other men, as well as himself, I am not what I was. As soon as he spoke, I was convinced 't was he; how shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction! He must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance; but there is a young lady here with whom I have a particular business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that favor.

Isab. Why, sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isab. Well, sir! you shall see her.—*(Aside.)* I find he knows nothing yet, nor shall from me. I am resolved I will observe this interlude, this sport of nature and of fortune.—You shall see her presently, sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you.

(Exit.)

Mr. Seal. As a mother! right; that's the old phrase for one of those commode ladies, who lend out beauty for hire to young gentlemen that have pressing occa-

sions. But here comes the precious lady herself. In troth a very sightly woman——

(Enter Indiana.)

Ind. I am told, sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, madam, there came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and he, in the intercourse of business, sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

Ind. Sir! was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No, madam; but to be free with you, the fame of your beauty, and the regard which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance, sir, which my friend described, made me expect no rudeness, or absurdity, at least—Who's there?—Sir, if you pay the money to a servant, 't will be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay, a virtuous design; and, if you will have patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in a friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, sir, I have mistaken you. I am composed again; be free, say on—*(Aside.)*—what I am afraid to hear.

Mr. Seal. I feared, indeed, an unwarranted passion here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplished a lady as your sense and mien bespeak; but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame, so they gratify——

Ind. Sir, you are going into very great errors; but as you are pleased to say you see something in me that has changed at least the color of your suspicions, so has your appearance altered mine, and made me ear-

nestly attentive to what has any way concerned you to inquire into my affairs and character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly, with what an air she talks!

Ind. Good sir, be seated, and tell me tenderly; keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless — (*Weeping.*) But I beg your pardon; though I am an orphan, your child is not; and your concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither.—I'll be composed; pray go on, sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster, to injure such a woman?

Ind. No, sir, you wrong him; he has not injured me. My support is from his bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when gluttons give high prices for delicacies, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that error. But my own fears tell me all. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed a husband by his good father, and he has, perhaps, consented to the overture. He was here this morning, dressed beyond his usual plainness—nay, most sumptuously—and he is to be, perhaps, this night a bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such; but, madam, on your account, I have determined to defer my daughter's marriage till I am satisfied from your own mouth of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions, sir; his eyes have only made me think he is designed to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanor made me misinterpret all. 'T was my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me; he never made one amorous advance to me. His large heart, and bestowing hand, have only helped the miserable; nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care and the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favors.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 't is the same thing as if we had talked never so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor. No, sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues. If to bestow without a prospect of return; if to delight in supporting what might, perhaps, be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these actions, sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give yours, sir, give her to my honest, generous Bevil. What have I to do but sigh, and weep, and rave, run wild, a lunatic in chains, or, hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts and broken accents my strange, strange story!

Mr. Seal. Take comfort, madam.

Ind. All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, to relieve with frenzy my despair, and shrieking to demand of fate why—why was I born to such variety of sorrows.

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least occasion—

Ind. No, 't was Heaven's high will I should be such; to be plundered in my cradle! tossed on the seas! and even there an infant captive! to lose my mother, hear but of my father! to be adopted! lose my adopter! then plunged again into worse calamities!

Mr. Seal. An infant captive!

Ind. Yet then, to find the most charming of mankind, once more to set me free (from what I thought the last distress) to load me with his services, his bounties, and his favors; to support my very life in a way that stole, at the same time, my very soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet then, again, this very man to take another! without leaving me the right, the pretence of easing my fond heart with tears! For, oh! I can't reproach

him, though the same hand that raised me to this height now throws me down the precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear lady! Oh, yet one moment's patience: my heart grows full with your affliction.—But yet there's something in your story that——

Ind. My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so. Pray answer me; does Bevil know your name and family?

Ind. Alas! too well! Oh, could I be any other thing than what I am—I'll tear away all traces of my former self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first state, the hints of what I ought to have been——

(In her disorder she throws away a bracet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.)

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? My eyes are not deceived! It is, it is the same! the very bracelet which I bequeathed to my wife at our last mournful parting.

Ind. What said you, sir? Your wife? Whither does my fancy carry me? What means this unfelt motion at my heart? And yet, again my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, sir, your name is Sealand; but my lost father's name was——

Mr. Seal. Danvers; was it not?

Ind. What new amazement? That is, indeed, my family.

Mr. Seal. Know, then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious now to mention, I changed my name of Danvers into Sealand.

(Enter Isabella.)

Isab. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder, examine well this face (yours, sir, I well remember), gaze on and read in me your sister, Isabella.

Mr. Seal. My sister!

Isab. But here's a claim more tender yet——your Indiana, sir, your long-lost daughter.

Mr. Seal. Oh, my child! my child!

Ind. All-gracious Heaven! it is possible! do I embrace my father?

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee?—These passions are too strong for utterance. Rise, rise, my child, and give my tears their way.—Oh, my sister!

(Embracing her.)

Isab. Now, dearest niece, my groundless fears, my painful cares no more shall vex thee. If I have wronged thy noble lover with too much suspicion, my just concern for thee, I hope, will plead my pardon.

Mr. Seal. Oh! make him, then, the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy. Fly this instant! tell him all these wondrous turns of Providence in his favor! Tell him I have now a daughter to bestow which he no longer will decline; that this day he still shall be a bridegroom; nor shall a fortune, the merit which his father seeks, be wanting. Tell him the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. *(Exit Isab.)* My dearest Indiana!

(Turns and embraces her.)

Ind. Have I, then, at last, a father's sanction on my love? His bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

Mr. Seal. Oh, my child! how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! Though I have lost so many years of soft paternal dalliance with thee, yet, in one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation!—And yet, again, the merit of thy lover ——

Ind. Oh! had I spirits left to tell you of his actions! how strongly filial duty has suppressed his love; and how concealment still has doubled all his obligations; the pride, the joy of his alliance, sir, would warm your heart, as he has conquered mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is love when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him ——

Ind. See, sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

(*Enter Isabella, with Sir John Bevil, Bevil, Jun., Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, and Lucinda.*)

Sir J. Bev. (Entering.) Where, where's this scene of wonder? Mr. Sealand, I congratulate, on this occasion, our mutual happiness—Your good sister, sir, has, with the story of your daughter's fortune, filled us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are removed; my son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jealousies and doubts to approbation; and, I am told, your goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

Bev. Jun. I hear your mention, sir, of fortune, with pleasure only as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love. Let him be provident, but let me be happy.—My ever-destined, my acknowledged wife!

(*Embracing Indiana.*)

Ind. Wife! Oh, my ever loved! My lord! my master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself, as well as you, that I had a son who could, under such disadvantages, discover your great merit.

Mr. Seal. Oh, Sir John! how vain, how weak is human prudence! What care, what foresight, what imagination could contrive such blest events, to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us?

Cimb. (To Mrs. Sealand.) I am afraid, madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too busy for our affair. If you please, we'll take another opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience, sir.

Cimb. But we make Sir Geoffry wait, madam.

Myrt. O, sir, I am not in haste.

(*During this Bev. Jun. presents Lucinda to Indiana.*)

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general benefactor! Excellent young man, that could be at once a lover to her beauty and a parent to her virtue.

Bev. Jun. If you think that an obligation, sir, give me leave to overpay myself, in the only instance that can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Mr. Seal. She is his without reserve; I beg he may be sent for. Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cimb. I hope, sir, your lady has concealed nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, sir, nothing but what was concealed from myself—another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

Cimb. How, Mr. Sealand? Why, then, if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone, you can't say that any of my estate is settled upon her. I was in treaty for the whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain. Sir, I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady, my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. Cimberton, with all my heart.

(Discovers himself.)

All. Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. And I beg pardon of the whole company that I assumed the person of Sir Geoffry, only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her; which, if her parents will ratify, as they once favored my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man!

Mr. Seal. If, sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who as meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is yours.

Luc. Mr. Myrtle, though you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Myrt. We have much more than we want; and I am

glad any event has contributed to the discovery of our real inclinations to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however, I'm glad the girl's disposed of, anyway. (*Aside.*)

Bev. Myrtle, no longer rivals now, but brothers!

Myrt. Dear Bevil, you are born to triumph over me! but now our competition ceases; I rejoice in the pre-eminence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have set the world a fair example: your happiness is owing to your constancy and merit; and the several difficulties you have struggled with evidently show—

Whate'er the generous mind itself denies,
The secret care of Providence supplies.

(*Exeunt.*)

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SUGGESTED PLAYS—COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

A. W. Pinero, *Sweet Lavender* (1883). An example of late Victorian sentimentalism.

T. W. Robertson, *Caste* (1867). Mid-Victorian sentimental drama, with some modern elements. In both of these plays love overcomes for the heroines barriers of social distinction.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

The significance of the term "conscious lovers" (lovers "who knew what they were about").

Cimberton as a man of "sensibility."

Bevil Junior, Steele's ideal of a gentleman.

Parson Adams' judgment of this play (See introductory essay).

Tom and Phyllis compared with the "conscious" lovers.

Examples of moralizing collected from the play.

Specifically what makes this sentimental comedy?

As an indication of the changing social order of the eighteenth century discuss Mr. Sealand's remark, Act IV. sc. ii, p. 202, ll. 21-27:—

"We merchants are a species of gentry . . . generally bred up to be lazy."

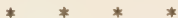
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) AND *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*

From the point of view of ancestry, temperament, and experiences Richard Brinsley Sheridan is a subject for as romantic a play as has ever been written. His father, Thomas, actor and manager of a Dublin theatre, after having thrashed a drunken bully for insulting a young actress and having had his theatre wrecked by the bully's friends, married a young lady who wrote and sent him some verses praising him for his chivalry. This young lady, forbidden as a child by her father to learn the alphabet, was secretly taught by her older brother and at the age of fifteen had written a romance later adapted for the stage and successfully produced by David Garrick. Richard, the son, after a boyhood at Harrow, one of the famous English schools, and two years in London studying public speaking with his father and fencing with private instructors, came to Bath, the most famous pleasure and health resort in England. Here for two years he observed the fashionable life he was later to dramatize so successfully and tried to find himself as an author. Then romance came. To protect a beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Elizabeth Linley, from an unpleasant lover, he ran away with her to France, secretly married her, and on his return fought two duels in her behalf. At twenty-four he had written *The Rivals* (1775), one of his most popular plays. At twenty-five, as the successor of David Garrick, he became manager of Drury Lane Theatre, London; and when he was twenty-six, he wrote and produced *The School for Scandal*. Two years later he closed his career as an original dramatist with six plays to his credit: *The Rivals* (1775); *St. Patrick's Day or The Scheming Lieutenant* (1775); *The Duenna* (1775); *A Trip to Scarborough* (1777); *The School for Scandal* (1777); *The Critic: or A Tragedy Rehearsed* (1779). Though he continued manager of Drury Lane until it burned in 1809, his heart and his main interests were in politics to the end of his active life. In Parlia-

ment, among such peers as Pitt, Fox and Burke, he was one of its most brilliant orators, once with an oration against Warren Hastings holding the House under the spell of his eloquence for five and a half hours.

The fire which destroyed Drury Lane wiped out his fortune and marked the beginning of the end. In 1812 he was not returned to Parliament. During his last three years he was harassed by debt, by the fatal illness of his elder son and his second wife, and by a malady which caused his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, England's shrine for her immortals.



A fitting introduction to *The School for Scandal* is the statement that along with *The Good-Natured Man*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Rivals*, it represents a reaction against the popular eighteenth century sentimental comedy, of which *The Conscious Lovers* is an early example. As comedy of manners influenced by the witty and brilliant drama of Congreve and his contemporaries, this play satirizes the follies, foibles, and vices of contemporary fashionable society. In mood and spirit it combines something of the brilliant repartee of *The Way of the World*, the playful jesting of *The Rape of the Lock*, the kindly sentimentalism of *The Conscious Lovers*, and the underlying seriousness of *Tartuffe*. In so far as it has a moral it is based upon Molière's assumption that "people do not mind being wicked; but object to being made ridiculous." The review of Sheridan's life just given suggests that by association and temperament he was a man of the theatre. This play is an excellent illustration of the fact. In addition to being interesting, significant and important historically it is an artistic masterpiece. By common consent it is the best English drama of the eighteenth century and among the few best comedies in English literature. In logic of construction and stage devices it marks the high point among plays in the present volume. It was received with great enthusiasm. On the day following its opening (May 8, 1777) the dramatic critic of *The Public Advertiser* wrote: "The situations are so powerfully conceived, that little is left for the Performers to do, in order to produce what is called Stage Effect; and the circumstances of the Screen and Closet in the fourth Effect (sic) produced a Burst of Applause beyond any thing ever heard perhaps in a Theatre." And it is still one of the most popular plays for both amateur and professional production. The story of the de-

velopment of the play from its earliest drafts reveals the sense of dramatic artistry in Sheridan. This is shown not only in the interweaving of the two originally separate sketches of the Scandal group and the Teazles into a single plot, but in the enriching and elaboration of the characters, in the polishing of the dialogue, and in the transfer of the scene from Bath to London. Interesting also is the possibility that this play was immediately motivated by Sheridan's desire to satirize the scandal mongering of the "new journalism," represented in recently founded English papers, *The Town and Country Magazine* (1769) and *The Morning Post* (1772). The fact that for many years he continued to rearrange his lines, alter his characters, and revise his scenes and that he refused ever to authorize a printed edition suggests something of the fascination and lure this, his masterpiece, had for him.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK

A SCHOOL for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.
"Lord!" cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing
Strong tea and scandal—"Bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers, *Lisp*—how bold and free! (*sips*)
"Last night Lord L (*sips*) was caught with Lady D.
"For aching heads what charming *sal volatile* (*sips*).
"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the curtain.

"Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,

"But, by ourselves (*sips*), our praise we can't refuse it.

"Now, *Lisp*, read you—there, at that dash and star."

"Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*

"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;

"For should he Lady W. find willing,

"Wormwood is bitter"—"Oh, that's me, the villain!

"Throw it behind the fire, and never more

"Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?

Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:

Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.

Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,

Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;

To show his gratitude he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.

For your applause all perils he would through—

He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,

Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE
THEATRE, MAY 8, 1777

<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i>	Mr. KING.
<i>Sir Oliver Surface</i>	Mr. YATES.
<i>Joseph Surface</i>	Mr. PALMER.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. SMITH.
<i>Crabtree</i>	Mr. PARSONS.
<i>Sir Benjamin Backbite</i>	Mr. DODD.
<i>Rowley</i>	Mr. AICKIN.
<i>Moses</i>	Mr. BADDELEY.
<i>Trip</i>	Mr. LAMASH.
<i>Snake</i>	Mr. PACKER.
<i>Careless</i>	Mr. FARREN.
<i>Sir Harry Bumper</i>	Mr. GAWDRY.
<i>Lady Teazle</i>	Mrs. ABINGTON.
<i>Maria</i>	Miss P. HOPKINS.
<i>Lady Sneerwell</i>	Miss SHERRY.
<i>Mrs. Candour</i>	Miss POPE.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT I

SCENE I. Lady SNEERWELL's House.

*Discovered Lady SNEERWELL at the dressing-table;
SNAKE drinking chocolate.*

Lady Sneer. THE paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the *Town and Country Magazine*, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'T is very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue, and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She

wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least; everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbor, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of; the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady Sneer. His real attachment is to Maria, or

her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady Sneer. How dill you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

Lady Sneer. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious; in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England; and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady Sneer. True; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Surface.

Lady Sneer. Show him up. *[Exit SERVANT.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

Lady Sneer. Snake has just been rallying me on our

mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

Joseph S. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria; or, what is more material to me, your brother.

Joseph S. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

Lady Sneer. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

Joseph S. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

Lady Sneer. Poor Charles!

Joseph S. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves —

Lady Sneer. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Joseph S. Egad, that's true!—I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter; however, it certainly is a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming; I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

[Exit SNAKE.]

Joseph S. Sir, your very devoted. Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

Lady Sneer. Why so?

Joseph S. I have lately detected him in frequent con-

ference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Joseph S. Nothing more likely; take my word for 't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow has n't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villainy. Ah! Maria!

Enter MARIA.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady Sneer. Is that all?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady Sneer. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing; but 't is for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle's as bad.

Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance; Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady Sneer. Pshaw! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good

thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady Sneer. Hush! here she is!

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. Can. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear? though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Oh, Maria! child, what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume; the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. Indeed! I am very sorry, ma'am, the town is not better employed.

Mrs. Can. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'T is strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. Can. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk; there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. Can. So they are, child; shameful! shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. Can. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear: no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'T is so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. Can. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers; 't is an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? How will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Hcneymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain

widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report these things? No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. Can. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the by, I hope 't is not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. Ah! I heard so; but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am; a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Lady Sneer. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crabt. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too; is n't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benj. B. O fie, uncle!

Crabt. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and ——

Sir Benj. B. Uncle, now—pr'ythee ——

Crabt. I' faith, ma'am, 't would surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

Lady Sncer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir Benj. B. To say truth, ma'am, 't is very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crabt. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crabt. But, ladies, that's true. Have you heard the news?

Mrs. Can. What, sir, do you mean the report of ——

Crabt. No, ma'am, that's not it. Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. Can. Impossible!

Crabt. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. 'T is very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crabt. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady Sneer. Why I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. Can. It can't be, and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir Benj. B. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 't was believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. Can. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Can. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crabt. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge? Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir Benj. B. Oh, to be sure! The most whimsical circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray?

Crabt. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it, for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins. What! cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins? This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 't was the next morning every-

where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farmhouse where the babies were put to nurse.

Lady Sneer. Strange, indeed!

Crabt. Matter of fact, I assure you. O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crabt. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on!

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Benj. B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crabt. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman. No man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-chamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Mrs. Can. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

Mrs. Can. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit MRS. CANDOUR.*]

Lady Sneer. 'T was nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. B. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crabt. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on 't your brother is utterly undone.

Crabt. O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir Benj. B. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

Crabt. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir Benj. B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

Crabt. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir Benj. B. But, however, as he's your brother ———
[*Going.*]

Crabt. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exit CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN.*]

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! 't is very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Sir PETER'S *House*.*Enter* Sir PETER.

Sir Peter T. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'T is now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men; and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley. What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

Sir Peter T. A good question to a married man!

Rowley. Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter T. Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter T. But the fault is entirely hers, Master

Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on 't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter T. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the *sentiments* he professes; but for the other, take my word for 't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter T. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter T. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter T. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'T is fifteen years since we met. We have had many a day together; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter T. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits; he shall have his way. But, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter T. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though! I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley. By no means.

Sir Peter T. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley. I understand you; but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter T. Egad, and so we must, and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.

Enter Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough! ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. And I am to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Peter T. Oons! madam; if you had been born to this, I should n't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 't was a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam; you were then in somewhat a humbler style: the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the

dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, 't was so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse?

Lady T. No; I swear I never did that. I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter T. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Ay, there again; taste; Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Ah, there's another precious circumstance; a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 't is out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

[Exit Lady TEAZLE.]

Sir Peter T. So, I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows

her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *At Lady SNEERWELL'S.*

Lady SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE *discovered.*

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benj. B. O plague on 't, uncle! 't is mere nonsense.

Crabt. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benj. B. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstances. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricke was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies, upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:—

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crabt. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph S. A very Phœbus mounted, indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. B. O dear sir! trifles, trifles.

Enter Lady TEAZLE and MARIA.

Mrs. Can. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady T. I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall set down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as you please.

Lady T. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Can. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady T. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Can. They'll not allow our friend, Miss Vermilion, to be handsome.

Lady Sneer. O surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabt. I'm very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Can. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Can. O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural; I have seen it come and go.

Lady T. I dare swear you have, ma'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benj. B. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but what's more, egad! her maid can fetch and carry it.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crabt. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour.

Mrs. Can. Now positively you wrong her, fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost; and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity, and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

Sir Benj. B. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 't is not that she paints so ill, but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern though the trunk's antique.

Crabt. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh, but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benj. B. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were—thus—

[Shows her teeth.

Mrs. Can. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were thus, *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady T. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. [Aside.

Mrs. Can. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious! and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter T. It must be very distressing to you, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

Mrs. Can. O, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Can. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Can. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter T. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. Can. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabt. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Can. Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

Lady Sneer. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she had never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! you are both of you too good natured!

Sir Peter T. Yes, damned good natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! *[Aside.*

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter T. No, to be sure!

Sir Benj. B. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs.

Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruits one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabt. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 't is a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. B. So she has, indeed—an Irish front—

Crabt. Caledonian locks—

Sir Benj. B. Dutch nose—

Crabt. Austrian lips—

Sir Benj. B. Complexion of a Spaniard—

Crabt. And teeth *à la Chinois*.

Sir Benj. B. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation—

Crabt. Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Mercy on my life!—a person they dine with twice a week. [Aside.

Lady Sneer. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle—

Sir Peter T. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon; there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter T. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter. I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter T. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an Act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter T. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter T. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabt. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Sir Peter T. O, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation.

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter a SERVANT, who whispers SIR PETER.

Sir Peter T. I'll be with them directly. I'll get away unperceived. [*Apart.*]

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter T. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm

called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. *[Exit Sir PETER.]*

Sir Benj. B. Well; certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being; I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady T. O, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them.

[Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.]

Joseph S. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

Joseph S. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria. Why will you distress me by renewing the subject?

Joseph S. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

Maria. Ungenerously urged! But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Joseph S. Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown; by all that's honest, I swear *[kneels]* —

Re-enter Lady TEAZLE, behind.

Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle! [*Aside.*]—You must not; no, you shall not; for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle——

Maria. Lady Teazle!

Joseph S. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect——

Lady T. [*Coming forward.*] What is this, pray? Do you take her for me? Child, you are wanted in the next room. [*Exit MARIA.*] What is all this, pray?

Joseph S. O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I had for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady T. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning; do you usually argue on your knees?

Joseph S. O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast——But Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady T. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

Joseph S. True, a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every wife is entitled to.

Lady T. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to——

Joseph S. The only revenge in your power. Well; I applaud your moderation.

Lady T. Go; you are an insinuating wretch. But we shall be missed; let us join the company.

Joseph S. But we had best not return together.

Lady T. Well, don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

[*Exit Lady TEAZLE.*]

Joseph S. A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself

with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. Sir PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter ROWLEY and Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Sir Oliver S. Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey? a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Rowley. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 't is a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliver S. Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance! Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles; never sees him, hey?

Rowley. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. No, no; if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowley. Then, my life on 't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliver S. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

Rowley. Sir, 't is this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, so he does. Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter T. Ha! Sir Oliver, my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliver S. Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

Sir Peter T. Oh! 't is a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, I have had my share. But what! I find you are married, hey? Well, well, it can't be helped; and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir Peter T. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver. Yes, I have entered into—the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver S. True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting; no, no, no.

Rowley. Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliver S. Well; so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

Sir Peter T. Wild! Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends. Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver S. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to

knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter T. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter T. Well, well; you'll be convinced when you know him. 'T is edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors; but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter T. Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

Sir Oliver S. Well—come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lad's health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter T. Allons, then!

Sir Oliver S. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little; for my part I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 't is like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Sir PETER TEAZLE'S

Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE, Sir OLIVER SURFACE, and ROWLEY.

Sir Peter T. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards; but how is this, Master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

Rowley. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! he is my brother's son.

Sir Peter T. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to —

Rowley. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it, "a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity."

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well, make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Rowley. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir Peter T. Pray let us have him in.

Rowley. Desire Mr. Moses to walk upstairs.

[*Apart to SERVANT.*

Sir Peter T. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Rowley. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles,

but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power—one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

Sir Peter T. I have heard too much on that subject.

Rowley. Here comes the honest Israelite.

Enter MOSES.

This is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir Oliver S. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I had n't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliver S. Unfortunate, indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that. This very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir Peter T. What! one Charles has never had money from before?

Moses. Yes; Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir Peter T. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me! Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir Peter T. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation. Go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as Old Stanley.

Sir Peter T. True, so you may.

Roxley. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure. However, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me. This is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliver S. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses. But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need—the principal is Christian.

Sir Oliver S. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then, again, a'n't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

Sir Peter T. Not at all; 't would not be out of character if you went in your own carriage—would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir Oliver S. Well, but how must I talk? There's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir Peter T. O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir Oliver S. I'll answer for 't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent, on the loan, at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the plague! How much, then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

Sir Peter T. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I think so; and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you hav'n't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

Sir Oliver S. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. And your friend is an unconscionable dog; but you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. My friend an unconscionable dog?

Moses. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir Oliver S. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir Peter T. I' faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean—you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

Moses. Very much.

Rowley. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

Moses. Ay, great pity!

Sir Peter T. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an Act, whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

Sir Oliver S. So, so; Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

Sir Peter T. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir Oliver S. O! never fear; my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.*]

Sir Peter T. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced. You are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Rowley. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

Sir Peter T. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and

want to speak with her. [*Exit ROWLEY.*] I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph. I am determined I will do it; he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria. No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir Peter T. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely; you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir Peter T. So, here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 't is Charles only whom you would prefer. 'T is evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him. I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria. Never to his brother!

Sir Peter T. Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is. Don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'T is true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir Peter T. Was ever man so crossed as I am?

everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter Lady TEAZLE.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill humoured when I am not by.

Sir Peter T. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter T. Two hundred pounds! What, a'n't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. O no—there. My note of hand will do as well.

[Offering her hand.]

Sir Peter T. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you. But shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter T. Well, then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would;

and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter T. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I did n't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter T. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir Peter T. No, never! Though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter T. Now see, my angel! take care; contradicting is n't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter T. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir Peter T. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish——

Sir Peter T. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing; but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter T. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter T. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam; 't is evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you; an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter T. Ay, ay, madam, but you were pleased enough to listen to me; you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! did n't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter T. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds——

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter; you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter T. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady T. Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know—ha!

ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and shall only interrupt you; so bye—bye. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper; no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. CHARLES SURFACE'S House.

Enter TRIP, MOSES, and Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Trip. Here, Master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliver S. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

Moses. Mr. Premium.

Trip. Premium—very well.

[Exit TRIP, taking snuff.]

Sir Oliver S. To judge by the servants, one would n't believe the master was ruined. But what!—sure, this was my brother's house?

Moses. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

Sir Oliver S. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. My master says you must wait gentlemen; he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir Oliver S. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, sir; he knows you are here. I did not forget little Premium; no, no, no.

Sir Oliver S. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliver S. Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes; here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear—and not very great either—but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

Sir Oliver S. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*

Trip. And, *à propos*, Moses; have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

Sir Oliver S. Wants to raise money too! mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*

Moses. 'T was not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

Trip. Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name on the back of a bill 't was the same as cash.

Moses. No! 't would n't do.

Trip. A small sum; but twenty pounds. Hark'ee Moses, do you think you could n't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir Oliver S. An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad! [*Aside.*

Moses. Well, but you must insure your place.

Trip. O with all my heart! I'll insure my place, and my life, too, if you please.

Sir Oliver S. It is more than I would your neck. [*Aside.*

Moses. But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November; or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security; hey, my little fellow?

Moses. Well, well. [*Bell rings.*

Trip. Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen,

I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

Sir Oliver S. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. CHARLES SURFACE, SIR HARRY BUMPER, CARELESS, &c. &c. discovered at a table with wine, &c.

Charles S. 'Fore heaven, 't is true! there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on 't, they won't drink.

Careless. It is so indeed, Charles! they give in to all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O certainly society suffers by it intolerably; for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of Champagne, without the spirit or flavour.

1st Gent. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Careless. True; there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

Charles S. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you would n't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry; let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose; at least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2nd Gent. Ay, that I believe.

Charles S. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'T is the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

Careless. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

Charles S. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

Careless. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Charles S. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

Sir Harry B. Maria who?

Charles S. O damn the surname: 't is too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

Careless. Nay, never study, Sir Harry; we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir Harry B. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
 Now to the maid who has none, sir;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you?

Careless. Nay, pr'ythee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

Charles S. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 't is a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Careless. O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

1st Gent. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

2nd Gent. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Charles S. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in; though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

Careless. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

Charles S. O hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities, and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES.

Charles S. So, honest Moses, walk in; walk in, pray. Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, is n't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir.

Charles S. Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!* Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. *Success to usury!*

Careless. Right, Moses; usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliver S. Then, *here's all the success it deserves!*

Careless. No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium,

you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1st Gent. A pint bumper, at least.

Moses. O pray, sir, consider; Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

Careless. And therefore loves good wine.

2nd Gent. Give Moses a quart glass; this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Careless. Here, now for 't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, pray, gentlemen; I did not expect this usage.

Charles S. No, hang it, you sha'n't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

Sir Oliver S. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company. *[Aside.*

Careless. Plague on 'em, then! if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room. Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen!

Charles S. I will! I will! *[Exeunt.]* *Careless!*

Careless. *[Returning.]* Well!

Charles S. Perhaps I may want you.

Careless. O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 't is all the same to me. *[Exit.]*

Moses. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secresy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is —

Charles S. Pshaw! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver S. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles S. Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I like you the better for it; however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog, is n't he, Moses?

Moses. But you can't help that.

Sir Oliver S. And must sell stock to accommodate you—must n't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

Charles S. Right. People that speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money is n't to be bought without paying for 't!

Sir Oliver S. Well; but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles S. Not a molehill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver S. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles S. Nothing but live stock, and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver S. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles S. Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver S. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles S. O no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver S. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Charles S. Yes, yes, 't is just so. Moses knows 't is true; don't you, Moses?

Moses. O yes! I'll swear to 't.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

[*Aside.*

Charles S. Now, I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so lib-

eral to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

Sir Oliver S. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me, for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Charles S. Oh yes, you would; the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliver S. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles S. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?♦

Sir Oliver S. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles S. There again now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told, and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

Sir Oliver S. No! ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him! ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

Charles S. Ha! ha! you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. No, no, I'm not.

Charles S. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha! You know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliver S. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over? Nay, some say he is actually arrived?

Charles S. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on 't, he's at this moment at Calcutta. Is n't he, Moses?

Moses. O yes, certainly.

Sir Oliver S. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Have n't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes, most undoubted!

Sir Oliver S. But, sir, as I understand you want a

few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles S. How do you mean?

Sir Oliver S. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massive old plate?

Charles S. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

Sir Oliver S. Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation-bowls! [*Aside.*]—Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact——

Charles S. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliver S. Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! [*Aside.*]—Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles S. You must enquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliver S. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles S. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the devil! sure, you would n't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles S. Every man of them to the best bidder.

Sir Oliver S. What! your great uncles and aunts?

Charles S. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliver S. Now I give him up. [*Aside.*]—What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles S. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

Sir Oliver S. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside.*]

Enter CARELESS.

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles S. I can't come yet: i' faith we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

Careless. O, burn your ancestors!

Charles S. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you; egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Careless. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box!

Sir Oliver S. Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*]

Charles S. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliver S. O yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [*Aside.*]

Charles S. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Picture Room at CHARLES'S.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

Charles S. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in. Here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver S. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay; these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting; no *volontiere* grace and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am. Here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree, for you, you rogue; this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver S. What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide!

[*Aside.*

Careless. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 't will serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin,—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him; there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipp'd captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Moses. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver S. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*—Well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten; the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! poor Deborah; a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*—Five pounds ten; she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done sometime ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles S. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'T is good bargain.

Charles S. Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the Western Circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver S. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver S. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow; I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester. Take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver S. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver S. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on 't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner. Do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Careless. Ay, av, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, anything to accommodate you—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 't was done before he went to India.

Careless. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw—an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on 't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. Upon my soul, sir, I do not. I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver S. The rogue's my nephew after all!

[*Aside.*—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for 't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, have n't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver S. I forgive him everything! [*Aside.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker. I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver S. How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. [*Aside.*—Here is a draft for your sum.

Charles S. Why, 't is for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliver S. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

Sir Oliver S. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles. I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But, hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver S. I will, I will; for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver S. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver S. A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*] Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

[*Exeunt* Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw!

Charles S. Egad! he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. Ha! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Careless. I will; but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles S. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit CARELESS.*] So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see; two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for! Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

Enter ROWLEY.

Ha! old Rowley; egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 't is very affecting; but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

Rowley. There's no making you serious a moment.

Charles S. Yea, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

Rowley. A hundred pounds! Consider only —

Charles S. Gad's life, don't talk about it; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste,

we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Rowley. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb——

Charles S. "Be just before you're generous." Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

Rowley. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection——

Charles S. Ay, ay, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven, I'll give; so damn your economy, and now for hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Parlour.*

Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.

Moses. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 't is great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir Oliver S. True, but he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And games so deep.

Sir Oliver S. But he would not sell my picture. O, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase——

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes; our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Rowley. And here has he commissioned me to redeliver you part of the purchase money. I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Moses. Ah! there is the pity of it all; he is so damned charitable.

Rowley. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the

hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Rowley. Not yet a while; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

Enter TRIP.

Trip. O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way. Moses, a word.

[Exeunt TRIP and MOSES.]

Sir Oliver S. There's a fellow for you! Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Oliver S. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah! Master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now, they have their vices, like their birthday clothes, with the gloss on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Library.*

Discovered JOSEPH SURFACE and a SERVANT.

Joseph S. No letter from Lady Teazle?

Serv. No, sir.

Joseph S. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour. *[Knocking heard without.]*

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph S. Hold! See whether it is or not before you

go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'T is her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph S. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do; my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper. [*SERVANT draws the screen, and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I could n't come before.

Joseph S. O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

Lady T. Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too; that's the best of the story, is n't it?

Joseph S. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*]

Lady T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced. Don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*]—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But is n't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

Joseph S. Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstances—without foundation. Yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous

story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart! indeed 't is monstrous!

Joseph S. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 't is your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

Lady T. Indeed! so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for 't.

Joseph S. Undoubtedly; for your husband should never be deceived in you; and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence—

Joseph S. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 't is this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? Why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your own conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? Why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous of his suspicions? Why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady T. 'T is very true!

Joseph S. Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady T. Do you think so?

Joseph S. Oh! I'm sure on 't; and then you would

find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady T. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

Joseph S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Joseph S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady T. Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

Joseph S. O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes; heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady T. Don't you think we may as well leave *honour* out of the question? ♦

Joseph S. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady T. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

Joseph S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of——

[*Taking her hand.*]

Enter SERVANT.

'S death, you blockhead! What do you want?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph S. Sir Peter! Oons—the devil!

Lady T. Sir Peter! O Lud, I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Serv. Sir, 't was n't I let him in.

Lady T. Oh, I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic. Oh! he's on the stairs. I'll get behind here; and if ever I'm so imprudent again——

[*Goes behind the screen.*]

Joseph S. Give me that book.

[*Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his hair.*]

Enter Sir PETER.

Sir Peter T. Ay, ever improving himself. Mr. Surface! Mr. Surface!

Joseph S. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon. [*Gaping, throws away the book.*] I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You have n't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

Sir Peter T. 'T is very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge; hung, I perceive, with maps.

Joseph S. O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter T. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph S. Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry, either. [*Aside.*]

Sir Peter T. Well, I have a little private business—

Joseph S. [*to the SERVANT.*] You need not stay.

Serv. No, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Joseph S. Here's a chair, Sir Peter. I beg —

Sir Peter T. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you—a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

Joseph S. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter T. Ay, 't is too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph S. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Peter T. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter T. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

Joseph S. Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter T. I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph S. I have n't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter T. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph S. My brother! impossible!

Sir Peter T. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter T. True; but your brother has no sentiment; you never hear him talk so.

Joseph S. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter T. Ay; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph S. That's very true.

Sir Peter T. And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph S. That's true, to be sure; they would laugh.

Sir Peter T. Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph S. No; you must never make it public.

Sir Peter T. But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph S. Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter T. Ay, I, that was, in a manner, left his

guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

Joseph S. O, 't is not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine. I disclaim kindred with him; for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter T. What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph S. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir Peter T. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of the two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph S. Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

Joseph S. [*Softly.*] O, no Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter T. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph S. I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*—’S death, I shall be ruined every way.

[*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I’m sure she’s not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend’s distresses can never——

Enter SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph S. ’S death, blockhead, I’m not within; I’m out for the day.

Sir Peter T. Stay—hold—a thought has struck me: you shall be at home.

Joseph S. Well, well, let him up. [*Exit SERVANT.*] He’ll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

[*Aside.*

Sir Peter T. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere; then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph S. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother, too?

Sir Peter T. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me; here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener there already. I’ll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph S. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I’ll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute

Joseph either! Hark'ee, 't is a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter T. Ah! you rogue! But egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph S. O, 't will never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir Peter T. No; then, faith, let her hear it out. Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph S. Well, go in there.

Sir Peter T. Sly rogue! sly rogue!

[*Going into the closet.*]

Joseph S. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady T. [*Peeping.*] Could n't I steal off?

Joseph S. Keep close, my angel!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping.*] Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph S. Back, my dear friend!

Lady T. [*Peeping.*] Could n't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph S. Be still, my life!

Sir Peter T. [*Peeping.*] You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph S. In, in, my good Sir Peter. 'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Holloa! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew—a wench with you?

Joseph S. Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles S. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph S. He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles S. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph S. No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles S. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

Joseph T. To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles S. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. Ha! ha! ha! ha! so that old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he? Or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph S. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

Charles S. True, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Joseph S. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [Raising his voice.

Charles S. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement; besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph S. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

Charles S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way; and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

Joseph S. Well——

Charles S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming *me* with Lady Teazle? for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

Joseph S. O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles S. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

Joseph S. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles S. Egad, I'm serious. Don't you remember one day when I called here——

Joseph S. Nay, prithee, Charles —

Charles S. And found you together —

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! I insist —

Charles S. And another time when your servant —

Joseph S. Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad,
I must stop him. [Aside.]

Charles S. Informed, I say, that —

Joseph S. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles S. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph S. Softly; there! [Points to the closet.]

Charles S. O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph S. No, no —

Charles S. I say, Sir Peter, come into court. [Pulls in Sir PETER.] What! my old guardian! What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.?

Sir Peter T. Give me your hand, Charles. I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you must n't be angry with Joseph; 't was my plan!

Charles S. Indeed!

Sir Peter T. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did. What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles S. Egad, then, 't was lucky you did n't hear any more; was n't it, Joseph?

[Apart to JOSEPH.]

Sir Peter T. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles S. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Charles S. But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that; might n't he, Joseph?

[Apart to JOSEPH.]

Sir Peter T. Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph S. Would they were both well out of the room! [Aside.]

Enter SERVANT, and whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.

Sir Peter T. And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

Joseph S. Gentlemen, I beg pardon, I must wait on you downstairs; here is a person come on particular business.

Charles S. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph S. They must not be left together. [*Aside.* I'll send this man away, and return directly. Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

[*Apart to Sir PETER, and goes out.*

Sir Peter T. I! not for the world! [*Apart to JOSEPH.*] Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Charles S. Pshaw! he is too moral by half, and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

Sir Peter T. No, no; come, come; you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect.—I have a great mind to tell him; we should have a laugh at Joseph. [*Aside.*

Charles S. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir Peter T. Hark'ee; you must not abuse him; he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles S. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter T. No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him. [*Aside.*] Hark'ee; have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles S. I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter T. Then, i' faith, we will; I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

Charles S. What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter T. Hush! a little French milliner, and the best of the jest is, she's in the room now.

Charles S. The devil she is!

Sir Peter T. Hush! I tell you!

[*Points.*

Charles S. Behind the screen! 'S life, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter T. No, no—he's coming—you sha'n't, indeed!

Charles S. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter T. Not for the world; Joseph will never forgive me——

Charles S. I'll stand by you——

Sir Peter T. Odds, here he is.

JOSEPH SURFACE *enters just as CHARLES SURFACE throws down the screen.*

Charles S. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles S. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! Well, though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another, so I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness. Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit CHARLES.*

[*They stand for some time looking at each other.*

Joseph S. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter T. If you please, sir.

Joseph S. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—

She, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter T. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter T. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter T. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph S. [*Aside to Lady Teazle.*] 'S death, madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter T. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter! I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir Peter T. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

Joseph S. The woman's mad!

Lady T. No, sir, she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me, but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward, I behold him now in a light so

truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.

Joseph S. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows ——

Sir Peter T. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph S. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to —— [*Exeunt* Sir PETER and SURFACE *talking.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Library [in JOSEPH SURFACE'S House.]*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT.

Joseph S. Mr. Stanley? and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Joseph S. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations! Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir. Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady ——

Joseph S. Go, fool! [*Exit* SERVANT.] Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley. So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir Oliver S. What! does he avoid us? That was he, was it not?

Rowley. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir Oliver S. O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Rowley. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir Oliver S. Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

Rowley. Or rather at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in, as that, "Charity begins at home."

Sir Oliver S. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all?

Rowley. I doubt you'll find it so; but he's coming. I must n't seem to interrupt you; and, you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir Oliver S. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Rowley. Without losing a moment. [Exit.]

Sir Oliver S. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting. Mr. Stanley, I presume.

Sir Oliver S. At your service.

Joseph S. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down. I entreat you, sir!

Sir Oliver S. Dear sir, there's no occasion.—Too civil by half! [Aside.]

Joseph S. I have not the pleasure of knowing you,

Mr. Stanley, but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

Sir Oliver S. I was, sir; so nearly, that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

Joseph S. Dear sir, there needs no apology; he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

Sir Oliver S. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

Joseph S. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir Oliver S. I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Joseph S. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliver S. What! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas?

Joseph S. O, dear sir, nothing of the kind. No, no; a few presents, now and then—china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers; little more, believe me.

Sir Oliver S. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds! Avadavats and Indian crackers! [*Aside.*]

Joseph S. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother; there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliver S. Not I, for one! [*Aside.*]

Joseph S. The sums I have lent him! Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it; and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliver S. Dissembler! [*Aside.*—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Joseph S. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliver S. I am extremely sorry——

Joseph S. Not more than I, believe me; to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliver S. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Joseph S. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

Sir Oliver S. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

Joseph S. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, your most obsequious.

Joseph S. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliver S. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Joseph S. In the mean time I wish you health and spirits.

Sir Oliver S. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Joseph S. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, you are my heir!

[*Aside. Exit.*

Joseph S. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Mr. Surface, your servant. I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Joseph S. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley. [*Reads the letter.*] Sir Oliver Surface! My uncle arrived!

Rowley. He is, indeed; we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Joseph S. I am astonished! William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

Rowley. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

Joseph S. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Rowley. I thought you had particular business; but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Joseph S. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky. [*Aside.*]

Rowley. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Joseph S. Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it.—Just at this time! [*Aside.*]

Rowley. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

Joseph S. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him. [*Exit ROWLEY.*] Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill fortune! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Sir PETER TEAZLE'S.

Enter MRS. CANDOUR and MAID.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. Can. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

Maid. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. Can. Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit MAID.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

Enter Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Oh, Sir Benjamin, you have heard, I suppose ——

Sir Benj. B. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface ——

Mrs. Can. And Sir Peter's discovery ——

Sir Benj. B. O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. Can. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir Benj. B. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all; he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Can. Mr. Surface! Why, 't was with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

Sir Benj. B. No, no, I tell you; Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. Can. No such thing! Charles is the man. 'T was Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir Benj. B. I tell you I had it from one ——

Mrs. Can. And I have it from one ——

Sir Benj. B. Who had it from one, who had it ——

Mrs. Can. From one immediately—but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter Lady SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend, Lady Teazle.

Mrs. Can. Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought ——

Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was young!

Lady Sneer. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. Can. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady Sneer. No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface —

Sir Benj. B. Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. Can. No, no; indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

Mrs. Can. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

Sir Benj. B. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not —

Mrs. Can. Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I did n't hear a word of their fighting.

Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Benj. B. No! what, no mention of the duel?

Mrs. Can. Not a word.

Sir Benj. B. O, yes; they fought before they left the room.

Lady Sneer. Pray, let us hear.

Mrs. Can. Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

Sir Benj. B. "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

Mrs. Can. Ay, to Charles.

Sir Benj. B. No, no, to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and, old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

Mrs. Can. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 't is very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir Benj. B. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all. "Giving me satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong

hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for harts-horn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords.

Enter CRABTREE.

Crabt. With pistols, nephew—pistols. I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. Can. O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

Crabt. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded——

Sir Benj. B. By a thrust in second quite through his left side——

Crabt. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. Can. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

Crabt. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

Mrs. Can. I knew Charles was the person.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

Crabt. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

Sir Benj. B. That I told you, you know——

Crabt. Do, nephew, let me speak! and insisted on immediate——

Sir Benj. B. Just as I said——

Crabt. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir Benj. B. I heard nothing of this.

Crabt. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window, at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir Benj. B. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

Lady Sneer. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Lady SNEERWELL.*

Sir Benj. B. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

Crabt. Yes, yes, they certainly do say; but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Can. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

Crabt. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

Mrs. Can. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crabt. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir Benj. B. Hey, who comes here?

Crabt. O, this is he: the physician, depend on 't.

Mrs. Can. O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Crabt. Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs. Can. Ah, doctor, how's your patient?

Sir Benj. B. Now, doctor, is n't it a wound with a small sword?

Crabt. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred!

Sir Oliver S. Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

Sir Benj. B. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

Sir Oliver S. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

Crabt. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

Sir Oliver S. Not a word!

Crabt. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

Sir Oliver S. The devil he is!

Sir Benj. B. Run through the body ——

Crabt. Shot in the breast ——

Sir Benj. B. By one Mr. Surface ——

Crabt. Ay, the younger.

Sir Oliver S. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

Sir Benj. B. O, yes, we agree there.

Crabt. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir Oliver S. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time. I promise you; for we had just given you over.

Sir Benj. B. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

Sir Oliver S. Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

Sir Peter T. A small sword, and a bullet!

Sir Oliver S. Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir Peter T. Why, what is all this?

Sir Benj. B. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

Sir Peter T. So, so; all over the town already.

[*Aside.*

Crabt. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

Sir Peter T. Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs. Can. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir Peter T. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

Sir Benj. B. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

Sir Peter T. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

Crabt. 'T is no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

Sir Peter T. I insist on being left to myself; without ceremony. I insist on your leaving my house directly.

Mrs. Can. Well, well, we are going, and depend on 't we'll make the best report of it we can. [Exit.

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Crabt. And tell how hardly you've been treated.

[Exit.

Sir Peter T. Leave my house!

Sir Benj. B. And how patiently you bear it.

[Exit.

Sir Peter T. Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

Sir Oliver S. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. I heard high words; what has ruffled you, sir?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Rowley. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

Sir Oliver S. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir Peter T. A precious couple they are!

Rowley. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver S. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

Rowley. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir Oliver S. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

Rowley. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir Oliver S. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age! But how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

Rowley. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

Rowley. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir Peter T. And does Sir Oliver know all this?

Sir Oliver S. Every circumstance.

Sir Peter T. What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. 'T was very pleasant.

Sir Oliver S. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

Rowley. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments; ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

Sir Oliver S. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Ha! ha! 't was devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir Oliver S. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

Sir Oliver S. But come, come, it is n't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir Peter T. O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account; it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be so entertaining!

Rowley. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools; but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room. I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

Sir Oliver S. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

Sir Peter T. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 't is a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

Rowley. We'll follow.

[Exit Sir OLIVER.]

Sir Peter T. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Rowley. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir Peter T. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

Rowley. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

Sir Peter T. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles?

Rowley. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir Peter T. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Rowley. Certainly.

Sir Peter T. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Rowley. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

Sir Peter T. I'faith, so I will! And if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

Rowley. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion —

Sir Peter T. Hold, Master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, let me never hear you utter anything like a sentiment. I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Library [in Joseph Surface's House].*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Lady SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and, of course, no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

Joseph S. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning neither. O! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

Joseph S. Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

Lady Sneer. Because the disappointment does n't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

Joseph S. But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment?

Lady Sneer. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 't is an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

Joseph S. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Joseph S. You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Joseph S. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

Lady Sncer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Joseph S. Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the door.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver; retire to that room, we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if *he* should find you out too?

Joseph S. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake; and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

Lady Sneer. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

[*Exit LADY SNEERWELL.*]

Joseph S. I will, I will. So! 't is confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on 't that he should return to tease me just now. I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and —

Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

Joseph S. Sir, 't is impossible for you to stay now, so

I must beg—come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir Oliver S. No; Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Joseph S. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir Oliver S. Nay, sir —

Joseph S. Sir, I insist on 't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment; this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out.*]

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles S. Hey day! what's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

Joseph S. So! he has been with you too, has he?

Charles S. To be sure he has. Why he's as honest a little — But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

Joseph S. Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every —

Charles S. O Gad, that's true! Noll must n't find the little broker here, to be sure.

Joseph S. Yet Mr. Stanley insists —

Charles S. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

Joseph S. No, sir, Stanley.

Charles S. No, no, Premium.

Joseph S. Well, no matter which—but —

Charles S. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 't is the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

[*Knocking.*]

Joseph S. 'S death, here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley —

Charles S. Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium —

Sir Oliver S. Gentlemen —

Joseph S. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

Charles S. Ay, out with him, certainly!

Sir Oliver S. This violence ——

Joseph S. Sir, 't is your own fault.

Charles S. Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir OLIVER out.*]

Enter Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE, MARIA, and ROWLEY.

Sir Peter T. My old friend, Sir Oliver; hey! What in the name of wonder; here are dutiful nephews; assault their uncle at a first visit!

Lady T. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 't was well we came in to rescue you.

Rowley. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir Oliver S. Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

Joseph S. Charles!

Charles S. Joseph!

Joseph S. 'T is now complete!

Charles S. Very!

Sir Oliver S. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too — look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him; judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude.

Sir Peter T. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

Lady T. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

Sir Peter T. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

Charles S. If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and by? [Aside.

Sir Oliver S. As for that prodigal, his brother, there —

Charles S. Ay, now comes my turn; the damned family pictures will ruin me. [Aside.

Joseph S. Sir Oliver; uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

Charles S. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. [Aside.

Sir Peter T. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely. [To JOSEPH.

Joseph S. I trust I could.

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir! and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

Charles S. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. What! Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Charles S. True, sir; but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Rowley. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir Oliver S. Odd's heart, no more can I; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

Charles S. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on 't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you — and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not — that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir Oliver S. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again; the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Charles S. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady T. Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

[*Pointing to MARIA.*

Sir Oliver S. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush——

Sir Peter T. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Maria. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me—whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Charles S. How, Maria!

Sir Peter T. Hey day! what's the mystery now? While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

Maria. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

Charles S. Lady Sneerwell!

Joseph S. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

[*Opens the door.*

Enter Lady SNEERWELL.

Sir Peter T. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room of the house, I suppose.

Lady Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Charles S. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Joseph S. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir Peter T. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Rowley. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted; however, it happens unluckily that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady Sneer. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! Speak, fellow; have you too conspired against me?

Snake. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons; you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir Peter T. Plot and counter-plot, egad!

Lady Sneer. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all.

Lady T. Hold, Lady Sneerwell; before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

Lady Sneer. You too, madam—provoking—insolent. May your husband live these fifty years. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Oons! what fury!

Lady T. A malicious creature, indeed!

Sir Peter T. Hey! Not for her last wish?

Lady T. O no!

Sir Oliver S. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Joseph S. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say; however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. *[Exit.]*

Sir Peter T. Moral to the last drop!

Sir Oliver S. Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Oil and vinegar, egad! you'll do very well together.

Rowley. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

Snake. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir Peter T. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company that it shall never be known.

Sir Peter T. Hey! What the plague! Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir! consider; I live by the badness of my character. I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well; we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

[Exit SNAKE.]

Sir Peter T. There's a precious rogue!

Lady T. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir Oliver S. Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and egad we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Charles S. Thank you, dear uncle!

Sir Peter T. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

Charles S. Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

Maria. For shame, Charles! I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

Sir Oliver S. Well, then, the fewer the better. May your love for each other never know abatement!

Sir Peter T. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

Charles S. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir Oliver S. You do indeed, Charles.

Rowley. If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt: but deserve to be happy, and you overpay me.

Sir Peter T. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Charles S. Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor—my gentle guide. Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave thy beauty's
sway,

Thou still must rule, because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Folly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you.

[*To the audience.*

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies if you approve.

EPILOGUE

BY MR. COLMAN

SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock—my spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard—the motley Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives:
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her,

London will prove the very source of honour.
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation 's o'er.
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!

Must I then watch the early crowing cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock;
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curate can I now retire
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire),
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main! Dear sound that must expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd head, the cushioned tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum! card drums I mean,
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 't was clear,
I ought to play deep tragedy next year;
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:—
"Blest were the fair like you! her faults who stopp'd,
And closed her follies when the curtain dropp'd!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

- Ernest Bernbaum, *The Drama of Sensibility* (See under Steele).
- George Meredith, *An Essay on Comedy* (1879). Brilliant; a classic in English literature; stimulating; sound in principles rather than comprehensive in treatment and logical in organization. Here, for instance, one finds the dictum that the function of comedy is to arouse thoughtful laughter.
- G. H. Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century* (See under Steele). Relative to *School for Scandal*, see pp. 291-313.
- Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama, 1750-1800* (1927). (See under Steele)
- R. Crompton Rhodes (ed.), *Plays and Poems of Richard Brinsley Sheridan* (Oxford, 1928). 3 Vols. The editor tries to establish critical text of *The School for Scandal*, a task which, as some students of Sheridan point out, is a practical impossibility; for Sheridan never authorized a printed text and changed the play in details from time to time during his life. For discussion of the evolution of the plot of the play, see Vol. II, pp. 117-153.
- Walter Sichel, *The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan* (Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909). 2 Vols. The best biography of Sheridan. For *School for Scandal*, see Vol I, pp. 552-588.
- A. H. Thorndike, *Comedy* (Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1929). A competent survey of this type of drama.

* * * *

SUGGESTED PLAYS—COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

- W. Congreve, *The Way of the World*. According to Meredith, our best English comedy.
- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*. Benedick and Beatrice deserve a place close to Mirabel and Milla-ment in *The Way of the World*.
- Oscar Wilde, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. A farcical

situation; but a remarkably fine comedy for wit and clever repartee.

* * * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Show how the two originally separate situations—the Teazle and the Scandal School—have been artistically united in this play.

One critic says that this play has no distinctive moral; another says that it is the only play of Sheridan's with a moral purpose.

Compare Joseph, "the man of sentiment," with Cimberton, "the man of sensibility," in the *Conscious Lovers*.

What is modern in the satire of this play and what is merely eighteenth century?

The screen scene and the picture selling scene are regarded as two of the best in all English comedy. What elements make for their dramatic effectiveness?



THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

ARTHUR W. PINERO

SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO (1855-) AND *THE SECOND MRS. TAN- QUERAY*

In the one hundred and seventeen years between *The School for Scandal* (1777) and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893) English drama has a very subordinate place. During that period, with the exception of Sheridan, there lived no single dramatist to be compared in distinction with such novelists as Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Meredith, and Hardy; such poets as Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, and the Rossettis; or such critics and essayists as Ruskin, Arnold, and Huxley. During the first half of the nineteenth century, outside of two theatres, the theatrical entertainment consisted primarily of pantomime, vaudeville, farce, melodrama, and animal shows of various kinds. The pioneer for modern drama was F. W. Robertson with *Caste* (1867), a mid-Victorian sentimental comedy in the vein of *The Conscious Lovers*. In the transitional group appear also W. S. Gilbert with his light operas; Oscar Wilde (1850-1900), a brilliant literary successor of Congreve and Sheridan and a tawdry innovator of the problem play; Henry Author Jones (1851-1929), reformer and defender of the modern theatre and prolific author of light and serious social plays of varying worth; and Sir Arthur W. Pinero (1855-). The two most notable influences in modern English drama are the Independent Theatre (1897) and Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906). The Theatre, freed from censorship, introduced the plays of Ibsen and Shaw to England. And the Scandinavian dramatist suggested the content, form, and temper of the serious modern social drama for England and America.

Sir Arthur W. Pinero, the dean of English dramatists, was a leader for the Independent Theatre. In fact, we are told that it was the production of *Ghosts* there in 1891 which encouraged him to write *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* two years later. The first production of this latter play, at St. James Theatre in London on May 27th, 1893, is regarded by Clayton Hamilton, Pinero's American editor, as marking the beginning of modern English drama. His experience of several years as an actor, part of the time with Henry

Irving, his skill as a craftsman gained by writing dramas in the technique of Scribe, French master of the well-made play, and his intellectual response to the stimulus of such plays as *Ghosts*, *The Doll's House*, and *An Enemy of the People* gave him his preparation for *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Indeed, its great significance resides in its skillful craftsmanship, its clever technique, and the author's sensitiveness to somewhat conventional but immediately genuine social problems. It is more than fifty years since his first drama was produced, and during that time he has written more than fifty plays. It is generally agreed that his best plays are *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Gay Lord Quex*, *Iris*, *The Thunderbolt*, and *Mid-Channel*. One who is interested in his earlier development might care to read his sentimental *Sweet Lavender* and his weak melodramatic attempt, *The Profligate*. But the future historian of the English drama will remember him because of the qualities indicated above, because of the small group of social plays just listed, and because *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* marks a definite turning point to the modern realistic drama. The perfection of artificial stage devices, the importance of coincidence, and the melodramatic ending prevent this play from being great realistic tragedy. But it will always occupy an important place in the history of English drama.

PERSONS

AUBREY TANQUERAY
PAULA
ELLEAN
CAYLEY DRUMMLE
MRS. CORTELYON
CAPTAIN HUGH ARDALE
GORDON JAYNE, M.D.
FRANK MISQUITH, Q.C., M.P.
SIR GEORGE ORREYED, BART.
LADY ORREYED
MORSE

The Present Day.

The Scene of the First Act is laid at MR. TANQUERAY'S rooms, No. 2 x, The Albany, in the month of November; the occurrences of the succeeding Acts take place at his house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surrey, during the early part of the following year.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY *

THE FIRST ACT.

AUBREY TANQUERAY'S *Chambers in the Albany*—a richly and tastefully-decorated room, elegantly and luxuriously furnished: on the right a large pair of doors opening into another room, on the left at the further end of the room a small door leading to a bed-chamber. A circular table is laid for a dinner for four persons, which has now reached the stage of dessert and coffee. Everything in the apartment suggests wealth and refinement. The fire is burning brightly.

AUBREY TANQUERAY, MISQUITH, and JAYNE are seated at the dinner-table. AUBREY is forty-two, handsome, winning in manner, his speech and bearing retaining some of the qualities of young-manhood. MISQUITH is about forty-seven, genial and portly. JAYNE is a year or two MISQUITH'S senior; soft-speaking and precise—in appearance a type of the prosperous town physician. MORSE, AUBREY'S servant, places a little cabinet of cigars and the spirit-lamp on the table beside AUBREY and goes out.

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In Renewal

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Misquith. Aubrey, it is a pleasant yet dreadful fact to contemplate, but it's nearly fifteen years since I first dined with you. You lodged in Piccadilly in those days, over a hat-shop. Jayne, I met you at that dinner, and Cayley Drummle.

Jayne. Yes, yes. What a pity it is that Cayley isn't here to-night.

Aubrey. Confound the old gossip! His empty chair has been staring us in the face all through dinner. I ought to have told Morse to take it away.

Misquith. Odd, his sending no excuse.

Aubrey. I'll walk round to his lodgings later on and ask after him.

Misquith. I'll go with you.

Jayne. So will I.

Aubrey. [*Opening the cigar-cabinet.*] Doctor, it's useless to tempt you, I know. Frank—[*MISQUITH and AUBREY smoke.*] I particularly wished Cayley Drummle to be one of us to-night. You two fellows and Cayley are my closest, my best friends——

Misquith. My dear Aubrey!

Jayne. I rejoice to hear you say so.

Aubrey. And I wanted to see the three of you round this table. You can't guess the reason.

Misquith. You desired to give us a most excellent dinner.

Jayne. Obviously.

Aubrey. [*Hesitatingly.*] Well—I—[*glancing at the clock*—Cayley won't turn up now.

Jayne. H'm, hardly.

Aubrey. Then you two shall hear it. Doctor, Frank, this is the last time we are to meet in these rooms.

Jayne. The last time?

Misquith. You're going to leave the Albany?

Aubrey. Yes. You've heard me speak of a house I built in the country years ago, haven't you?

Misquith. In Surrey.

Aubrey. Well, when my wife died I cleared out of that house and let it. I think of trying the place again.

Misquith. But you'll go raving mad if ever you find yourself down there alone.

Aubrey. Ah, but I sha'n't be alone, and that's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going to be married.

Jayne. Going to be married?

Misquith. Married?

Aubrey. Yes—to-morrow.

Jayne. To-morrow?

Misquith. You take my breath away! My dear fellow, I—I—of course, I congratulate you.

Jayne. And—and—so do I—heartily.

Aubrey. Thanks—thanks.

[*There is a moment or two of embarrassment.*]

Misquith. Er—ah—this is an excellent cigar.

Jayne. Ah—um—your coffee is remarkable.

Aubrey. Look here; I dare say you two old friends think this treatment very strange, very unkind. So I want you to understand me. You know a marriage often cools friendships. What's the usual course of things? A man's engagement is given out, he is congratulated, complimented upon his choice; the church is filled with troops of friends, and he goes away happily to a chorus of good wishes. He comes back, sets up house in town or country, and thinks to resume the old associations, the old companionships. My dear Frank, my dear good doctor, it's very seldom that it can be done. Generally, a worm has begun to eat its way into those hearty, unreserved, pre-nuptial friendships; a damnable constraint sets in and acts like a wasting disease; and so, believe me, in nine cases out of ten a man's marriage severs for him more close ties than it forms.

Misquith. Well, my dear Aubrey, I earnestly hope ——

Aubrey. I know what you're going to say, Frank. I hope so, too. In the meantime let's face dangers. I've reminded you of the *usual* course of things, but my marriage isn't even the conventional sort of marriage

likely to satisfy society. Now, Cayley's a bachelor, but you two men have wives. By-the-bye, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne when you get home—don't forget that. Well, your wives may not—like—the lady I'm going to marry.

Jayne. Aubrey, forgive me for suggesting that the lady you are going to marry may not like our wives—mine at least; I beg your pardon, Frank.

Aubrey. Quite so; then I must go the way my wife goes.

Misquith. Come, come, pray don't let us anticipate that either side will be called upon to make such a sacrifice.

Aubrey. Yes, yes, let us anticipate it. And let us make up our minds to have no slow bleeding-to-death of our friendship. We'll end a pleasant chapter here to-night, and after to-night start afresh. When my wife and I settle down at Willowmere it's possible that we shall all come together. But if this isn't to be, for Heaven's sake let us recognise that it is simply because it *can't* be, and not wear hypocritical faces and suffer and be wretched. Doctor, Frank—[*holding out his hands, one to MISQUITH, the other to JAYNE*—good luck to all of us!

Misquith. But—but—do I understand we are to ask nothing? Not even the lady's name, Aubrey?

Aubrey. The lady, my dear Frank, belongs to the next chapter, and in that her name is Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray.

Jayne. [*Raising his coffee-cup.*] Then, in an old-fashioned way, I propose a toast. Aubrey, Frank, I give you "The Next Chapter!"

[*They drink the toast, saying, "The Next Chapter!"*

Aubrey. Doctor, find a comfortable chair; Frank, you too. As we're going to turn out by-and-bye, let me scribble a couple of notes now while I think of them.

Misquith and Jayne. Certainly—yes, yes.

Aubrey. It might slip my memory when I get back.

[Aubrey sits at a writing-table at the other end of the room, and writes.]

Jayne. *[To MISQUITH in a whisper.]* Frank —
[MISQUITH quietly leaves his chair, and sits nearer to JAYNE.] What is all this? Simply a morbid crank of Aubrey's with regard to ante-nuptial acquaintances?

Misquith. H'm! Did you notice *one* expression he used?

Jayne. Let me think —

Misquith. "My marriage is not even the conventional sort of marriage likely to satisfy society."

Jayne. Bless me, yes! What does that suggest?

Misquith. That he has a particular rather than a general reason for anticipating estrangement from his friends, I'm afraid.

Jayne. A horrible *mésalliance*! A dairymaid who has given him a glass of milk during a day's hunting, or a little anæmic shopgirl! Frank, I'm utterly wretched!

Misquith. My dear Jayne, speaking in absolute confidence, I have never been more profoundly depressed in my life.

MORSE enters.

Morse. *[Announcing]* Mr. Drummle.

[CAYLEY DRUMMLE enters briskly. He is a neat little man of about five-and-forty, in manner bright, airy, debonair, but with an undercurrent of seriousness.]

[MORSE retires.]

Drummle. I'm in disgrace; nobody realises that more thoroughly than I do. Where's my host?

Aubrey. *[Who has risen.]* Cayley.

Drummle. *[Shaking hands with him.]* Don't speak

to me till I have tendered my explanation. A harsh word from anybody would unman me.

[MISQUITH and JAYNE shake hands with DRUMMLE.]

Aubrey. Have you dined?

Drummle. No—unless you call a bit of fish, a cutlet, and a pancake dining.

Aubrey. Cayley, this is disgraceful.

Jayne. Fish, a cutlet, and a pancake will require a great deal of explanation.

Misquith. Especially the pancake. My dear friend, your case looks miserably weak.

Drummle. Hear me! hear me!

Jayne. Now then!

Misquith. Come!

Aubrey. Well!

Drummle. It so happens that to-night I was exceptionally early in dressing for dinner.

Misquith. For which dinner—the fish and cutlet?

Drummle. For *this* dinner, of course—really, Frank! At a quarter to eight, in fact, I found myself trimming my nails, with ten minutes to spare. Just then enter my man with a note—would I hasten, as fast as cab could carry me, to old Lady Orreyed in Bruton Street? —“sad trouble.” Now, recollect, please, I had ten minutes on my hands, old Lady Orreyed was a very dear friend of my mother’s, and was in some distress.

Aubrey. Cayley, come to the fish and cutlet!

Misquith and Jayne. Yes, yes, and the pancake!

Drummle. Upon my word! Well, the scene in Bruton Street beggars description; the women servants looked scared, the men drunk; and there was poor old Lady Orreyed on the floor of her boudoir like Queen Bess among her pillows.

Aubrey. What’s the matter?

Drummle. [To everybody.] You know George Orreyed?

Misquith. Yes.

Jayne. I've met him.

Drummle. Well, he's a thing of the past.

Aubrey. Not dead!

Drummle. Certainly, in the worst sense. He's married Mabel Hervey.

Misquith. What!

Drummle. It's true—this morning. The poor mother showed me his letter—a dozen curt words, and some of those ill-spelt.

Misquith. [*Walking up to the fireplace.*—I'm very sorry.

Jayne. Pardon my ignorance—who was Mabel Hervey?

Drummle. You don't ——? Oh, of course not. Miss Hervey—Lady Orreyed, as she now is—was a lady who would have been, perhaps has been, described in the reports of the Police or the Divorce Court as an actress. Had she belonged to a lower stratum of our advanced civilisation she would, in the event of judicial inquiry, have defined her calling with equal justification as that of a dressmaker. To do her justice, she is a type of a class which is immortal. Physically, by the strange caprice of creation, curiously beautiful; mentally, she lacks even the strength of deliberate viciousness. Paint her portrait, it would symbolise a creature perfectly patrician; lance a vein of her superbly-modelled arm, you would get the poorest *vin ordinaire*! Her affections, emotions, impulses, her very existence—a burlesque! Flaxen, five-and-twenty, and feebly frolicsome; anybody's, in less gentle society I should say everybody's, property! That, doctor, was Miss Hervey who is the new Lady Orreyed. Dost thou like the picture?

Misquith. Very good, Cayley! Bravo!

Aubrey. [*Laying his hand on DRUMMLE'S shoulder.*] You'd believe it, Jayne, but none of us really know anything about this lady, our gay young friend here, I suspect, least of all.

Drummle. Aubrey, I applaud your chivalry.

Aubrey. And perhaps you'll let me finish a couple of letters which Frank and Jayne have given me leave

to write. [*Returning to the writing-table.*] Ring for what you want, like a good fellow!

[*Aubrey resumes his writing.*]

Misquith. [*To DRUMMLE.*] Still, the fish and cutlet remain unexplained.

Drummle. Oh, the poor old woman was so weak that I insisted upon her taking some food, and felt there was nothing for it but to sit down opposite her. The fool! the blackguard!

Misquith. Poor Orreyed! Well, he's gone under for a time.

Drummle. For a time! My dear Frank, I tell you he has absolutely ceased to be. [*AUBREY, who has been writing busily, turns his head towards the speakers and listens. His lips are set, and there is a frown upon his face.*] For all practical purposes you may regard him as the late George Orreyed. To-morrow the very characteristics of his speech, as we remember them, will have become obsolete.

Jayne. But surely, in the course of years, he and his wife will outlive —

Drummle. No, no, doctor, don't try to upset one of my settled beliefs. You may dive into many waters, but there is *one* social Dead Sea —!

Jayne. Perhaps you're right.

Drummle. Right! Good God! I wish you could prove me otherwise! Why, for years I've been sitting, and watching and waiting.

Misquith. You're in form to-night, Cayley. May we ask where you've been in the habit of squandering your useful leisure?

Drummle. Where? On the shore of that same sea.

Misquith. And, pray, what have you been waiting for?

Drummle. For some of my best friends *to come up*. [*AUBREY utters a half-stifled exclamation of impatience; then he hurriedly gathers up his papers from the writing-table. The three men turn to him.*] Eh?

Aubrey. Oh, I—I'll finish my letters in the other

room if you'll excuse me for five minutes. Tell Cayley the news. *[He goes out.]*

Drummle. [Hurrying to the door.] My dear fellow, my jabbering has disturbed you! I'll never talk again as long as I live!

Misquith. Close the door, Cayley.

[DRUMMLE shuts the door.]

Jayne. Cayley—

Drummle. [Advancing to the dinner table.] A smoke, a smoke, or I perish!

[Selects a cigar from the little cabinet.]

Jayne. Cayley, marriages are in the air.

Drummle. Are they? Discover the bacillus, doctor, and destroy it.

Jayne. I mean, among our friends.

Drummle. Oh, Nugent Warrinder's engagement to Lady Alice Tring. I've heard of that. They're not to be married till the spring.

Jayne. Another marriage that concerns us a little takes place to-morrow.

Drummle. Whose marriage?

Jayne. Aubrey's.

Drummle. Aub ——! *[Looking towards MISQUITH.]* Is it a joke?

Misquith. No.

Drummle. [Looking from MISQUITH to JAYNE.] To whom?

Misquith. He doesn't tell us.

Jayne. We three were asked here to-night to receive the announcement. Aubrey has some theory that marriage is likely to alienate a man from his friends, and it seems to me he has taken the precaution to wish us good-bye.

Misquith. No, no.

Jayne. Practically, surely.

Drummle. [Thoughtfully.] Marriage in general, does he mean, or *this* marriage?

Jayne. That's the point. Frank says ——

Misquith. No, no, no; I feared it suggested ——

Jayne. Well, well. *[To DRUMMLE.]* What do you think of it?

Drummle. [After a slight pause.] Is there a light there? [Lighting his cigar.] He—wraps the lady—in mystery—you say?

Misquith. Most modestly.

Drummle. Aubrey's—not—a very—young man.

Jayne. Forty-three.

Drummle. Ah! *L'age critique!*

Misquith. A dangerous age—yes, yes.

Drummle. When you two fellows go home, do you mind leaving me behind here?

Misquith. Not at all.

Jayne. By all means.

Drummle. All right. [Anxiously.] Deuce take it, the man's second marriage mustn't be another mistake!

[With his head bent he walks up the fireplace.

Jayne. You knew him in his short married life, Cayley. Terribly unsatisfactory, wasn't it?

Drummle. Well—[Looking at the door.] I quite closed that door?

Misquith. Yes.

[Settles himself on the sofa; JAYNE is seated in an arm-chair.

Drummle. [Smoking with his back to the fire.] He married a Miss Herriott; that was in the year eighteen—confound dates—twenty years ago. She was a lovely creature—by Jove, she was; by religion a Roman Catholic. She was one of your cold sort, you know—all marble arms and black velvet. I remember her with painful distinctness as the only woman who ever made me nervous.

Misquith. Ha, ha!

Drummle. He loved her—to distraction, as they say. Jupiter, how fervently that poor devil courted her! But I don't believe she allowed him even to squeeze her fingers. She was an iceberg! As for kissing, the mere contact would have given him chapped lips. However, he married her and took her away, the latter greatly to my relief.

Jayne. Abroad, you mean?

Drummle. Eh? Yes. I imagine he gratified her by renting a villa in Lapland, but I don't know. After a while they returned, and then I saw how wofully Aubrey had miscalculated results.

Jayne. Miscalculated ——?

Drummle. He had reckoned, poor wretch, that in the early days of marriage she would thaw. But she didn't. I used to picture him closing his doors and making up the fire in the hope of seeing her features relax. Bless her, the thaw never set in! I believe she kept a thermometer in her stays and always registered ten degrees below zero. However, in time a child came—a daughter.

Jayne. Didn't that ——?

Drummle. Not a bit of it; it made matters worse. Frightened at her failure to stir up in him some sympathetic religious belief, she determined upon strong measures with regard to the child. He opposed her for a miserable year or so, but she wore him down, and the insensible little brat was placed in a convent, first in France, then in Ireland. Not long afterwards the mother died, strangely enough, of fever, the only warmth, I believe, that ever came to that woman's body.

Misquith. Don't, Cayley!

Jayne. The child is living, we know.

Drummle. Yes, if you choose to call it living. Miss Tanqueray—a young woman of nineteen now—is in the Loretto convent at Armagh. She professes to have found her true vocation in a religious life, and within a month or two will take final vows.

Misquith. He ought to have removed his daughter from the convent when the mother died.

Drummle. Yes, yes, but absolutely at the end there was reconciliation between husband and wife, and she won his promise that the child should complete her conventual education. He reaped his reward. When he attempted to gain his girl's confidence and affection he was too late; he found he was dealing with the spirit of the mother. You remember his visit to Ireland last month?

Jayne. Yes.

Drummle. That was to wish his girl good-bye.

Misquith. Poor fellow!

Drummle. He sent for me when he came back. I think he must have had a lingering hope that the girl would relent—would come to life, as it were—at the last moment, for, for an hour or so, in this room, he was terribly shaken. I'm sure he'd clung to that hope from the persistent way in which he kept breaking off in his talk to repeat one dismal word, as if he couldn't realise his position without dinning this damned word into his head.

Jayne. What word was that?

Drummle. Alone—alone.

AUBREY enters.

Aubrey. A thousand apologies!

Drummle. [*Gaily.*] We are talking about you, my dear Aubrey.

[*During the telling of the story, MISQUITH has risen and gone to the fire, and DRUMMLE has thrown himself full-length on the sofa. AUBREY now joins MISQUITH and JAYNE.*]

Aubrey. Well, Cayley, are you surprised?

Drummle. Surp——! I haven't been surprised for twenty years.

Aubrey. And you're not angry with me?

Drummle. Angry! [*Rising.*] Because you considerately withhold the name of a lady with whom it is now the object of my life to become acquainted? My dear fellow, you pique my curiosity, you give zest to my existence! And as for a wedding, who on earth wants to attend that familiar and probably draughty function? Ugh! My cigar's out.

Aubrey. Let's talk about something else.

Misquith. [*Looking at his watch.*] Not to-night, Aubrey.

Aubrey. My dear Frank!

Misquith. I go up to Scotland to-morrow, and there are some little matters—

Jayne. I am off too.

Aubrey. No, no.

Jayne. I must: I have to give a look to a case in Clifford Street on my way home.

Aubrey. [*Going to the door.*] Well! [*MISQUITH and JAYNE exchange looks with DRUMMLE. Opening the door and calling.*] Morse, hats and coats! I shall write to you all next week from Genoa or Florence. Now, doctor, Frank, remember, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne!

MORSE enters with hats and coats.

Misquith and Jayne. Yes, yes—yes, yes.

Aubrey. And your young people!

[*As MISQUITH and JAYNE put on their coats there is the clatter of careless talk.*]

Jayne. Cayley, I meet you at dinner on Sunday.

Drummlc. At the Stratfields'. That's very pleasant.

Misquith. [*Putting on his coat with AUBREY'S aid.*] Ah-h!

Aubrey. What's wrong?

Misquith. A twinge. Why didn't I go to Aix in August?

Jayne. [*Shaking hands with DRUMMLE.*] Good-night, Cayley.

Drummlc. Good-night, my dear doctor!

Misquith. [*Shaking hands with DRUMMLE.*] Cayley, are you in town for long?

Drummlc. Dear friend, I'm nowhere for long. Good-night.

Misquith. Good-night.

[*AUBREY, JAYNE, and MISQUITH go out, followed by MORSE; the hum of talk is continued outside.*]

Aubrey. A cigar, Frank?

Misquith. No, thank you.

Aubrey. Going to walk, doctor?

Jayne. If Frank will.

Misquith. By all means.

Aubrey. It's a cold night.

[*The door is closed. DRUMMLE remains standing with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand.*

Drummle. [*To himself, thoughtfully.*] Now then! What the devil!— [AUBREY returns.

Aubrey. [*Eyeing DRUMMLE a little awkwardly.*] Well, Cayley?

Drummle. Well, Aubrey?

[AUBREY walks up to the fire and stands looking into it.

Aubrey. You're not going, old chap?

Drummle. [*Sitting.*] No.

Aubrey. [*After a slight pause, with a forced laugh.*] Hah! Cayley, I never thought I should feel—shy—with you.

Drummle. Why do you?

Aubrey. Never mind.

Drummle. Now, I can quite understand a man wishing to be married in the dark, as it were.

Aubrey. You can?

Drummle. In your place I should very likely adopt the same course.

Aubrey. You think so?

Drummle. And if I intended marrying a lady not prominently in society, as I presume you do—as I presume you do—

Aubrey. Well?

Drummle. As I presume you do, I'm not sure that I should tender her for preliminary dissection at afternoon tea-tables.

Aubrey. No?

Drummle. In fact, there is probably only one person—were I in your position to-night—with whom I should care to chat the matter over.

Aubrey. Who's that?

Drummle. Yourself, of course. [*Going to AUBREY*

and standing beside him] Of course, yourself, old friend.

Aubrey. [*After a pause.*] I must seem a brute to you, Cayley. But there are some acts which are hard to explain, hard to defend—

Drummle. To defend—

Aubrey. Some acts which one must trust to time to put right.

[*DRUMMLE watches him for a moment, then takes up his hat and coat.*

Drummle. Well, I'll be moving.

Aubrey. Cayley! Confound you and your old friendship! Do you think I forget it? Put your coat down! Why did you stay behind here? Cayley, the lady I am going to marry is the lady—who is known as—Mrs. Jarman. [*There is a pause.*

Drummle. [*In a low voice.*] Mrs. Jarman! are you serious?

[*He walks up to the fireplace, where he leans upon the mantelpiece uttering something like a groan.*

Aubrey. As you've got this out of me I give you leave to say all you care to say. Come, we'll be plain with each other. You know Mrs. Jarman?

Drummle. I first met her at—what does it matter?

Aubrey. Yes, yes, everything! Come!

Drummle. I met her at Homburg, two—three seasons ago.

Aubrey. Not as Mrs. Jarman?

Drummle. No.

Aubrey. She was then—?

Drummle. Mrs. Dartry.

Aubrey. Yes. She has also seen you in London, she says.

Drummle. Certainly.

Aubrey. In Alford Street. Go on.

Drummle. Please!

Aubrey. I insist.

Drummle. [*With a slight shrug of the shoulders.*] Some time last year I was asked by a man to sup at his house, one night after the theatre.

Aubrey. Mr Selwyn Ethurst—a bachelor.

Drummle. Yes.

Aubrey. You were surprised therefore to find Mr. Ethurst aided in his cursed hospitality by a lady.

Drummle. I was unprepared.

Aubrey. The lady you had known as Mrs. Dartry? [*DRUMMLE inclines his head silently.*] There is something of a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean too, is there not?

Drummle. I joined Peter Jarman's yacht at Marseilles, in the Spring, a month before he died.

Aubrey. Mrs. Jarman was on board?

Drummle. She was a kind hostess.

Aubrey. And an old acquaintance?

Drummle. Yes.

Aubrey. You have told your story.

Drummle. With your assistance.

Aubrey. I have put you to the pain of telling it to show you that this is not the case of a blind man entrapped by an artful woman. Let me add that Mrs. Jarman has no legal right to that name; that she is simply Miss Ray—Miss Paula Ray.

Drummle. [*After a pause.*] I should like to express my regret, Aubrey, for the way in which I spoke of George Orreyed's marriage.

Aubrey. You mean you compare Lady Orreyed with Miss Ray? [*DRUMMLE is silent.*] Oh, of course! To you, Cayley, all women who have been roughly treated, and who dare to survive by borrowing a little of our philosophy, are alike. You see in the crowd of the ill-used only one pattern; you can't detect the shades of goodness, intelligence, even nobility there. Well, how should you? The crowd is dimly lighted! And, besides, yours is the way of the world.

Drummle. My dear Aubrey, I *live* in the world.

Aubrey. The name we give our little parish of St. James's.

Drummle. [*Laying a hand on AUBREY's shoulder.*] And you are quite prepared, my friend, to forfeit the esteem of your little parish?

Aubrey. I avoid mortification by shifting from one

parish to another. I give up Pall Mall for the Surrey hills; leave off varnishing my boots, and double the thickness of the soles.

Drummle. And your skin—do you double the thickness of that also?

Aubrey. I know you think me a fool, Cayley—you needn't infer that I'm a coward into the bargain. No! I know what I'm doing, and I do it deliberately, defiantly. I'm alone: I injure no living soul by the step I'm going to take; and so you can't urge the one argument which might restrain me. Of course, I don't expect you to think compassionately, fairly even, of the woman whom I—whom I am drawn to—

Drummle. My dear Aubrey, I assure you I consider Mrs.—Miss Jarman—Mrs. Ray—Miss Ray—delightful. But I confess there is a form of chivalry which I gravely distrust, especially in a man of—our age.

Aubrey. Thanks. I've heard you say that from forty till fifty a man is at heart either a stoic or a satyr.

Drummle. [*Protestingly.*] Ah! now—

Aubrey. I am neither. I have a temperate, honourable affection for Mrs. Jarman. She has never met a man who has treated her well—I intend to treat her well. That's all. And in a few years, Cayley, if you've not quite forsaken me, I'll prove to you that it's possible to rear a life of happiness, of good repute, on a—miserable foundation.

Drummle. [*Offering his hand.*] Do prove it!

Aubrey. [*Taking his hand.*] We have spoken too freely of—of Mrs. Jarman. I was excited—angry. Please forget it!

Drummle. My dear Aubrey, when we next meet I shall remember nothing but my respect for the lady who bears your name.

MORSE *enters, closing the door behind him carefully.*

Aubrey. What is it?

Morse. [*Hesitatingly.*] May I speak to you, sir?
[*In an undertone.*] Mrs. Jarman, sir.

Aubrey. [*Softly to Morse.*] Mrs. Jarman! Do you mean she is at the lodge in her carriage?

Morse. No, sir—here. [*AUBREY looks toward DRUMMLE, perplexed.*] There's a nice fire in your—in that room, sir. [*Glancing in the direction of the door leading to the bedroom.*]

Aubrey. [*Between his teeth, angrily.*] Very well. [*MORSE retires.*]

Drummle. [*Looking at his watch.*] A quarter to eleven—horrible! [*Taking up his hat and coat.*] Must get to bed—up late every night this week. [*AUBREY assists DRUMMLE with his coat.*] Thank you. Well, good-night, Aubrey. I feel I've been dooced serious, quite out of keeping with myself; pray overlook it.

Aubrey. [*Kindly.*] Ah, Cayley!

Drummle. [*Putting on a neck-handkerchief.*] And remember that, after all, I'm merely a spectator in life; nothing more than a man at a play, in fact; only, like the old-fashioned playgoer, I love to see certain characters happy and comfortable at the finish. You understand?

Aubrey. I think I do.

Drummle. Then, for as long as you can, old friend, will you—keep a stall for me?

Aubrey. Yes, Cayley.

Drummle. [*Gaily.*] Ah, ha! Good-night! [*Bustling to the door.*] Don't bother! I'll let myself out! Good-night! God bless yer!

[*He goes out; AUBREY follows him. MORSE enters by the other door, carrying some unopened letters, which after a little consideration he places on the mantelpiece against the clock. AUBREY returns.*]

Aubrey. Yes?

Morse. You hadn't seen your letters that came by the nine o'clock post, sir; I've put 'em where they'll catch your eye by-and-bye.

Aubrey. Thank you.

Morse. [*Hesitatingly.*] Gunter's cook and waiter have gone, sir. Would you prefer me to go to bed?

Aubrey. [*Frowning.*] Certainly not.

Morse. Very well, sir. [*He goes out.*]

Aubrey. [*Opening the upper door.*] Paula! Paula!

[*PAULA enters and throws her arms round his neck. She is a young woman of about twenty-seven: beautiful, fresh, innocent-looking. She is in superb evening dress.*]

Paula. Dearest!

Aubrey. Why have you come here?

Paula. Angry?

Aubrey. Yes—no. But it's eleven o'clock.

Paula. [*Laughing.*] I know.

Aubrey. What on earth will Morse think?

Paula. Do you trouble yourself about what servants think?

Aubrey. Of course.

Paula. Goose! They're only machines made to wait upon people—and to give evidence in the Divorce Court. [*Looking round.*] Oh, indeed! A snug little dinner!

Aubrey. Three men.

Paula. [*Suspiciously.*] Men?

Aubrey. Men.

Paula. [*Penitently.*] Ah! [*Sitting at the table.*] I'm so hungry.

Aubrey. Let me get you some game pie, or some—

Paula. No, no, hungry for this. What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive. [*He clears a space on the table, places a plate before her, and helps her to fruit.*] I haven't dined, Aubrey dear.

Aubrey. My poor girl! Why?

Paula. In the first place, I forgot to order any dinner, and my cook, who has always loathed me, thought he'd pay me out before he departed.

Aubrey. The beast!

Paula. That's precisely what I—

Aubrey. No, Paula!

Paula. What I told my maid to call him. What next will you think of me?

Aubrey. Forgive me. You must be starved.

Paula. [*Eating fruit.*] I didn't care. As there was nothing to eat, I sat in my best frock, with my toes on the dining-room fender, and dreamt, oh, such a lovely dinner party.

Aubrey. Dear lonely little woman!

Paula. It was perfect. I saw you at the end of a very long table, opposite me, and we exchanged sly glances now and again over the flowers. We were host and hostess, Aubrey, and had been married about five years.

Aubrey. [*Kissing her hand.*] Five years.

Paula. And on each side of us was the nicest set imaginable—you know, dearest, the sort of men and women that can't be imitated.

Aubrey. Yes, yes. Eat some more fruit.

Paula. But I haven't told you the best part of my dream.

Aubrey. Tell me.

Paula. Well, although we had been married only such a few years, I seemed to know by the look on their faces that none of our guests had ever heard anything—anything—anything peculiar about the fascinating hostess.

Aubrey. That's just how it will be, Paula. The world moves so quickly. That's just how it will be.

Paula. [*With a little grimace.*] I wonder! [*Glancing at the fire.*] Ugh! Do throw another log on.

Aubrey. [*Mending the fire.*] There. But you mustn't be here long.

Paula. Hospitable wretch! I've something important to tell you. No, stay where you are. [*Turning from him, her face averted.*] Look here, that was my dream, Aubrey; but the fire went out while I was dozing, and I woke up with a regular fit of the shivers. And the result of it all was that I ran upstairs and scribbled you a letter.

Aubrey. Dear baby!

Paula. Remain where you are. [*Taking a letter from*

her pocket.] This is it. I've given you an account of myself, furnished you with a list of my adventures since I—you know. [*Weighing the letter in her hand.*] I wonder if it would go for a penny. Most of it you're acquainted with; *I've* told you a good deal, haven't I?

Aubrey. Oh, Paula!

Paula. What I haven't told you I dare say you've heard from others. But in case they've omitted anything—the dears—it's all here.

Aubrey. In Heaven's name, why must you talk like this to-night?

Paula. It may save discussion by-and-bye, don't you think? [*Holding out the letter.*] There you are.

Aubrey. No, dear, no.

Paula. Take it. [*He takes the letter.*] Read it through after I've gone, and then—read it again, and turn the matter over in your mind finally. And if, even at the very last moment, you feel you—oughtn't to go to church with me, send a messenger to Pont Street, any time before eleven to-morrow, telling me that you're afraid, and I—I'll take the blow.

Aubrey. Why, what—what do you think I am?

Paula. That's it. It's because I know you're such a dear good fellow that I want to save you the chance of ever feeling sorry you married me. I really love you so much, Aubrey, that to save you that, I'd rather you treated me as—as the others have done.

Aubrey. [*Turning from her with a cry.*] Oh!

Paula. [*After a slight pause.*] I suppose I've shocked you. I can't help it if I have.

[*She sits, with assumed languor and indifference. He turns to her, advances, and kneels by her.*]

Aubrey. My dearest, you don't understand me. I—I can't bear to hear you always talking about what's done with. I tell you I'll never remember it; Paula, can't you dismiss it? Try. Darling, if we promise each other to forget, to forget, we're bound to be happy.

After all, it's a mechanical matter; the moment a wretched thought enters your head, you quickly think of something bright—it depends on one's will. Shall I burn this, dear? [*Referring to the letter he holds in his hand.*] Let me, let me!

Paula. [*With a shrug of the shoulder.*] I don't suppose there's much that's new to you in it,—just as you like. [*He goes to the fire and burns the letter.*]

Aubrey. There's an end of it. [*Returning to her.*] What's the matter?

Paula. [*Rising, coldly.*] Oh, nothing! I'll go and put my cloak on.

Aubrey. [*Detaining her.*] What is the matter?

Paula. Well, I think you might have said, "You're very generous, Paula," or at least, "Thank you, dear," when I offered to set you free.

Aubrey. [*Catching her in his arms.*] Ah!

Paula. Ah! ah! Ha! ha! It's all very well, but you don't know what it cost me to make such an offer. I do so want to be married.

Aubrey. But you never imagined—?

Paula. Perhaps not. And yet I *did* think of what I'd do at the end of our acquaintance if you had preferred to behave like the rest.

[*Taking a flower from her bodice.*]

Aubrey. Hush!

Paula. Oh, I forgot!

Aubrey. What would you have done when we parted?

Paula. Why, killed myself.

Aubrey. Paula, dear!

Paula. It's true. [*Putting the flower in his button-hole.*] Do you know, I feel certain I should make away with myself if anything serious happened to me.

Aubrey. Anything serious! What, has nothing ever been serious to you, Paula?

Paula. Not lately; not since a long while ago. I made up my mind then to have done with taking things seriously. If I hadn't, I—— However, we won't talk about that.

Aubrey. But now, now, life will be different to you, won't it—quite different? Eh, dear?

Paula. Oh, yes, now. Only, Audrey, mind you keep me always happy.

Aubrey. I will try to.

Paula. I know I couldn't swallow a second big dose of misery. I know that if ever I felt wretched again—truly wretched—I should take a leaf out of Connie Tirlmont's book. You remember? They found her —— [*With a look of horror.*]

Aubrey. For God's sake, don't let your thoughts run on such things!

Paula. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, how scared you look! There, think of the time! Dearest, what will my coachman say? My cloak!

[*She runs off, gaily, by the upper door. AUBREY looks after her for a moment, then he walks up to the fire and stands warming his feet at the bars. As he does so he raises his head and observes the letters upon the mantelpiece. He takes one down quickly.*]

Aubrey. Ah! Ellean! [*Opening the letter and reading.*] "My dear father,—A great change has come over me. I believe my mother in Heaven has spoken to me, and counselled me to turn to you in your loneliness. At any rate, your words have reached my heart, and I no longer feel fittel for this solemn life. I am ready to take my place by you. Dear father, will you receive me?—ELLEAN."

PAULA re-enters, dressed in a handsome cloak. He stares at her as if he hardly realised her presence.

Paula. What are you staring at? Don't you admire my cloak?

Aubrey. Yes.

Paula. Couldn't you wait till I'd gone before reading your letters?

Aubrey. [*Putting the letter away.*] I beg your pardon.

Paula. Take me down-stairs to the carriage. [*Slipping her arm through his.*] How I tease you! Tomorrow! I'm so happy!

[*They go out.*]

THE SECOND ACT.

A morning-room in AUBREY TANQUERAY'S house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surrey—a bright and prettily furnished apartment of irregular shape, with double doors opening into a small hall at the back, another door on the left, and a large recessed window through which is obtained a view of extensive grounds. Everything about the room is charming and graceful. The fire is burning in the grate, and a small table is tastefully laid for breakfast. It is a morning in early spring, and the sun is streaming in through the window.

AUBREY and PAULA are seated at breakfast, and AUBREY is silently reading his letters. Two servants, a man and a woman, hand dishes and then retire. After a little while AUBREY puts his letters aside and looks across to the window.

Aubrey. Sunshine! Spring!

Paula. [Glancing at the clock.] Exactly six minutes.

Aubrey. Six minutes?

Paula. Six minutes, Aubrey dear, since you made your last remark.

Aubrey. I beg your pardon: I was reading my letters. Have you seen Ellean this morning?

Paula. [Coldly.] Your last observation but one was about Ellean.

Aubrey. Dearest, what shall I talk about?

Paula. Ellean breakfasted two hours ago, Morgan tells me, and then went out walking with her dog.

Aubrey. She wraps up warmly, I hope; this sunshine is deceptive.

Paula. I ran about the lawn last night, after dinner, in satin shoes. Were you anxious about me?

Aubrey. Certainly.

Paula. [Melting.] Really?

Aubrey. You make me wretchedly anxious; you delight in doing incautious things. You are incurable.

Paula. Ah, what a beast I am! [*Going to him and kissing him, then glancing at the letters by his side.*] A letter from Cayley?

Aubrey. He is staying very near here, with Mrs. — Very near here.

Paula. With the lady whose chimneys we have the honour of contemplating from our windows?

Aubrey. With Mrs. Cortelyon—yes.

Paula. Mrs. Cortelyon! The woman who might have set the example of calling on me when we first threw out roots in this deadly-lively soil! Deuce take Mrs. Cortelyon!

Aubrey. Hush! my dear girl!

Paula. [*Returning to her seat.*] Oh, I know she's an old acquaintance of yours—and of the first Mrs. Tanqueray. And she joins the rest of 'em in slapping the second Mrs. Tanqueray in the face. However, I have my revenge—she's six-and-forty, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any woman.

Aubrey. Well, she's going to town, Cayley says here, and his visit's at an end. He's coming over this morning to call on you. Shall we ask him to transfer himself to us? Do say yes.

Paula. Yes.

Aubrey. [*Gladly.*] Ah, ha! old Cayley.

Paula. [*Coldly.*] He'll amuse you.

Aubrey. And you too.

Paula. Because you find a companion, shall I be boisterously hilarious?

Aubrey. Come, come! He talks London, and you know you like that.

Paula. London! London or Heaven! which is farther from me!

Aubrey. Paula!

Paula. Oh! Oh, I am so bored, Aubrey!

Aubrey. [*Gathering up his letters and going to her, leaning over her shoulder.*] Baby, what can I do for you?

Paula. I suppose, nothing. You have done all you can for me.

Aubrey. What do you mean?

Paula. You have married me.

[He walks away from her thoughtfully, to the writing table. As he places his letters on the table he sees an addressed letter, stamped for the post, lying on the blotting-book; he picks it up.]

Aubrey. *[In an altered tone.]* You've been writing this morning before breakfast?

Paula. *[Looking at him quickly, then away again.]* Er—that letter.

Aubrey. *[With the letter in his hand.]* To Lady Orreyed. Why?

Paula. Why not? Mabel's an old friend of mine.

Aubrey. Are you—corresponding?

Paula. I heard from her yesterday. They've just returned from the Riviera. She seems happy.

Aubrey. *[Sarcastically.]* That's good news.

Paula. Why are you always so cutting about Mabel? She's a kind-hearted girl. Everything's altered; she even thinks of letting her hair go back to brown. She's Lady Orreyed. She's married to George. What's the matter with her?

Aubrey. *[Turning away.]* Oh!

Paula. You drive me mad sometimes with the tone you take about things! Great goodness, if you come to that, George Orreyed's wife isn't a bit worse than yours! *[He faces her suddenly.]* I suppose I needn't have made that observation.

Aubrey. No, there was scarcely a necessity.

[He throws the letter on to the table, and takes up the newspaper.]

Paula. I am very sorry.

Aubrey. All right, dear.

Paula. *[Trifling with the letter.]* I—I'd better tell you what I've written. I meant to do so, of course. I—I've asked the Orreyeds to come and stay with us.

[*He looks at her, and lets the paper fall to the ground in a helpless way.*] George was a great friend of Cayley's; I'm sure he would be delighted to meet them here.

Aubrey. [*Laughing mirthlessly.*] Ha, ha, ha! They say Orreyed has taken to tippling at dinner. Heavens above!

Paula. Oh! I've no patience with you! You'll kill me with this life! [*She selects some flowers from a vase on the table, cuts and arranges them, and fastens them in her bodice.*] What is my existence, Sunday to Saturday? In the morning, a drive down to the village, with the groom, to give my orders to the tradespeople. At lunch, you and Ellean. In the afternoon, a novel, the newspapers: if fine, another drive—if fine! Tea—you and Ellean. Then two hours of dusk; then dinner—you and Ellean. Then a game of Bésique, you and I, while Ellean reads a religious book in a dull corner. Then a yawn from me, another from you, a sigh from Ellean; three figures suddenly rise—"Good-night, good-night, good-night!" [*Imitating a kiss.*] "God bless you!" Ah!

Aubrey. Yes, yes, Paula—yes, dearest—that's what it is *now*. But, by-and-bye, if people begin to come round us —

Paula. Hah! That's where we've made the mistake, my friend Aubrey! [*Pointing to the window.*] Do you believe these people will *ever* come round us? Your former crony, Mrs. Cortelyon? Or the grim old vicar, or that wife of his whose huge nose is positively indecent? Or the Ullathornes, or the Gollans, or Lady William Petres? I know better! And when the young ones gradually take the place of the old, there will still remain the sacred tradition that the dreadful person who lives at the top of the hill is never, under any circumstances, to be called upon! And so we shall go on here, year in and year out, until the sap is run out of our lives, and we're stale and dry and withered from sheer, solitary respectability. Upon my word, I wonder we didn't see that we should have been far happier if we'd gone in for the devil-may-care, *café*-living sort of

life in town! After all, *I* have a set, and you might have joined it. It's true, I did want, dearly, dearly, to be a married woman, but where's the pride in being a married woman among married women who are—married! If— [*Seeing that AUBREY's head has sunk into his hands.*] Aubrey! My dear boy! You're not—crying?

[*He looks up, with a flushed face. ELLEAN enters, dressed very simply for walking. She is a low-voiced, grave girl of about nineteen, with a face somewhat resembling a Madonna. Towards PAULA her manner is cold and distant.*

Aubrey. [*In an undertone.*] Ellean!

Ellean. Good-morning, papa. Good-morning, Paula.

[*PAULA puts her arms round ELLEAN and kisses her. ELLEAN makes little response.*

Paula. Good-morning. [*Brightly.*] We've been breakfasting this side of the house, to get the sun.

[*She sits at the piano and rattles at a gay melody. Seeing that PAULA's back is turned to them, ELLEAN goes to AUBREY and kisses him; he returns the kiss almost furtively. As they separate, the servants re-enter, and proceed to carry out the breakfast table.*

Aubrey. [*To ELLEAN.*] I guess where you've been: there's some gorse clinging to your frock.

Ellean. [*Removing a sprig of gorse from her skirt.*] Rover and I walked nearly as far as Black Moor. The poor fellow has a thorn in his pad; I am going up-stairs for my tweezers.

Aubrey. Ellean! [*She returns to him.*] Paula is a little depressed—out of sorts. She complains that she has no companion.

Ellean. I am with Paula nearly all the day, papa.

Aubrey. Ah, but you're such a little mouse. Paula likes cheerful people about her.

Ellean. I'm afraid I am naturally rather silent; and it's so difficult to seem to be what one is not.

Aubrey. I don't wish that, Ellean.

Ellean. I will offer to go down to the village with Paula this morning—shall I?

Aubrey. [*Touching her hand gently.*] Thank you—do.

Ellean. When I've looked after Rover, I'll come back to her.

[*She goes out; PAULA ceases playing, and turns on the music-stool, looking at AUBREY.*]

Paula. Well, have you and Ellean had your little confidence?

Aubrey. Confidence?

Paula. Do you think I couldn't feel it, like a pain between my shoulders?

Aubrey. Ellean is coming back in a few minutes to be with you. [*Bending over her.*] Paula, Paula dear, is this how you keep your promise?

Paula. Oh! [*Rising impatiently, and crossing swiftly to the settee, where she sits, moving restlessly.*] I can't keep my promise; I am jealous; it won't be smothered. I see you looking at her, watching her; your voice drops when you speak to her. I know how fond you are of that girl, Aubrey.

Aubrey. What would you have? I've no other home for her. She is my daughter.

Paula. She is your saint. Saint Ellean!

Aubrey. You have often told me how good and sweet you think her.

Paula. Good!—yes! Do you imagine that makes me less jealous? [*Going to him and clinging to his arm.*] Aubrey, there are two sorts of affection—the love for a woman you respect, and the love for the woman you—love. She gets the first from you: I never can.

Aubrey. Hush, hush! you don't realise what you say.

Paula. If Ellean cared for me only a little, it would be different. I shouldn't be jealous then. Why doesn't she care for me?

Aubrey. She—she—she will, in time.

Paula. You can't say that without stuttering.

Aubrey. Her disposition seems a little unresponsive; she resembles her mother in many ways; I can see it every day.

Paula. She's marble. It's a shame. There's not the slightest excuse; for all she knows, I'm as much a saint as she—only married. Dearest, help me to win her over!

Aubrey. Help you?

Paula. You can. Teach her that it is her duty to love me; she hangs on to every word you speak. I'm sure, Aubrey, that the love of a nice woman who believed me to be like herself would do me a world of good. You'd get the benefit of it as well as I. It would soothe me; it would make me less horribly restless; it would take this—this—mischievous feeling from me. [*Coaxingly.*] Aubrey!

Aubrey. Have patience; everything will come right.

Paula. Yes, if you help me.

Aubrey. In the meantime you will tear up your letter to Lady Orreyed, won't you?

Paula. [*Kissing his hand.*] Of course I will—anything!

Aubrey. Ah, thank you, dearest! [*Laughing.*] Why, good gracious!—ha, ha!—just imagine "Saint Ellean" and that woman side by side!

Paula. [*Going back with a cry.*] Ah!

Aubrey. What?

Paula. [*Passionately.*] It's Ellean you're considering, not me? It's all Ellean with you! Ellean! Ellean!

ELLEAN *re-enters.*

Ellean. Did you call me, Paula? [*Clenching his hands, AUBREY turns away and goes out.*] Is papa angry?

Paula. I drive him distracted sometimes. There, I confess it!

Ellean. Do you? Oh, why do you?

Paula. Because I—because I'm jealous.

Ellean. Jealous?

Paula. Yes—of you. [*ELLEAN is silent.*] Well, what do you think of that?

Ellean. I knew it; I've seen it. It hurts me dreadfully. What do you wish me to do? Go away?

Paula. Leave us! [*Beckoning her with a motion of the head.*] Look here! [*ELLEAN goes to PAULA slowly and unresponsively.*] You could cure me of my jealousy very easily. Why don't you—like me?

Ellean. What do you mean by—like you? I don't understand.

Paula. Love me.

Ellean. Love is not a feeling that is under one's control. I shall alter as time goes on, perhaps. I didn't begin to love my father deeply till a few months ago, and then I obeyed my mother.

Paula. Ah, yes, you dream things, don't you—see them in your sleep? You fancy your mother speaks to you?

Ellean. When you have lost your mother it is a comfort to believe that she is dead only to this life, that she still watches over her child. I do believe that of my mother.

Paula. Well, and so you haven't been bidden to love me?

Ellean. [*After a pause, almost inaudibly.*] No.

Paula. Dreams are only a hash-up of one's day-thoughts, I suppose you know. Think intently of anything, and it's bound to come back to you at night. I don't cultivate dreams myself.

Ellean. Ah, I knew you would only sneer!

Paula. I'm not sneering; I'm speaking the truth. I say that if you cared for me in the daytime I should soon make friends with those nightmares of yours. Ellean, why don't you try to look on me as your second mother? Of course there are not many years between us, but I'm ever so much older than you—in experience. I shall have no children of my own, I know that; it

would be a real comfort to me if you would make me feel we belonged to each other. Won't you? Perhaps you think I'm odd—not nice. Well, the fact is I've two sides to my nature, and I've let the one almost smother the other. A few years ago I went through some trouble, and since then I haven't shed a tear. I believe if you put your arms round me just once I should run up-stairs and have a good cry. There, I've talked to you as I've never talked to a woman in my life. Ellean, you seem to fear me. Don't! Kiss me!

[With a cry, almost of despair, ELLEAN turns from PAULA and sinks on to the settee, covering her face with her hands.]

Paula. [Indignantly.] Oh! Why is it! How dare you treat me like this? What do you mean by it? What do you mean?

A SERVANT enters.

Servant. Mr. Drummle, ma'am.

CAYLEY DRUMMLE, *in riding-dress, enters briskly.*

The SERVANT retires.

Paula. [Recovering herself.] Well, Cayley!

Drummle. [Shaking hands with her cordially.] How are you? *[Shaking hands with ELLEAN, who rises.]* I saw you in the distance an hour ago, in the gorse near Stapleton's.

Ellean. I didn't see you, Mr. Drummle.

Drummle. My dear Ellean, it is my experience that no charming young lady of nineteen ever does see a man of forty-five. *[Laughing.]* Ha, Ha!

Ellean. [Going to the door.] Paula, papa wishes me to drive down to the village with you this morning. Do you care to take me?

Paula. [Coldly.] Oh, by all means. Pray tell Watts to balance the cart for three. *[ELLEAN goes out.]*

Drummle. How's Aubrey?

Paula. Very well—when Ellean's about the house.

Drummle. And you? I needn't ask.

Paula. [*Walking away to the window.*] Oh, a dog's life, my dear Cayley, mine.

Drummle. Eh?

Paula. Doesn't that define a happy marriage? I'm sleek, well-kept, well-fed, never without a bone to gnaw and fresh straw to lie upon. [*Gazing out of the window.*] Oh, dear me!

Drummle. H'm! Well, I heartily congratulate you on your kennel. The view from the terrace here is superb.

Paula. Yes; I can see London.

Drummle. London! Not quite so far, surely?

Paula. I can. Also the Mediterranean, on a fine day. I wonder what Algiers looks like this morning from the sea! [*Impulsively.*] Oh, Cayley, do you remember those jolly times on board Peter Jarman's yacht when we lay off—? [*Stopping suddenly, seeing DRUMMLE staring at her.*] Good gracious! What are we talking about!

AUBREY enters.

Aubrey. [*To DRUMMLE.*] Dear old chap! Has Paula asked you?

Paula. Not yet.

Aubrey. We want you to come to us, now that you're leaving Mrs. Cortelyon—at once, to-day. Stay a month, as long as you please—eh, Paula?

Paula. As long as you can possibly endure it—do, Cayley.

Drummle. [*Looking at AUBREY.*] Delighted. [*To PAULA.*] Charming of you to have me.

Paula. My dear man, you're a blessing. I must telegraph to London for more fish! A strange appetite to cater for! Something to do, to do, to do!

[*She goes out in a mood of almost childish delight.*]

Drummle. [Eyeing AUBREY.] Well?

Aubrey. [With a wearied anxious look.] Well, Cayley?

Drummle. How are you getting on?

Aubrey. My position doesn't grow less difficult. I told you, when I met you last week, of this feverish, jealous attachment of Paula's for Ellean?

Drummle. Yes. I hardly know why, but I came to the conclusion that you don't consider it an altogether fortunate attachment.

Aubrey. Ellean doesn't respond to it.

Drummle. These are early days. Ellean will warm towards your wife by-and-bye.

Aubrey. Ah, but there's the question, Cayley!

Drummle. What question?

Aubrey. The question which positively distracts me. Ellean is so different from—most women; I don't believe a purer creature exists out of heaven. And I—I ask myself, am I doing right in exposing her to the influence of poor Paula's light, careless nature?

Drummle. My dear Aubrey!

Aubrey. That shocks you! So it does me. I assure you I long to urge my girl to break down the reserve which keeps her apart from Paula, but somehow I can't do it—well, I don't do it. How can I make you understand? But when you come to us you'll understand quickly enough. Cayley, there's hardly a subject you can broach on which poor Paula hasn't some strange, out-of-the-way thought to give utterance to; some curious, warped notion. They are not mere worldly thoughts—unless, good God! they belong to the little hellish world which our blackguardism has created: no, her ideas have too little calculation in them to be called worldly. But it makes it the more dreadful that such thoughts should be ready, spontaneous; that expressing them has become a perfectly natural process; that her words, acts even, have almost lost their proper significance for her, and seem beyond her control. Ah, and the pain of listening to it all from the woman one loves,

the woman one hoped to make happy and contented, who is really and truly a good woman, as it were, maimed! Well, this is my burden, and I shouldn't speak to you of it but for my anxiety about Ellean. Ellean! What is to be her future? It is in my hands; what am I to do? Cayley, when I remember how Ellean comes to me, from another world I always think,—when I realise the charge that's laid on me, I find myself wishing, in a sort of terror, that my child were safe under the ground!

Drummle. My dear Aubrey, aren't you making a mistake?

Aubrey. Very likely. What is it?

Drummle. A mistake, not in regarding your Ellean as an angel, but in believing that, under any circumstances, it would be possible for her to go through life without getting her white robe—shall we say, a little dusty at the hem? Don't take me for a cynic. I am sure there are many women upon earth who are almost divinely innocent; but being on earth, they must send their robes to the laundry occasionally. Ah, and it's right that they should have to do so, for what can they learn from the checking of their little washing-bills but lessons of charity? Now I see but two courses open to you for the disposal of your angel.

Aubrey. Yes?

Drummle. You must either restrict her to a paradise which is, like every earthly paradise, necessarily somewhat imperfect, or treat her as an ordinary flesh-and-blood young woman, and give her the advantages of that society to which she properly belongs.

Aubrey. Advantages?

Drummle. My dear Aubrey, of all forms of innocence mere ignorance is the least admirable. Take my advice, let her walk and talk and suffer and be healed with the great crowd. Do it, and hope that she'll some day meet a good, honest fellow who'll make her life complete, happy, secure. Now you see what I'm driving at.

Aubrey. A sanguine programme, my dear Cayley!

Oh, I'm not pooh-poohing it. Putting sentiment aside, of course I know that a fortunate marriage for Ellean would be the best—perhaps the only—solution of my difficulty. But you forget the danger of the course you suggest.

Drummle. Danger?

Aubrey. If Ellean goes among men and women, how can she escape from learning, sooner or later, the history of—poor Paula's—old life?

Drummle. H'm! You remember the episode of the Jeweller's Son in the Arabian Nights? Of course you don't. Well, if your daughter lives, she *can't* escape—what you're afraid of. [*AUBREY gives a half-stifled exclamation of pain.*] And when she does hear the story, surely it would be better that she should have some knowledge of the world to help her to understand it.

Aubrey. To understand!

Drummle. To understand, to—philosophise.

Aubrey. To philosophise?

Drummle. Philosophy is toleration, and it is only one step from toleration to forgiveness.

Aubrey. You're right, Cayley; I believe you always are. Yes, yes. But, even if I had the courage to attempt to solve the problem of Ellean's future in this way, I—I'm helpless.

Drummle. How?

Aubrey. What means have I now of placing my daughter in the world I've left?

Drummle. Oh, some friend—some woman friend.

Aubrey. I have none; they're gone.

Drummle. You're wrong there; I know one—

Aubrey. [*Listening.*] That's Paula's cart. Let's discuss this again.

Drummle. [*Going up to the window and looking out.*] It isn't the dog-cart. [*Turning to AUBREY.*] I hope you'll forgive me, old chap.

Aubrey. What for?

Drummle. Whose wheels do you think have been cutting ruts in your immaculate drive?

A SERVANT enters.

Servant. [To AUBREY.] Mrs. Cortelyon, sir.

Aubrey. Mrs. Cortelyon! [*After a short pause.*] Very well. [*The SERVANT withdraws.*] What on earth is the meaning of this?

Drummle. Ahem! While I've been our old friend's guest, Aubrey, we have very naturally talked a good deal about you and yours.

Aubrey. Indeed, have you?

Drummle. Yes; and Alice Cortelyon has arrived at the conclusion that it would have been far kinder had she called on Mrs. Tanqueray long ago. She's going abroad for Easter before settling down in London for the season, and I believe she has come over this morning to ask for Ellean's companionship.

Aubrey. Oh, I see! [*Frowning.*] Quite a friendly little conspiracy, my dear Cayley!

Drummle. Conspiracy! Not at all, I assure you. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!

[ELLEAN enters from the hall with MRS. CORTELYON, a handsome, good-humoured, spirited woman of about forty-five.]

Ellean. Papa—

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To AUBREY, shaking hands with him heartily.] Well, Aubrey, how are you? I've just been telling this great girl of yours that I knew her when she was a sad-faced, pale baby. How is Mrs. Tanqueray? I have been a bad neighbour, and I'm here to beg forgiveness. Is she indoors?

Aubrey. She's up-stairs putting on a hat, I believe.

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Sitting comfortably.*] Ah! [*She looks round: DRUMMLE and ELLEAN are talking together in the hall.*] We used to be very frank with each other, Aubrey. I suppose the old footing is no longer possible, eh?

Aubrey. If so, I'm not entirely to blame, Mrs. Cortelyon.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Mrs. Cortelyon? H'm! No, I admit it. But you must make some little allowance for me, *Mr. Tanqueray*. Your first wife and I, as girls, were like two cherries on one stalk, and then I was the confidential friend of your married life. That post, perhaps, wasn't altogether a sinecure. And now—well, when a woman gets to my age I suppose she's a stupid, prejudiced, conventional creature. However, I've got over it and—[*giving him her hand*—I hope you'll be enormously happy and let me be a friend once more.

Aubrey. Thank you, Alice.

Mrs. Cortelyon. That's right. I feel more cheerful than I've done for weeks. But I suppose it would serve me right if the second Mrs. Tanqueray showed me the door. Do you think she will?

Aubrey. [*Listening.*] Here is my wife. [*MRS. CORTELYON rises, and PAULA enters, dressed for driving; she stops abruptly on seeing MRS. CORTELYON.*] Paula, dear, Mrs. Cortelyon has called to see you.

[*PAULA starts, looks at MRS. CORTELYON irresolutely, then after a slight pause barely touches MRS. CORTELYON'S extended hand.*

Paula. [*Whose manner now alternates between deliberate insolence and assumed sweetness.*] Mrs. —? What name, Aubrey?

Aubrey. Mrs. Cortelyon.

Paula. Cortelyon? Oh, yes. Cortelyon.

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Carefully guarding herself throughout against any expression of resentment.*] Aubrey ought to have told you that Alice Cortelyon and he are very old friends.

Paula. Oh, very likely he has mentioned the circumstance. I have quite a wretched memory.

Mrs. Cortelyon. You know we are neighbours, Mrs. Tanqueray.

Paula. Neighbours? Are we really? Won't you sit down? [*They both sit.*] Neighbours! That's most interesting!

Mrs. Cortelyon. Very near neighbours. You can see my roof from your windows.

Paula. I fancy I *have* observed a roof. But you have been away from home; you have only just returned.

Mrs. Cortelyon. I? What makes you think that?

Paula. Why, because it is two months since we came to Highercoombe, and I don't remember your having called.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Your memory is now terribly accurate. No, I've not been away from home, and it is to explain my neglect that I am here, rather unceremoniously, this morning.

Paula. Oh, to explain—quite so. [*With mock solicitude.*] Ah, you've been very ill; I ought to have seen that before.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Ill!

Paula. You look dreadfully pulled down. We poor women show illness so plainly in our faces, don't we?

Aubrey. [*Anxiously.*] Paula dear, Mrs. Cortelyon is the picture of health.

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*With some asperity.*] I have never felt better in my life.

Paula. [*Looking round innocently.*] Have I said anything awkward? Aubrey, tell Mrs. Cortelyon how stupid and thoughtless I always am!

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*To DRUMMLE, who is now standing close to her.*] Really, Cayley—! [*He soothes her with a nod and smile and a motion of his finger to his lip.*] Mrs. Tanqueray, I am afraid my explanation will not be quite so satisfactory as either of those you have just helped me to. You may have heard—but, if you have heard, you have doubtless forgotten—that twenty years ago, when your husband first lived here, I was a constant visitor at Highercoombe.

Paula. Twenty years ago—fancy! I was a naughty little child then.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Possibly. Well, at that time, and till the end of her life, my affections were centred upon the lady of this house.

Paula. Were they? That was very sweet of you.

[ELLEAN *approaches* MRS. CORTELYON, *listening intently to her.*

Mrs. Cortelyon. I will say no more on that score, but I must add this: when, two months ago, you came here, I realised, perhaps for the first time, that I was a middle-aged woman, and that it had become impossible for me to accept without some effort a breaking-in upon many tender associations. There, Mrs. Tanqueray, that is my confession. Will you try to understand it and pardon me?

Paula. [Watching ELLEAN,—*sneeringly.*] Ellean dear, you appear to be very interested in Mrs. Cortelyon's reminiscences; I don't think I can do better than make you my mouthpiece—there is such sympathy between us. What do you say—can we bring ourselves to forgive Mrs. Cortelyon for neglecting us for two weary months?

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To ELLEAN, *pleasantly*] Well, Ellean? [With a little cry of tenderness ELLEAN *impulsively sits beside* MRS. CORTELYON *and takes her hand.*] My dear child!

Paula. [In an undertone to AUBREY.] Ellean isn't so very slow in taking to Mrs. Cortelyon!

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To PAULA and AUBREY.] Come, this encourages me to broach my scheme. Mrs. Tanqueray, it strikes me that you two good people are just now excellent company for each other, while Ellean would perhaps be glad of a little peep into the world you are anxious to avoid. Now, I'm going to Paris to-morrow for a week or two before settling down in Chester Square, so—don't gasp, both of you!—if this girl is willing, and you have made no other arrangements for her, will you let her come with me to Paris, and afterwards remain with me in town during the season? [ELLEAN *utters an exclamation of surprise.* PAULA *is silent.*] What do you say?

Aubrey. Paula—Paula dear. [Hesitatingly.] My dear Mrs. Cortelyon, this is wonderfully kind of you; I am really at a loss to—eh, Cayley?

Drummle. [*Watching PAULA apprehensively.*] Kind! Now I must say I don't think so! I begged Alice to take *me* to Paris, and she declined. I am thrown over for Ellean! Ha! ha!

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Laughing.*] What nonsense you talk, Cayley!

[*The laughter dies out. PAULA remains quite still.*]

Aubrey. Paula dear.

Paula. [*Slowly collecting herself.*] One moment. I—I don't quite— [*To MRS. CORTELYON.*] You propose that Ellean leaves Highercoombe almost at once, and remains with you some months?

Mrs. Cortelyon. It would be a mercy to me. You can afford to be generous to a desolate old widow. Come, Mrs. Tanqueray, won't you spare her?

Paula. Won't I spare her. [*Suspiciously.*] Have you mentioned your plan to Aubrey—before I came in?

Mrs. Cortelyon. No; I had no opportunity.

Paula. Nor to Ellean?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Oh, no.

Paula. [*Looking about her in suppressed excitement.*] This hasn't been discussed at all, behind my back?

Mrs. Cortelyon. My dear Mrs. Tanqueray!

Paula. Ellean, let us hear your voice in the matter!

Ellean. I should like to go with Mrs. Cortelyon—

Paula. Ah!

Ellean. That is, if—if—

Paula. If—what?

Ellean. [*Looking towards AUBREY, appealingly.*] Papa!

Paula. [*In a hard voice.*] Oh, of course—I forgot. [*To AUBREY.*] My dear Aubrey, it rests with you, naturally, whether I am—to lose—Ellean.

Aubrey. Lose Ellean! [*Advancing to PAULA.*] There is no question of losing Ellean. You would see Ellean in town constantly when she returned from Paris; isn't that so, Mrs. Cortelyon?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Certainly.

Paula. [*Laughing softly.*] Oh, I didn't know I should be allowed that privilege.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Privilege, my dear Mrs. Tanqueray!

Paula. Ha, ha! that makes all the difference, doesn't it?

Aubrey. [*With assumed gaiety.*] All the difference? I should think so! [*To ELLEAN, laying his hand upon her head tenderly.*] And you are quite certain you wish to see what the world is like on the other side of Black Moor!

Ellean. If you are willing, papa, I am quite certain.

Aubrey. [*Looking at PAULA irresolutely, then speaking with an effort.*] Then I—I am willing.

Paula. [*Rising and striking the table lightly with her clenched hand.*] That decides it! [*There is a general movement. Excitedly to MRS. CORTELYON, who advances towards her.*] When do you want her?

Mrs. Cortelyon. We go to town this afternoon at five o'clock, and sleep to-night at Bayliss's. There is barely time for her to make her preparations.

Paula. I will undertake that she is ready.

Mrs. Cortelyon. I've a great deal to scramble through at home too, as you may guess. Good-bye!

Paula. [*Turning away.*] Mrs. Cortelyon is going.

[*PAULA stands looking out of the window, with her back to those in the room.*]

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*To DRUMMLE.*] Cayley—

Drummle. [*To her.*] Eh?

Mrs. Cortelyon. I've gone through it, for the sake of Aubrey and his child, but I—I feel a hundred. Is that a mad-woman?

Drummle. Of course; all jealous women are mad.

[*He goes out with AUBREY.*]

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Hesitatingly, to PAULA.*] Good-bye, Mrs. Tanqueray.

[*PAULA inclines her head with the slightest possible movement, then resumes her former position. ELLEAN comes from the hall and takes MRS. CORTELYON out of the room. After a brief silence, PAULA turns with a*

fierce cry, and hurriedly takes off her coat and hat, and tosses them upon the settee.

Paula. Who's that? Oh! Oh! Oh!

[She drops into the chair as AUBREY returns; he stands looking at her.]

Aubrey. I—you have altered your mind about going out?

Paula. Yes. Please to ring the bell.

Aubrey. *[Touching the bell.]* You are angry about Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean. Let me try to explain my reasons—

Paula. Be careful what you say to me just now! I have never felt like this—except once—in my life. Be careful what you say to me!

A SERVANT enters.

Paula. *[Rising.]* Is Watts at the door with the cart?

Servant. Yes, ma'am.

Paula. Tell him to drive down to the post-office directly with this.

[Picking up the letter which has been lying upon the table.]

Aubrey. With that?

Paula. Yes. My letter to Lady Orreyed.

[Giving the letter to the SERVANT, who goes out.]

Aubrey. Surely you don't wish me to countermand any order of yours to a servant? Call the man back—take the letter from him!

Paula. I have not the slightest intention of doing so.

Aubrey. I must, then. *[Going to the door. She snatches up her hat and coat and follows him.]* What are you going to do?

Paula. If you stop that letter, I walk out of the house.

[He hesitates, then leaves the door.]

Aubrey. I am right in believing that to be the letter

inviting George Orreyed and his wife to stay here, am I not?

Paula. Oh, yes—quite right.

Aubrey. Let it go; I'll write to him by-and-bye.

Paula. [*Facing him.*] You dare!

Aubrey. Hush, Paula!

Paula. Insult me again and, upon my word, I'll go straight out of the house!

Aubrey. Insult you?

Paula. Insult me! What else is it? My God! what else is it? What do you mean by taking Ellean from me?

Aubrey. Listen—!

Paula. Listen to *me*! And how do you take her? You pack her off in the care of a woman who has deliberately held aloof from me, who's thrown mud at me! Yet this Cortelyon creature has only to put foot here once to be entrusted with the charge of the girl you know I dearly want to keep near me!

Aubrey. Paula dear! hear me—!

Paula. Ah! of course, of course! I can't be so useful to your daughter as such people as this; and so I'm to be given the go-by for any town friend of yours who turns up and chooses to patronise us! Hah! Very well, at any rate, as you take Ellean from me you justify my looking for companions where I can most readily find 'em.

Aubrey. You wish me to fully appreciate your reason for sending that letter to Lady Orreyed?

Paula. Precisely—I do.

Aubrey. And could you, after all, go back to associates of that order? It's not possible!

Paula. [*Mockingly.*] What, not after the refining influence of these intensely respectable surroundings? [*Going to the door.*] We'll see!

Aubrey. Paula!

Paula. [*Violently.*] We'll see!

[*She goes out. He stands still looking after her.*]

THE THIRD ACT.

The drawing-room at "Highercoombe." Facing the spectator are two large French windows, sheltered by a verandah, leading into the garden; on the right is a door opening into a small hall. The fireplace, with a large mirror above it, is on the left-hand side of the room, and higher up in the same wall are double doors recessed. The room is richly furnished, and everything betokens taste and luxury. The windows are open, and there is moonlight in the garden.

LADY ORREYED, a pretty, affected doll of a woman, with a mincing voice and flaxen hair, is sitting on the ottoman, her head resting against the drum, and her eyes closed. PAULA, looking pale, worn, and thoroughly unhappy, is sitting at a table. Both are in sumptuous dinner-gowns.

Lady Orreyed. [Opening her eyes.] Well, I never! I dropped off! *[Feeling her hair.]* Just fancy! Where are the men?

Paula. [Icily.] Outside, smoking.

[A SERVANT enters with coffee, which he hands to LADY ORREYED. SIR GEORGE ORREYED comes in by the window. He is a man of about thirty-five, with a low forehead, a receding chin, a vacuous expression, and an ominous redness about the nose.]

Lady Orreyed. [Taking coffee.] Here's Dodo.

Sir George. I say, the flies under the verandah make you swear. *[The SERVANT hands coffee to PAULA, who declines it, then to SIR GEORGE, who takes a cup.]* Hi! wait a bit! *[He looks at the tray searchingly, then puts back his cup.]* Never mind. *[Quietly to LADY ORREYED.]* I say, they're dooced sparin' with their liqueur, ain't they?

[The servant goes out at window.]

Paula. [To SIR GEORGE.] Won't you take coffee, George?

Sir George. No, thanks. It's gettin' near time for a whiskey and potass. [*Approaching PAULA, regarding LADY ORREYED admiringly.*] I say, Birdie looks rippin' to-night, don't she?

Paula. Your wife?

Sir George. Yaas—Birdie.

Paula. Rippin'?

Sir George. Yaas.

Paula. Quite—quite rippin'.

[*He moves round to the settee. PAULA watches him with distaste, then rises and walks away.*

SIR GEORGE falls asleep on the settee.

Lady Orreyed. Paula love, I fancied you and Aubrey were a little more friendly at dinner. You haven't made it up, have you?

Paula. We? Oh, no. We speak before others, that's all.

Lady Orreyed. And how long do you intend to carry on this game, dear?

Paula. [*Turning away impatiently.*] I really can't tell you.

Lady Orreyed. Sit down, old girl; don't be so fidgety. [*PAULA sits on the upper seat of the ottoman, with her back to LADY ORREYED.*] Of course, it's my duty, as an old friend, to give you a good talking-to—[*PAULA glares at her suddenly and fiercely*—but really I've found one gets so many smacks in the face through interfering in matrimonial squabbles that I've determined to drop it.

Paula. I think you're wise.

Lady Orreyed. However, I must say that I do wish you'd look at marriage in a more solemn light—just as I do, in fact. It is such a beautiful thing—marriage, and if people in our position don't respect it, and set a good example by living happily with their husbands, what can you expect from the middle classes? When did this sad state of affairs between you and Aubrey actually begin?

Paula. Actually, a fortnight and three days ago; I haven't calculated the minutes.

Lady Orreyed. A day or two before Dodo and I turned up—arrived.

Paula. Yes. One always remembers one thing by another; we left off speaking to each other the morning I wrote asking you to visit us.

Lady Orreyed. Lucky for you I was able to pop down, wasn't it, dear?

Paula. [*Glaring at her again.*] Most fortunate.

Lady Orreyed. A serious split with your husband without a pal on the premises—I should say, without a friend in the house—would be most unpleasant.

Paula. [*Turning to her abruptly.*] This place must be horribly doleful for you and George just now. At least you ought to consider him before me. Why didn't you leave me to my difficulties?

Lady Orreyed. Oh, we're quite comfortable, dear, thank you—both of us. George and me are so wrapped up in each other, it doesn't matter where we are. I don't want to crow over you, old girl, but I've got a perfect husband.

[SIR GEORGE is now fast asleep, his head thrown back and his mouth open, looking hideous.]

Paula. [*Glancing at SIR GEORGE.*] So you've given me to understand.

Lady Orreyed. Not that we don't have our little differences. Why, we fell out only this very morning. You remember the diamond and ruby tiara Charley Prestwick gave poor dear Connie Tirlemont years ago, don't you?

Paula. No, I do not.

Lady Orreyed. No? Well, it's in the market. Benjamin of Piccadilly has got it in his shop window, and I've set my heart on it.

Paula. You consider it quite necessary?

Lady Orreyed. Yes; because what I say to Dodo is this—a lady of my station must smother herself with

hair ornaments. It's different with you, love—people don't look for so much blaze from you, but I've got rank to keep up; haven't I?

Paula. Yes.

Lady Orreyed. Well, that was the cause of the little set-to between I and Dodo this morning. He broke two chairs, he was in such a rage. I forgot they're your chairs; do you mind?

Paula. No.

Lady Orreyed. You know, poor Dodo can't lose his temper without smashing something; if it isn't a chair, it's a mirror; if it isn't that, it's china—a bit of Dresden for choice. Dear old pet! he loves a bit of Dresden when he's furious. He doesn't really throw things at me, dear; he simply lifts them up and drops them, like a gentleman. I expect our room upstairs will look rather wrecky before I get that tiara.

Paula. Excuse the suggestion; perhaps your husband can't afford it.

Lady Orreyed. Oh, how dreadfully changed you are, Paula! Dodo can always mortgage something, or borrow of his ma. What is coming to you!

Paula. Ah! [*She sits at the piano and touches the keys.*]

Lady Orreyed. Oh, yes, do play! That's the one thing I envy you for.

Paula. What shall I play?

Lady Orreyed. What was that heavenly piece you gave us last night, dear?

Paula. A bit of Schubert. Would you like to hear it again?

Lady Orreyed. You don't know any comic songs, do you?

Paula. I'm afraid not.

Lady Orreyed. I leave it to you.

[*PAULA plays. AUBREY and CAYLEY DRUM-
MLE appear outside the window; they look
into the room.*]

Aubrey. [*To DRUMMLE.*] You can see her face in that mirror. Poor girl, how ill and wretched she looks.

Drummle. When are the Orreyeds going?

Aubrey. Heaven knows! [*Entering the room.*]

Drummle. But you're entertaining them; what's it to do with heaven? [*Following AUBREY.*]

Aubrey. Do you know, Cayley, that even the Orreyeds serve a useful purpose? My wife actually speaks to me before our guests—think of that! I've come to rejoice at the presence of the Orreyeds!

Drummle. I dare say; we're taught that beetles are sent for a benign end.

Aubrey. Cayley, talk to Paula again to-night.

Drummle. Certainly, if I get the chance.

Aubrey. Let's contrive it. George is asleep; perhaps I can get that doll out of the way. [*As they advance into the room, PAULA abruptly ceases playing and finds interest in a volume of music. SIR GEORGE is now nodding and snoring apoplectically.*] Lady Orreyed, when ever you feel inclined for a game of billiards I'm at your service.

Lady Orreyed. [*Jumping up.*] Charmed, I'm sure! I really thought you'd forgotten poor little me. Oh, look at Dodo!

Aubrey. No, no, don't wake him; he's tired.

Lady Orreyed. I must, he looks so plain. [*Rousing SIR GEORGE.*] Dodo! Dodo!

Sir George. [*Stupidly.*] 'Ullo!

Lady Orreyed. Dodo dear, you were snoring.

Sir George. Oh, I say, you could 'a told me by-and-bye.

Aubrey. You want a cigar, George; come into the billiard-room. [*Giving his arm to LADY ORREYED.*] Cayley, bring Paula.

[*AUBREY and LADY ORREYED go out.*]

Sir George. [*Rising.*] Hey, what! Billiard-room! [*Looking at his watch.*] How goes the—? Phew! 'Ullo! 'Ullo! Whiskey and potass!

[*He goes rapidly after AUBREY and LADY ORREYED. PAULA resumes playing.*]

Paula. [*After a pause.*] Don't moon about after me, Cayley; follow the others.

Drummle. Thanks, by-and-bye. [*Sitting.*] That's pretty.

Paula. [*After another pause, still playing.*] I wish you wouldn't stare so.

Drummle. Was I staring? I'm sorry. [*She plays a little longer, then stops suddenly, rises, and goes to the window, where she stands looking out. DRUMMLE moves from the ottoman to the settee.*] A lovely night.

Paula. [*Startled.*] Oh! [*Without turning to him.*] Why do you hop about like a monkey?

Drummle. Hot rooms play the deuce with the nerves. Now, it would have done you good to have walked in the garden with us after dinner and made merry. Why didn't you?

Paula. You know why.

Drummle. Ah, you're thinking of the—difference between you and Aubrey?

Paula. Yes, I *am* thinking of it.

Drummle. Well, so am I. How long—?

Paula. Getting on for three weeks.

Drummle. Bless me, it must be! And this would have been such a night to have healed it! Moonlight, the stars, the scent of flowers; and yet enough darkness to enable a kind woman to rest her hand for an instant on the arm of a good fellow who loves her. Ah, ha! It's a wonderful power, dear Mrs. Aubrey, the power of an offended woman! Only realise it! Just that one touch—the mere tips of her fingers—and, for herself and another, she changes the colour of the whole world.

Paula. [*Turning to him calmly.*] Cayley, my dear man, you talk exactly like a very romantic old lady.

[*She leaves the window and sits playing with the knick-knacks on the table.*]

Drummle. [*To himself.*] H'm, that hasn't done it! Well—ha, ha!—I accept the suggestion. An old woman, eh?

Paula. Oh, I didn't intend—

Drummle. But why not? I've every qualification—

well, almost. And I confess it would have given this withered bosom a throb of grandmotherly satisfaction if I could have seen you and Aubrey at peace before I take my leave to-morrow.

Paula. To-morrow, Cayley!

Drummle. I must.

Paula. Oh, this house is becoming unendurable.

Drummle. You're very kind. But you've got the Orreyeds.

Paula. [*Fiercely.*] The Orreyeds! I—I hate the Orreyeds! I lie awake at night, hating them!

Drummle. Pardon me, I've understood that their visit is, in some degree, owing to—hem—your suggestion.

Paula. Heavens! that doesn't make me like them better. Somehow or another, I—I've outgrown these people. This woman—I used to think her "jolly"!—sickens me. I can't breathe when she's near me: the whiff of her handkerchief turns me faint! And she patronises me by the hour, until I—I feel my nails growing longer with every word she speaks!

Drummle. My dear lady, why on earth don't you say all this to Aubrey?

Aubrey. Oh, I've been such an utter fool, Cayley!

Drummle. [*Soothingly.*] Well, well, mention it to Aubrey!

Paula. No, no, you don't understand. What do you think I've done?

Drummle. Done! What, *since* you invited the Orreyeds?

Paula. Yes; I must tell you—

Drummle. Perhaps you'd better not.

Paula. Look here! I've intercepted some letters from Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean to—him. [*Producing three unopened letters from the bodice of her dress.*] There are the accursed things! From Paris—two from the Cortelyon woman, the other from Ellean!

Drummle. But why—why?

Paula. I don't know. Yes, I do! I saw letters coming from Ellean to her father; not a line to me—not a line. And one morning it happened I was downstairs before he was, and I spied this one lying with his

heap on the breakfast-table, and I slipped it into my pocket—out of malice, Cayley, pure deviltry! And a day or two afterwards I met Elwes the postman at the Lodge, and took the letters from him, and found these others amongst 'em. I felt simply fiendish when I saw them—fiendish! [*Returning the letters to her bodice.*] And now I carry them about with me, and they're scorching me like a mustard plaster!

Drummle. Oh, this accounts for Aubrey not hearing from Paris lately!

Paula. That's an ingenious conclusion to arrive at! Of course it does! [*With an hysterical laugh.*] Ha, ha!

Drummle. Well, well! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Paula. [*Turning upon him.*] I suppose it is amusing!

Drummle. I beg pardon.

Paula. Heaven knows I've little enough to brag about! I'm a bad lot, but not in mean tricks of this sort. In all my life this is the most caddish thing I've done. How am I to get rid of these letters—that's what I want to know? How am I to get rid of them?

Drummle. If I were you I should take Aubrey aside and put them into his hands as soon as possible.

Paula. What! and tell him to his face that I—! No, thank you. I suppose you wouldn't like to—

Drummle. No, no; I won't touch 'em!

Paula. And you call yourself my friend?

Drummle. [*Good-humoredly.*] No, I don't!

Paula. Perhaps I'll tie them together and give them to his man in the morning.

Drummle. That won't avoid an explanation.

Paula. [*Recklessly.*] Oh, then, he must miss them—

Drummle. And trace them.

Paula. [*Throwing herself upon the ottoman.*] I don't care!

Drummle. I know you don't; but let me send him to you now, may I?

Paula. Now! What do you think a woman's made of? I couldn't stand it, Cayley. I haven't slept for nights; and last night there was thunder, too! I believe I've got the horrors.

Drummle. [*Taking the little hand-mirror from the table.*] You'll sleep well enough when you deliver those letters. Come, come, Mrs. Aubrey—a good night's rest! [*Holding the mirror before her face.*] It's quite time.

[*She looks at herself for a moment, then snatches the mirror from him.*]

Paula. You brute, Cayley, to show me that!

Drummle. Then—may I? Be guided by a fr—a poor old woman! May I?

Paula. You'll kill me, amongst you!

Drummle. What do you say?

Paula. [*After a pause.*] Very well. [*He nods his head and goes out rapidly. She looks after him for a moment, and calls "Cayley! Cayley!" Then she again produces the letters, deliberately, one by one, fingering them with aversion. Suddenly she starts, turning her head towards the door.*] Ah!

AUBREY enters quickly.

Aubrey. Paula!

Paula. [*Handing him the letters, her face averted.*] There! [*He examines the letters, puzzled, and looks at her enquiringly.*] They are many days old. I stole them, I suppose to make you anxious and unhappy.

[*He looks at the letters again, then lays them aside on the table.*]

Aubrey. [*Gently.*] Paula, dear, it doesn't matter.

Paula. [*After a short pause.*] Why—why do you take it like this?

Aubrey. What did you expect?

Paula. Oh, but I suppose silent reproaches are really the severest. And then, naturally, you are itching to open your letters. [*She crosses the room as if to go.*]

Aubrey. Paula! [*She pauses.*] Surely, surely, it's all over now?

Paula. All over! [*Mockingly.*] Has my step-daughter returned then? When did she arrive? I haven't heard of it!

Aubrey. You can be very cruel.

Paula. That word's always on a man's lips; he uses

it if his soup's cold. [*With another movement as if to go.*] Need we—

Aubrey. I know I've wounded you, Paula? But isn't there any way out of this?

Paula. When does Ellean return? To-morrow? Next week?

Aubrey. [*Wearily.*] Oh! Why should we grudge Ellean the little pleasure she is likely to find in Paris and in London?

Paula. I grudge her nothing, if that's a hit at me. But with that woman—?

Aubrey. It must be that woman or another. You know that at present we are unable to give Ellean the opportunity of—of—

Paula. Of mixing with respectable people.

Aubrey. The opportunity of gaining friends, experience, ordinary knowledge of the world. If you are interested in Ellean, can't you see how useful Mrs. Cortelyon's good offices are?

Paula. May I put one question? At the end of the London season, when Mrs. Cortelyon has done with Ellean, is it quite understood that the girl comes back to us? [*AUBREY is silent.*] Is it? Is it?

Aubrey. Let us wait till the end of the season—

Paula. Oh! I knew it. You're only fooling me; you put me off with any trash. I believe you've sent Ellean away, not for the reasons you give, but because you don't consider me a decent companion for her, because you're afraid she might get a little of her innocence rubbed off in my company. Come, isn't that the truth? Be honest! Isn't that it?

Aubrey. Yes. [*There is a moment's silence on both sides.*]

Paula. [*With uplifted hands as if to strike him.*] Oh!

Aubrey. [*Taking her by the wrists.*] Sit down. Sit down. [*He puts her into a chair; she shakes herself free with a cry.*] Now listen to me. Fond as you are, Paula, of harking back to your past, there's one chapter of it you always let alone. I've never asked you to speak of it; you've never offered to speak of it. I mean

the chapter that relates to the time when you were—like Ellean. [*She attempts to rise; he restrains her.*] No, no.

Paula. I don't choose to talk about that time. I won't satisfy your curiosity.

Aubrey. My dear Paula, I have no curiosity—I know what you were at Ellean's age. I'll tell you. You hadn't a thought that wasn't a wholesome one, you hadn't an impulse that didn't tend towards good, you never harboured a notion you couldn't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. [*She makes another effort to rise: he lays his hand lightly on her shoulder.*] And this was a very few years back—there are days now when you look like a school-girl—but think of the difference between the two Paulas. You'll have to think hard, because after a cruel life, one's perceptions grow a thick skin. But, for God's sake, do think till you get these two images clearly in your mind, and then ask yourself what sort of a friend such a woman as you are to-day would have been for the girl of seven or eight years ago.

Paula. [*Rising.*] How dare you? I could be almost as good a friend to Ellean as her own mother would have been had she lived. I know what you mean. How dare you?

Aubrey. You say that; very likely you believe it. But you're blind, Paula; you're blind. You! Every belief that a young, pure-minded girl holds sacred—that you once held sacred—you now make a target for a jest, a sneer, a paltry cynicism. I tell you, you're not mistress any longer of your thoughts or your tongue. Why, how often, sitting between you and Ellean, have I seen her cheeks turn scarlet as you've rattled off some tale that belongs by right to the club or the smoking-room! Have you noticed the blush? If you have, has the cause of it ever struck you? And this is the girl you say you love, I admit that you *do* love, whose love you expect in return! Oh, Paula, I make the best, the only, excuse for you when I tell you you're blind!

Paula. Ellean—Ellean blushes easily.

Aubrey. You blushed as easily a few years ago.

Paula. [*After a short pause.*] Well! Have you finished your sermon?

Aubrey. [*With a gesture of despair.*] Oh, Paula!

[*Going up to the window, and standing with his back to the room.*]

Paula. [*To herself.*] A few—years ago! [*She walks slowly towards the door, then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in a paroxysm of weeping.*] O God! A few years ago!

Aubrey. [*Going to her.*] Paula!

Paula. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, don't touch me!

Aubrey. Paula!

Paula. Oh, go away from me! [*He goes back a few steps, and after a little while she becomes calmer and rises unsteadily; then in an altered tone.*] Look here—! [*He advances a step; she checks him with a quick gesture.*] Look here! Get rid of these people—Mabel and her husband—as soon as possible! I—I've done with them!

Aubrey. [*In a whisper.*] Paula!

Paula. And then—then—when the time comes for Ellean to leave Mrs. Cortelyon, give me—give me another chance. [*He advances again, but she shrinks away.*] No, no!

[*She goes out by the door on the right. He sinks on to the settee, covering his eyes with his hands. There is a brief silence, then a SERVANT enters.*]

Servant. Mrs. Cortelyon, sir, with Miss Ellean.

[*AUDREY rises to meet Mrs. CORTELYON, who enters, followed by ELLEAN, both being in travelling dresses. The SERVANT withdraws.*]

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Shaking hands with AUBREY.*] Oh, my dear Aubrey!

Aubrey. Mrs. Cortelyon! [*Kissing ELLEAN.*] Ellean dear!

Ellean. Papa, is all well at home?

Mrs. Cortelyon. We're shockingly anxious.

Aubrey. Yes, yes, all's well. This is quite unexpected. [*To Mrs. CORTELYON.*] You've found Paris insufferably hot?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Insufferably hot! Paris is pleasant enough. We've had no letter from you!

Aubrey. I wrote to Ellean a week ago.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Without alluding to the subject I had written to you upon.

Aubrey. [*Thinking.*] Ah, of course—

Mrs. Cortelyon. And since then we've both written, and you've been absolutely silent. Oh, it's too bad!

Aubrey. [*Picking up the letters from the table.*] It isn't altogether my fault. Here are the letters—

Ellean. Papa!

Mrs. Cortelyon. They're unopened.

Aubrey. An accident delayed their reaching me till this evening. I'm afraid this has upset you very much.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Upset me!

Ellean. [*In an undertone to MRS. CORTELYON.*] Never mind. Not now, dear—not to-night.

Aubrey. Eh?

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*To ELLEAN, aloud.*] Child, run away and take your things off. She doesn't look as if she'd journeyed from Paris to-day.

Aubrey. I've never seen her with such a colour.

[*Taking ELLEAN's hands.*]

Ellean. [*To AUBREY, in a faint voice.*] Papa, Mrs. Cortelyon has been so very, very kind to me, but I—I have come home.

[*She goes out.*]

Aubrey. Come home [*To MRS. CORTELYON.*] Ellean returns to us then?

Mrs. Cortelyon. That's the very point I put to you in my letters, and you oblige me to travel from Paris to Willowmere on a warm day to settle it. I think perhaps it's right that Ellean should be with you just now, although I— My dear friend, circumstances are a little altered.

Aubrey. Alice, you're in some trouble.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Well—yes, I *am* in trouble. You remember pretty little Mrs. Brereton who was once Caroline Ardale?

Aubrey. Quite well.

Mrs. Cortelyon. She's a widow now, poor thing. She has the *entresol* of the house where we've been lodging

in the Avenue de Friedland. Caroline's a dear chum of mine; she formed a great liking for Ellean.

Aubrey. I'm very glad.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Yes, it's nice for her to meet her mother's friends. Er—that young Hugh Ardale the papers were full of some time ago—he's Caroline Brereton's brother, you know.

Aubrey. No, I didn't know. What did he do? I forget.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Checked one of those horrid mutinies at some far-away station in India. Marched down with a handful of his men and a few faithful natives, and held the place until he was relieved. They gave him his company and a V.C. for it.

Aubrey. And he's Mrs. Brereton's brother?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Yes. He's with his sister—*was*, rather—in Paris. He's home—invalided. Good gracious, Aubrey, why don't you help me out? Can't you guess what has occurred?

Aubrey. Alice!

Mrs. Cortelyon. Young Ardale—Ellean!

Aubrey. An attachment?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Yes, Aubrey. [*After a little pause.*] Well, I suppose I've got myself into sad disgrace. But really I didn't foresee anything of this kind. A serious, reserved child like Ellean, and a boyish, high-spirited soldier—it never struck me as being likely. [*AUBREY paces to and fro thoughtfully.*] I did all I could directly Captain Ardale spoke—wrote to you at once. Why on earth don't you receive your letters promptly, and when you do get them why can't you open them? I endured the anxiety till last night, and then made up my mind—home! Of course, it has worried me terribly. My head's bursting. Are there any salts about? [*AUBREY fetches a bottle from the cabinet and hands it to her.*] We've had one of those hateful smooth crossings that won't let you be properly indisposed.

Aubrey. My dear Alice, I assure you I've no thought of blaming you.

Mrs. Cortelyon. That statement always precedes a quarrel.

Aubrey. I don't know whether this is the worst or the best luck. How will my wife regard it? Is Captain Ardale a good fellow?

Mrs. Cortelyon. My dear Aubrey, you'd better read up the accounts of his wonderful heroism. Face to face with death for a whole week; always with a smile and a cheering word for the poor helpless souls depending on him! Of course it's that that has stirred the depths of your child's nature. I've watched her while we've been dragging the story out of him, and if angels look different from Ellean at that moment, I don't desire to meet any, that's all!

Aubrey. If you were in my position—? But you can't judge.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Why, if I had a marriageable daughter of my own, and Captain Ardale proposed for her, naturally I should cry my eyes out all night—but I should thank Heaven in the morning.

Aubrey. You believe so thoroughly in him?

Mrs. Cortelyon. Do you think I should have only a headache at this minute if I didn't! Look here, you've got to see me down the lane; that's the least you can do, my friend. Come into my house for a moment and shake hands with Hugh.

Aubrey. What, is he here?

Mrs. Cortelyon. He came through with us, to present himself formally to-morrow. Where are my gloves? [*AUBREY fetches them from the ottoman.*] Make my apologies to Mrs. Tanqueray, please. She's well, I hope? [*Going towards the door.*] I can't feel sorry she hasn't seen me in this condition.

ELLEAN enters.

Ellean [*To MRS. CORTELYON.*] I've been waiting to wish you good-night. I was afraid I'd missed you.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Good night, Ellean.

Ellean. [*In a low voice, embracing MRS. CORTELYON.*] I can't thank you. Dear Mrs. Cortelyon!

Mrs. Cortelyon. [*Her arms round ELLEAN, in a whisper to AUBREY.*] Speak a word to her.

[*MRS. CORTELYON goes out.*]

Aubrey. [*To ELLEAN.*] Ellean, I'm going to see Mrs. Cortelyon home. Tell Paula where I am; explain, dear.

[*Going to the door.*]

Ellean. [*Her head drooping.*] Yes. [*Quickly.*] Father! You are angry with me—disappointed?

Aubrey. Angry? No.

Ellean. Disappointed?

Aubrey. [*Smiling and going to her and taking her hand.*] If so, it's only because you've shaken my belief in my discernment. I thought you took after your poor mother a little, Ellean; but there's a look on your face to-night, dear, that I never saw on hers—never, never.

Ellean. [*Leaning her head on his shoulder.*] Perhaps I ought not to have gone away.

Aubrey. Hush! You're quite happy?

Ellean. Yes.

Aubrey. That's right. Then, as you are quite happy, there is something I particularly want you to do for me, Ellean.

Ellean. What is that?

Aubrey. Be very gentle with Paula. Will you?

Ellean. You think I have been unkind.

Aubrey. [*Kissing her upon the forehead.*] Be very gentle with Paula.

[*He goes out, and she stands looking after him; then, as she turns thoughtfully from the door, a rose is thrown through the window and falls at her feet. She picks up the flower wonderingly and goes to the window.*]

Ellean. [*Starting back.*] Hugh!

[*HUGH ARDALE, a handsome young man of about seven-and-twenty, with a boyish face and manner, appears outside the window.*]

Hugh. Nelly! Nelly dear!

Ellean. What's the matter?

Hugh. Hush! Nothing. It's only fun. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I've found out that Mrs. Cortel-

yon's meadow runs up to your father's plantations; I've come through a gap in the hedge.

Ellean. Why, Hugh?

Hugh. I'm miserable at The Warren: it's so different from the Avenue de Friedland. Don't look like that! Upon my word I meant just to peep at your home and go back, but I saw figures moving about here, and came nearer, hoping to get a glimpse of you. Was that your father? *[Entering the room.]*

Ellean. Yes.

Hugh. Isn't this fun! A rabbit ran across my foot while I was hiding behind that old yew.

Ellean. You must go away; it's not right for you to be here like this.

Hugh. But it's only fun, I tell you. You take every thing so seriously. Do wish me good-night.

Ellean. We have said good-night.

Hugh. In the hall at The Warren, before Mrs. Cortelyon and a man-servant. Oh, it's so different from the Avenue de Friedland!

Ellean. *[Giving him her hand hastily.]* Good-night, Hugh.

Hugh. Is that all? We might be the merest acquaintances.

[He momentarily embraces her, but she releases herself.]

Ellean. It's when you're like this that you make me feel utterly miserable. *[Throwing the rose from her angrily.]* Oh!

Hugh. I've offended you now, I suppose?

Ellean. Yes.

Hugh. Forgive me, Nelly. Come into the garden for five minutes; we'll stroll down to the plantation.

Ellean. No, no.

Hugh. For two minutes—to tell me you forgive me.

Ellean. I forgive you.

Hugh. Evidently. I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night after this. What a fool I am! Come down to the plantation. Make it up with me.

Ellean. There is somebody coming into this room. Do you wish to be seen here?

Hugh. I shall wait for you behind that yew-tree. You must speak to me. Nelly!

[He disappears. PAULA enters.]

Paula. Ellean!

Ellean. You—you are very surprised to see me, Paula, of course.

Paula. Why are you here? Why aren't you with—your friend?

Ellean. I've come home—if you'll have me. We left Paris this morning; Mrs. Cortelyon brought me back. She was here a minute or two ago; papa has just gone with her to The Warren. He asked me to tell you.

Paula. There are some people staying with us that I'd rather you didn't meet. It was hardly worth your while to return for a few hours.

Ellean. A few hours?

Paula. Well, when do you go to London?

Ellean. I don't think I go to London, after all.

Paula. *[Eagerly.]* You—you've quarrelled with her?

Ellean. No, no, no, not that; but—Paula! *[In an altered tone.]* Paula!

Paula. *[Startled.]* Eh? *[ELLEAN goes deliberately to PAULA and kisses her.]* Ellean!

Ellean. Kiss me.

Paula. What—what's come to you?

Ellean. I want to behave differently to you in the future. Is it too late?

Paula. Too—late! *[Impulsively kissing ELLEAN and crying.]* No—no—no! No—no!

Ellean. Paula, don't cry.

Paula. *[Wiping her eyes.]* I'm a little shaky; I haven't been sleeping. It's all right,—talk to me.

Ellean. There is something I want to tell you—

Paula. Is there—is there?

[They sit together on the ottoman, PAULA taking ELLEAN'S hand.]

Ellean. Paula, in our house in the Avenue de Friedland, on the floor below us, there was a Mrs. Brereton. She used to be a friend of my mother's. Mrs. Cortelyon and I spent a great deal of our time with her.

Paula. *[Suspiciously.]* Oh! *[Letting ELLEAN'S*

hand fall.] Is this lady going to take you up in place of Mrs. Cortelyon?

Ellean. No, no. Her brother is staying with her—
was staying with her. Her brother—

[Breaking off in confusion.

Paula. Well?

Ellean. *[Almost inaudibly.]* Paula—

[She rises and walks away, PAULA following her.

Paula. Ellean! *[Taking hold of her.]* You're not in love! *[ELLEAN looks at PAULA appealingly.]* Oh, you in love! You! Oh, this is why you've come home! Of course, you can make friends with me now! You'll leave us for good soon, I suppose; so it doesn't much matter being civil to me for a little while!

Ellean. Oh, Paula!

Paula. Why, how you have deceived us—all of us! We've taken you for a cold-blooded little saint. The fools you've made of us! Saint Ellean, Saint Ellean!

Ellean. Ah, I might have known you'd only mock me!

Paula. *[Her tone changing.]* Eh?

Ellean. I—I can't talk to you. *[Sitting on the settee.]* You do nothing else but mock and sneer, nothing else.

Paula. Ellean dear! Ellean! I didn't mean it. I'm so horribly jealous, it's a sort of curse on me. *[Kneeling beside ELLEAN and embracing her.]* My tongue runs away with me. I'm going to alter, I swear I am. I've made some good resolutions, and as God's above me, I'll keep them! If you are in love, if you do ever marry, that's no reason why we shouldn't be fond of each other. Come, you've kissed me of your own accord—you can't take it back. Now, we're friends again, aren't we? Ellean dear! I want to know everything, everything. Ellean dear, Ellean!

Ellean. Paula, Hugh has done something that makes me very angry. He came with us from Paris to-day, to see papa. He is staying with Mrs. Cortelyon and—I ought to tell you—

Paula. Yes, yes. What?

Ellean. He has found his way by The Warren

meadow through the plantation up to this house. He is waiting to bid me good-night. [*Glancing towards the garden.*] He is—out there.

Paula. Oh!

Ellean. What shall I do?

Paula. Bring him in to see me! Will you?

Ellean. No, no.

Paula. But I'm dying to know him. Oh, yes, you must. I shall meet him before Aubrey does. [*Excitedly running her hands over her hair.*] I'm so glad. [*ELLEAN goes out by the window.*] The mirror—mirror. What a fright I must look! [*Not finding the hand-glass on the table, she jumps on to the settee, and surveys herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece; then sits quietly down and waits.*] *Ellean!* Just fancy! *Ellean!*

After a pause ELLEAN enters by the window with HUGH.

Ellean. Paula, this is Captain Ardale—Mrs. Tanqueray.

[*PAULA rises and turns, and she and HUGH stand staring blankly at each other for a moment or two; then PAULA advances and gives him her hand.*]

Paula. [*In a strange voice, but calmly.*] How do you do?

Hugh. How do you do?

Paula. [*To ELLEAN.*] Mr. Ardale and I have met in London, Ellean. Er—Captain Ardale now?

Hugh. Yes.

Ellean. In London?

Paula. They say the world's very small, don't they?

Hugh. Yes.

Paula. Ellean, dear, I want to have a little talk about you to Mr. Ardale—Captain Ardale—alone. [*Putting her arms round ELLEAN, and leading her to the door.*] Come back in a little while. [*ELLEAN nods to PAULA with a smile and goes out, while PAULA stands watching her at the open door.*] In a little while—in a little—

[Closing the door and then taking a seat facing HUGH.]
Be quick! Mr. Tanqueray has only gone down to The Warren with Mrs. Cortelyon. What is to be done?

Hugh. [Blankly.] Done?

Paula. Done—done. Something must be done.

Hugh. I understood that Mr. Tanqueray had married a Mrs.—Mrs.—

Paula. Jarman?

Hugh. Yes.

Paula. I'd been going by that name. You didn't follow my doings after we separated.

Hugh. No.

Paula. [Sneeringly.] No.

Hugh. I went out to India.

Paula. What's to be done?

Hugh. Damn this chance!

Paula. Oh, my God!

Hugh. Your husband doesn't know, does he?

Paula. That you and I—?

Hugh. Yes.

Paula. No. He knows about others.

Hugh. Not about me. How long were we—?

Paula. I don't remember, exactly.

Hugh. Do you—do you think it matters?

Paula. His—his daughter. [With a muttered exclamation he turns away, and sits with his head in his hands.] What's to be done?

Hugh. I wish I could think.

Paula. Oh! Oh! What happened to that flat of ours in Ethelbert Street.

Hugh. I let it.

Paula. All that pretty furniture?

Hugh. Sold it.

Paula. I came across the key of the escritoire the other day in an old purse! [Suddenly realising the horror and hopelessness of her position, and starting to her feet with an hysterical cry of rage.] What am I maundering about?

Hugh. For God's sake, be quiet! Do let me think.

Paula. This will send me mad! [Suddenly turning

and standing over him.] You—you beast, to crop up in my life again like this!

Hugh. I always treated you fairly.

Paula. [*Weakly.*] Oh! I beg your pardon—I know you did—I—

[*She sinks on to the settee crying hysterically.*]

Hugh. Hush!

Paula. She kissed me to-night! I'd won her over! I've had such a fight to make her love me! And now—just as she's beginning to love me, to bring this on her!

Hugh. Hush, hush! Don't break down!

Paula. [*Sobbing.*] You don't know! I—I haven't been getting on well in my marriage. It's been my fault. The life I used to lead spoilt me completely. But I'd made up my mind to turn over a new leaf from to-night. From to-night!

Hugh. Paula—

Paula. Don't you call me that!

Hugh. Mrs. Tanqueray, there is no cause for you to despair in this way. It's all right, I tell you—it *shall* be all right.

Paula. [*Shivering.*] What are we to do?

Hugh. Hold our tongues.

Paula. Eh?

[*Staring vacantly.*]

Hugh. The chances are a hundred to one against any one ever turning up who knew us when we were together. Besides, no one would be such a brute as to split on us. If anybody did do such a thing we should have to lie! What are we upsetting ourselves like this for, when we've simply got to hold our tongues?

Paula. You're as mad as I am!

Hugh. Can you think of a better plan?

Paula. There's only one plan possible—let's come to our senses!—Mr. Tanqueray must be told.

Hugh. Your husband! What, and I lose Ellean! I lose Ellean!

Paula. You've got to lose her.

Hugh. I won't lose her; I can't lose her!

Paula. Didn't I read of your doing any number of

brave things in India? Why, you seem to be an awful coward!

Hugh. That's another sort of pluck altogether; I haven't this sort of pluck.

Paula. Oh, I don't ask *you* to tell Mr. Tanqueray. That's my job.

Hugh. [*Standing over her.*] You—you—you'd better! you—

Paula. [*Rising.*] Don't bully me! I intend to.

Hugh. [*Taking hold of her; she wrenches herself free.*] Look here, Paula, I never treated you badly—you've owned it. Why should you want to pay me out like this? You don't know how I love Ellean!

Paula. Yes, that's just what I *do* know.

Hugh. I say you don't! She's as good as my own mother. I've been downright honest with her, too. I told her, in Paris, that I'd been a bit wild at one time, and, after a damned wretched day, she promised to forgive me because of what I'd done since in India. She's behaved like an angel to me! Surely I oughtn't to lose her, after all, just because I've been like other fellows! No; I haven't been half as rackety as a hundred men we could think of. Paula, don't pay me out for nothing; be fair to me, there's a good girl—be fair to me!

Paula. Oh, I'm not considering you at all! I advise you not to stay here any longer: Mr. Tanqueray is sure to be back soon.

Hugh. [*Taking up his hat.*] What's the understanding between us, then? What have we arranged to do?

Paula. I don't know what you're going to do; I've got to tell Mr. Tanqueray.

Hugh. By God, you shall do nothing of the sort!

[*Approaching her fiercely.*]

Paula. You shocking coward!

Hugh. If you dare! [*Going up to the window.*] Mind! If you dare!

Paula. [*Following him.*] Why, what would you do?

Hugh. [*After a short pause, sullenly.*] Nothing. I'd shoot myself—that's nothing. Good-night.

Paula. Good-night.

[*He disappears. She walks unsteadily to the*

ottoman, and sits; and as she does so her hand falls upon the little silver mirror, which she takes up, staring at her own reflection.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The Drawing-room at "Highercoombe," the same evening.

PAULA is still seated on the ottoman, looking vacantly before her, with the little mirror in her hand. LADY ORREYED enters.

Lady Orreyed. There you are! You never came into the billiard-room. Isn't it maddening—Cayley Drumme gives me sixty out of a hundred, and beats me. I must be out of form, because I know I play remarkably well for a lady. Only last month—[PAULA rises.] Whatever is the matter with you, old girl?

Paula. Why?

Lady Orreyed. [Staring.] It's the light, I suppose. [PAULA replaces the mirror on the table.] By Aubrey's bolting from the billiard-table in that fashion I thought perhaps—

Paula. Yes; it's all right.

Lady Orreyed. You've patched it up? [PAULA nods.] Oh, I am jolly glad—! I mean—

Paula. Yes, I know what you mean. Thanks, Mabel.

Lady Orreyed. [Kissing PAULA.] Now take my advice; for the future—

Paula. Mabel, if I've been disagreeable to you while you've been staying here, I—I beg your pardon.

[Walking away and sitting down.]

Lady Orreyed. You disagreeable, my dear? I haven't noticed it. Dodo and me both consider you make a first-class hostess; but then you've had such practice, haven't you? [Dropping on to the ottoman and yawning.] Oh, talk about being sleepy—!

Paula. Why don't you—!

Lady Orreyed. Why, dear, I must hang about for

Dodo. You may as well know it; he's in one of his moods.

Paula. [*Under her breath.*] Oh—!

Lady Orreyed. Now, it's not his fault; it was deadly dull for him while we were playing billiards. Cayley Drummle did ask him to mark, but I stopped that; it's so easy to make a gentleman look like a billiard-marker. This is just how it always is; if poor old Dodo has nothing to do, he loses count, as you may say.

Paula. Hark!

SIR GEORGE ORREYED *enters, walking slowly and deliberately; he looks pale and watery-eyed.*

Sir George. [*With mournful indistinctness.*] I'm 'fraid we've lef' you a grea' deal to yourself to-night, Mrs. Tanqueray. Attra'tions of billiards. I apol'gise. I say, where's ol' Aubrey?

Paula. My husband has been obliged to go out to a neighbour's house.

Sir George. I want his advice on a rather pressing matter connected with my family—my family. [*Sitting.*] To-morrow will do just as well.

Lady Orreyed. [*To PAULA.*] This is the mood I hate so—drivelling about his precious family.

Sir George. The fact is, Mrs. Tanqueray, I am not easy in my min' 'bout the way I am treatin' my poor ol' mother.

Lady Orreyed. [*To PAULA.*] Do you hear that? That's *his* mother, but *my* mother he won't so much as look at!

Sir George. I shall write to Bruton Street firs' thing in the morning.

Lady Orreyed. [*To PAULA.*] Mamma has stuck to me through everything—well, you know!

Sir George. I'll get ol' Aubrey to figure out a letter. I'll drop line to Uncle Fitz too—dooxed shame of the ol' feller to chuck me over in this manner. [*Wiping his eyes.*] All my family have chucked me over.

Lady Orreyed. [*Rising.*] Dodo!

Sir George. Jus' because I've married beneath me,

to be chucked over! Aunt Lydia, the General, Hooky Whitgrave, Lady Sugnall—my own dear sister!—all turn their backs on me. It's more than I can stan'!

Lady Orreyed. [*Approaching him with dignity.*] Sir George, wish Mrs. Tanqueray good-night at once, and come up-stairs. Do you hear me?

Sir George. [*Rising angrily.*] Wha—!

Lady Orreyed. Be quiet!

Sir George. You presoom to order me about!

Lady Orreyed. You're making an exhibition of yourself!

Sir George. Look 'ere—!

Lady Orreyed. Come along, I tell you!

[*He hesitates, utters a few inarticulate sounds, then snatches up a fragile ornament from the table, and is about to dash it on the ground. LADY ORREYED retreats, and PAULA goes to him.*

Paula. George! [*He replaces the ornament.*

Sir George. [*Shaking PAULA'S hand.*] Good ni', Mrs. Tanqueray.

Lady Orreyed. [*To PAULA.*] Good-night, darling. Wish Aubrey good-night for me. Now Dodo?

[*She goes out.*

Sir George. [*To PAULA.*] I say, are you goin' to sit up for ol' Aubrey?

Paula. Yes.

Sir George. Shall I keep you comp'ny?

Paula. No, thank you, George.

Sir George. Sure?

Paula. Yes, sure.

Sir George. [*Shaking hands.*] Good-night again.

Paula. Good-night.

[*She turns away. He goes out, steadying himself carefully. DRUMMLE appears outside the window, smoking.*

Drummle [*Looking into the room and seeing PAULA.*] My last cigar. Where's Aubrey?

Paula. Gone down to The Warren, to see Mrs. Cortelyon home.

Dummle. [*Entering the room.*] Eh? Did you say Mrs. Cortelyon?

Paula. Yes. She has brought Ellean back.

Drummle. Bless my soul! Why?

Paula. I—I'm too tired to tell you, Cayley. If you stroll along the lane you'll meet Aubrey. Get the news from him.

Drummle. [*Going up to the window.*] Yes, yes. [*Returning to PAULA.*] I don't want to bother you, only—the anxious old woman, you know. Are you and Aubrey—?

Paula. Good friends again?

Drummle. [*Nodding.*] Um.

Paula. [*Giving him her hand.*] Quite, Cayley, quite.

Drummle. [*Retaining her hand.*] That's capital. As I'm off so early to-morrow morning, let me say now—thank you for your hospitality.

[*He bends over her hand gallantly, then goes out by the window.*]

Paula. [*To herself.*] "Are you and Aubrey—?" "Good friends again?" "Yes." "Quite, Cayley, quite."

[*There is a brief pause, then AUBREY enters hurriedly, wearing a light overcoat and carrying a cap.*]

Aubrey. Paula dear! Have you seen Ellean?

Paula. I found her here when I came down.

Aubrey. She—she's told you?

Paula. Yes, Aubrey.

Aubrey. It's extraordinary, isn't it! Not that somebody should fall in love with Ellean, or that Ellean herself should fall in love. All that's natural enough and was bound to happen, I suppose, sooner or later. But this young fellow! You know his history?

Paula. His history?

Aubrey. You remember the papers were full of his name a few months ago?

Paula. Oh, yes.

Aubrey. The man's as brave as a lion, there's no doubt about that; and, at the same time, he's like a big good-natured school-boy. Mrs. Cortelyon says. Have

you ever pictured the kind of man Ellean would marry some day?

Paula. I can't say that I have.

Aubrey. A grave, sedate fellow I've thought about—hah! She has fallen in love with the way in which Ardale practically laid down his life to save those poor people shut up in the Residency. [*Taking off his coat.*] Well, I suppose if a man can do that sort of thing, one ought to be content. And yet—[*Throwing his coat on the settee.*] I should have met him tonight, but he'd gone out. Paula dear, tell me how you look upon this business.

Paula. Yes, I will—I must. To begin with, I—I've seen Mr. Ardale.

Aubrey. Captain Ardale?

Paula. Captain Ardale.

Aubrey. Seen him?

Paula. While you were away he came up here, through our grounds, to try to get a word with Ellean. I made her fetch him in and present him to me.

Aubrey. [*Frowning.*] Doesn't Captain Ardale know there's a lodge and a front door to this place? Never mind! What is your impression of him?

Paula. Aubrey, do you recollect my bringing you a letter—a letter giving you an account of myself—to the Albany late one night—the night before we got married?

Aubrey. A letter?

Paula. You burnt it; don't you know?

Aubrey. Yes; I know.

Paula. His name was in that letter.

Aubrey. [*Going back from her slowly, and staring at her.*] I don't understand.

Paula. Well—Ardale and I once kept house together. [*He remains silent, not moving.*] Why don't you strike me? Hit me in the face—I'd rather you did! Hurt me! hurt me!

Aubrey. [*After a pause.*] What did you—and this man—say to each other—just now?

Paula. I—hardly—know.

Aubrey. Think!

Paula. The end of it all was that I—I told him I must inform you of—what had happened . . . he didn't want me to do that . . . I declared that I would . . . he dared me to. [*Breaking down.*] Let me alone!—oh!

Aubrey. Where was my daughter while this went on?

Paula. I—I had sent her out of the room . . . that is all right.

Aubrey. Yes, yes—yes, yes.

[*He turns his head towards the door.*]

Paula. Who's that?

A SERVANT enters with a letter.

Servant. The coachman has just run up with this from The Warren, sir. [*AUBREY takes the letter.*] It's for Mrs. Tanqueray, sir; there's no answer.

[*The SERVANT withdraws. AUBREY goes to PAULA and drops the letter into her lap: she opens it with uncertain hands.*]

Paula. [*Reading it to herself.*] It's from—him. He's going away—or gone—I think. [*Rising in a weak way.*] What does it say? I never could make out his writing.

[*She gives the letter to AUBREY, and stands near him, looking at the letter over his shoulder as he reads.*]

Aubrey. [*Reading.*] "I shall be in Paris by to-morrow evening. Shall wait there, at Meurice's, for a week, ready to receive any communication you or your husband may address to me. Please invent some explanation to Ellean. Mrs. Tanqueray, for God's sake, do what you can for me."

[*PAULA and AUBREY speak in low voices, both still looking at the letter.*]

Paula. Has he left The Warren, I wonder, already?

Aubrey. That doesn't matter.

Paula. No; but I can picture him going quietly off. Very likely he's walking on to Bridgeford or Cottering to-night, to get the first train in the morning. A pleasant stroll for him.

Aubrey. We'll reckon he's gone, that's enough.

Paula. That isn't to be answered in any way?

Aubrey. Silence will answer that.

Paula. He'll soon recover his spirits, I know.

Aubrey. You know. [*Offering her the letter.*] You don't want this, I suppose?

Paula. No.

Aubrey. It's done with—done with.

[*He tears the letter into small pieces. She has dropped the envelope; she searches for it, finds it, and gives it to him.*]

Paula. Here!

Aubrey. [*Looking at the remnants of the letter.*]

This is no good; I must burn it.

Paula. Burn it in your room.

Aubrey. Yes.

Paula. Put it in your pocket for now.

Aubrey. Yes.

[*He does so. ELLEAN enters, and they both turn, guiltily, and stare at her.*]

Ellean. [*After a short silence, wonderingly.*] Papa—

Aubrey. What do you want, Ellean?

Ellean. I heard from Willis that you had come in; I only want to wish you good-night. [*PAULA steals away, without looking back.*] What's the matter? Ah! Of course, Paula has told you about Captain Ardale?

Aubrey. Well?

Ellean. Have you and he met?

Aubrey. No.

Ellean. You are angry with him; so was I. But to-morrow when he calls and expresses his regret—to-morrow—

Aubrey. Ellean—Ellean!

Ellean. Yes, papa?

Aubrey. I—I can't let you see this man again. [*He walks away from her in a paroxysm of distress, then, after a moment or two, he returns to her and takes her to his arms.*] Ellean! my child!

Ellean. [*Releasing herself.*] What has happened, papa? What is it?

Aubrey. [*Thinking out his words deliberately.*]

Something has occurred, something has come to my knowledge, in relation to Captain Ardale, which puts any further acquaintanceship between you two out of the question.

Ellean. Any further acquaintanceship . . . out of the question?

Aubrey. Yes.

[Advancing to her quickly, but she shrinks from him.]

Ellean. No, no—I am quite well. *[After a short pause.]* It's not an hour ago since Mrs. Cortelyon left you and me together here; you had nothing to urge against Captain Ardale then.

Aubrey. No.

Ellean. You don't know each other; you haven't even seen him this evening. Father!

Aubrey. I have told you he and I have not met.

Ellean. Mrs. Cortelyon couldn't have spoken against him to you just now. No, no, no; she's too good a friend to both of us. Aren't you going to give me some explanation? You can't take this position towards me—towards Captain Ardale—without affording me the fullest explanation.

Aubrey. Ellean, there are circumstances connected with Captain Ardale's career which you had better remain ignorant of. It must be sufficient for you that I consider these circumstances render him unfit to be your husband.

Ellean. Father!

Aubrey. You must trust me, Ellean; you must try to understand the depth of my love for you and the—
the agony it gives me to hurt you. You must trust me.

Ellean. I will, father; but you must trust me a little too. Circumstances connected with Captain Ardale's career?

Aubrey. Yes.

Ellean. When he presents himself here to-morrow of course you will see him and let him defend himself?

Aubrey. Captain Ardale will not be here to-morrow.

Ellean. Not! You have stopped his coming here?

Aubrey. Indirectly—yes.

Ellean. But just now he was talking to me at that window! Nothing had taken place then! And since then nothing can have—! Oh! Why—you have heard something against him from Paula.

Aubrey. From—Paula!

Ellean. She knows him.

Aubrey. She has told you so?

Ellean. When I introduced Captain Ardale to her she said she had met him in London. Of course! It is Paula who has done this!

Aubrey. [*In a hard voice.*] I—I hope you—you'll refrain from rushing at conclusions. There's nothing to be gained by trying to avoid the main point, which is that you must drive Captain Ardale out of your thoughts. Understand that! You're able to obtain comfort from your religion, aren't you? I'm glad to think that's so. I talk to you in a harsh way, *Ellean*, but I feel your pain almost as acutely as you do. [*Going to the door.*] I—I can't say anything more to you to-night.

Ellean. Father! [*He pauses at the door.*] Father. I'm obliged to ask you this; there's no help for it—I've no mother to go to. Does what you have heard about Captain Ardale concern the time when he led a wild, a dissolute life in London?

Aubrey. [*Returning to her slowly and staring at her.*] Explain yourself!

Ellean. He has been quite honest with me. One day—in Paris—he confessed to me—what a man's life is—what his life had been.

Aubrey. [*Under his breath.*] Oh!

Ellean. He offered to go away, not to approach me again.

Aubrey. And you—you accepted his view of what a man's life is?

Ellean. As far as I could forgive him, I forgave him.

Aubrey. [*With a groan.*] Why, when was it you left us? It hasn't taken you long to get your robe "just a little dusty at the hem!"

Ellean. What do you mean?

Aubrey. Hah! A few weeks ago my one great desire was to keep you ignorant of evil.

Ellean. Father, it is impossible to be ignorant of evil. Instinct, common instinct, teaches us what is good and bad. Surely I am none the worse for knowing what is wicked and detesting it!

Aubrey. Detesting it! Why, you love this fellow!

Ellean. Ah, you don't understand. I have simply judged Captain Ardale as we all pray to be judged. I have lived in imagination through that one week in India when he deliberately offered his life back to God to save those wretched, desperate people. In his whole career I see now nothing but that one week; those few hours bring him nearer the saints, I believe, than fifty uneventful years of mere blamelessness would have done! And so, father, if Paula has reported anything to Captain Ardale's discredit—

Aubrey. Paula—!

Ellean. It must be Paula; it can't be anybody else.

Aubrey. You—you'll please keep Paula out of the question. Finally, Ellean, understand me—I have made up my mind. *[Again going to the door.]*

Ellean. But wait—listen! I have made up my mind also.

Aubrey. Ah! I recognise your mother in you now!

Ellean. You need not speak against my mother because you are angry with me!

Aubrey. I—I hardly know what I'm saying to you. In the morning—in the morning—

[He goes out. She remains standing, and turns her head to listen. Then, after a moment's hesitation she goes softly to the window, and looks out under the verandah.]

Ellean. *[In a whisper.]* Paula! Paula!

[PAULA appears outside the window and steps into the room; her face is white and drawn, her hair is a little disordered.]

Paula. *[Huskily.]* Well?

Ellean. Have you been under the verandah all the while listening?

Paula. N—no.

Ellean. You *have* overheard us—I see you have. And it is you who have been speaking to my father against Captain Ardale. Isn't it? Paula, why don't you own it or deny it?

Paula. Oh, I—I don't mind owning it; why should I?

Ellean. Ah! You seem to have been very, very eager to tell your tale.

Paula. No, I wasn't eager, Ellean. I'd have given something not to have had to do it. I wasn't eager.

Ellean. Not! Oh, I think you might safely have spared us all for a little while.

Paula. But, Ellean, you forget I—I am your step-mother. It was my—my duty—to tell your father what I—what I knew—

Ellean. What you knew! Why, after all, what can you know? You can only speak from gossip, report, hearsay! How is it possible that you—! [*She stops abruptly. The two women stand staring at each other for a moment; then ELLEAN backs away from PAULA slowly.*] Paula!

Paula. What—what's the matter?

Ellean. You—you knew Captain Ardale in London!

Paula. Why—what do you mean?

Ellean. Oh!

[*She makes for the door, but PAULA catches her by the wrist.*]

Paula. You shall tell me what you mean!

Ellean. Ah! [*Suddenly, looking fixedly into PAULA'S face.*] You know what I mean.

Paula. You accuse me!

Ellean. It's in your face!

Paula. [*Hoarsely.*] You—you think I'm—that sort of creature, do you?

Ellean. Let me go!

Paula. Answer me! You've always hated me! [*Shaking her.*] Out with it!

Ellean. You hurt me!

Paula. You've always hated me! You shall answer me!

Ellean. Well, then, I have always—always—

Paula. What?

Ellean. I have always known what you were!

Paula. Ah! Who—who told you?

Ellean. Nobody but yourself. From the first moment I saw you I knew you were altogether unlike the good women I'd left; directly I saw you I knew what my father had done. You've wondered why I've turned from you! There—that's the reason! Oh, but this is a horrible way for the truth to come home to every one! Oh!

Paula. It's a lie! It's all a lie! [*Forcing ELLEAN down upon her knees.*] You shall beg my pardon for it. [*ELLEAN utters a loud shriek of terror.*] *Ellean,* I'm a good woman! I swear I am! I've always been a good woman! You dare to say I've ever been anything else! It's a lie! [*Throwing her off violently.*]

AUBREY *re-enters.*

Aubrey. Paula! [*PAULA staggers back as AUBREY advances. Raising ELLEAN.*] What's this? What's this?

Ellean. [*Faintly.*] Nothing. It—it's my fault. Father, I—I don't wish to see Captain Ardale again.

[*She goes out, AUBREY slowly following her to the door.*]

Paula. Aubrey, she—she guesses.

Aubrey. Guesses?

Paula. About me—and Ardale.

Aubrey. About you—and Ardale?

Paula. She says she suspected my character from the beginning . . . that's why she's always kept me at a distance . . . and now she sees through—

[*She falters; he helps her to the ottoman, where she sits.*]

Aubrey. [*Bending over her.*] Paula, you must have said something—admitted something—

Paula. I don't think so. It—it's in my face.

Aubrey. What?

Paula. She tells me so. She's right! I'm tainted through and through; anybody can see it, anybody can find it out. You said much the same to me to-night.

Aubrey. If she has got this idea into her head we must drive it out, that's all. We must take steps to—What shall we do? We had better—better—What—what?
[Sitting and staring before him.]

Paula. Ellean! So meek, so demure! You've often said she reminded you of her mother. Yes, I know now what your first marriage was like.

Aubrey. We must drive this idea out of her head. We'll do something. What shall we do?

Paula. She's a regular woman too. She could forgive him easily enough—but me! That's just a woman!

Aubrey. What *can* we do?

Paula. Why, nothing! She'd have no difficulty in following up her suspicions. Suspicions! You should have seen how she looked at me! *[He buries his head in his hands. There is silence for a time, then she rises slowly, and goes and sits beside him.]* *Aubrey.*

Aubrey. Yes.

Paula. I'm very sorry.

[Without meeting her eyes, he lays his hand on her arm for a moment.]

Aubrey. Well, we must look things straight in the face. *[Glancing around.]* At any rate, we've done with this.

Paula. I suppose so. *[After a brief pause.]* Of course, she and I can't live under the same roof any more. You know she kissed me to-night, of her own accord.

Aubrey. I asked her to alter towards you.

Paula. That was it, then.

Aubrey. I—I'm sorry I sent her away.

Paula. It was my fault; I made it necessary.

Aubrey. Perhaps now she'll propose to return to the convent,—well, she must.

Paula. Would you like to keep her with you and—and leave me?

Aubrey. Paula—!

Paula. You needn't be afraid I'd go back to—what I was. I couldn't.

Aubrey. S—sh, for God's sake! We—you and I—

we'll get out of this place . . . what a fool I was to come here again!

Paula. You lived here with your first wife!

Aubrey. We'll get out of this place and go abroad again, and begin afresh.

Paula. Begin afresh?

Aubrey. There's no reason why the future shouldn't be happy for us—no reason that I can see—

Paula. Aubrey!

Aubrey. Yes?

Paula. You'll never forget this, you know.

Aubrey. This?

Paula. To-night, and everything that's led up to it. Our coming here, Ellean, our quarrels—cat and dog!—Mrs. Cortelyon, the Orreyeds, this man! What an everlasting nightmare for you!

Aubrey. Oh, we can forget it, if we choose.

Paula. That was always your cry. How *can* one do it!

Aubrey. We'll make our calculations solely for the future, talk about the future, think about the future.

Paula. I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate.

Aubrey. That's an awful belief.

Paula. To-night proves it. You must see now that, do what we will, go where we will, you'll be continually reminded of—what I was. I see it.

Aubrey. You're frightened to-night; meeting this man has frightened you. But that sort of thing isn't likely to recur. The world isn't quite so small as all that.

Paula. Isn't it! The only great distances it contains are those we carry within ourselves—the distances that separate husbands and wives, for instance. And so it'll be with us. You'll do your best—oh, I know that—you're a good fellow. But circumstances will be too strong for you in the end, mark my words.

Aubrey. Paula—!

Paula. Of course I'm pretty now—I'm pretty still—and a pretty woman, whatever else she may be, is always—well, endurable. But even now I notice that the

lines of my face are getting deeper; so are the hollows about my eyes. Yes, my face is covered with little shadows that usen't to be there. Oh, I know I'm "going off." I hate paint and dye and those messes, but, by-and-bye, I shall drift the way of the others; I sha'n't be able to help myself. And then, some day—perhaps very suddenly, under a queer, fantastic light at night or in the glare of the morning—that horrid, irresistible truth that physical repulsion forces on men and women will come to you, and you'll sicken at me.

Aubrey. I—!

Paula. You'll see me then, at last, with other people's eyes; you'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with—not one serviceable little bit of prettiness left me to defend myself with! A worn-out creature—broken up, very likely, some time before I ought to be—my hair bright, my eyes dull, my body too thin or too stout, my cheeks raddled and ruddled—a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about! I know it—I know it! [*He is still sitting staring forward; she rocks herself to and fro as if in pain.*] Oh, Aubrey! Oh! Oh!

Aubrey. Paula—!

[*Trying to comfort her.*

Paula. Oh, and I wanted so much to sleep to-night! [*Laying her head upon his shoulder. From the distance, in the garden, there comes the sound of DRUMMLE'S voice; he is singing as he approaches the house.*] That's Cayley, coming back from The Warren. [*Starting up.*] He doesn't know, evidently. I—I won't see him!

[*She goes out quickly. DRUMMLE'S voice comes nearer. AUBREY rouses himself and snatches up a book from the table, making a pretence of reading. After a moment or two, DRUMMLE appears at the window and looks in.*

Drummle. Aha! my dear chap!

Aubrey. Cayley?

Drummle. [*Coming into the room.*] I went down to The Warren after you?

Aubrey. Yes?

Drummle. Missed you. Well—I've been gossiping with Mrs. Cortelyon. Confound you, I've heard the news!

Aubrey. What have you heard?

Drummle. What have I heard! Why—Ellean and young Ardale! [*Looking at AUBREY keenly.*] My dear Aubrey! Alice is under the impression that you are inclined to look on the affair favourably.

Aubrey. [*Rising and advancing to DRUMMLE.*] You've not—met—Captain Ardale?

Drummle. No. Why do you ask? By-the-bye, I don't know that I need tell you—but it's rather strange. He's not at The Warren to-night.

Aubrey. No?

Drummle. He left the house half an hour ago, to stroll about the lanes; just now a note came from him, a scribble in pencil, simply telling Alice that she would receive a letter from him to-morrow. What's the matter? There's nothing very wrong, is there? My dear chap, pray forgive me if I'm asking too much.

Aubrey. Cayley, you—you urged me to send her away!

Drummle. Ellean! Yes, yes. But—but—by all accounts this is quite an eligible young fellow. Alice has been giving me the history—

Aubrey. Curse him! [*Hurling his book to the floor.*] Curse him! Yes, I do curse him—him and his class! Perhaps I curse myself too in doing it. He has only led "a man's life"—just as I, how many of us, have done! The misery he has brought on me and mine it's likely enough we, in our time, have helped to bring on other's by this leading "a man's life!" But I do curse him for all that. My God, *I've* nothing more to fear—I've paid *my* fine! And so I can curse him in safety. Curse him! Curse him!

Drummle. In Heaven's name, tell me what's happened?

Aubrey. [*Gripping DRUMMLE'S arm.*] Paula!
Paula!

Drummle. What?

Aubrey. They met to-night here. They—they—they're not strangers to each other.

Drummle. Aubrey!

Aubrey. Curse him! My poor, wretched wife! My poor, wretched wife!

[The door opens and ELLEAN appears. The two men turn to her. There is a moment's silence.]

Ellean. Father . . . father . . . !

Aubrey. Ellean?

Ellean. I—I want you. [*He goes to her.*] Father . . . go to Paula! [*He looks into her face, startled.*] Quickly—quickly! [*He passes her to go out; she seizes his arm, with a cry.*] No, no; don't go!

[He shakes her off. ELLEAN staggers back towards DRUMMLE.]

Drummle. [*To ELLEAN.*] What do you mean? What do you mean?

Ellean. I—I went to her room—to tell her I was sorry for something I had said to her. And I was sorry—I was sorry. I heard the fall. I—I've seen her. It's horrible.

Drummle. She—she has—!

Ellean. Killed—herself? Yes—yes. So everybody will say. But I know—I helped to kill her. If I'd only been merciful!

[She faints upon the ottoman. He pauses for a moment irresolutely—then he goes to the door, opens it, and stands looking out.]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

John W. Cunliffe, *Modern English Playwrights, a Short History of the English Drama from 1825.* (Harper and

Brothers, 1927). An elementary, but interesting and well selected approach. There is no adequate study of the English drama for the nineteenth century. For background of the century, see pp. 21-53, and especially pp. 33-47 for Pinero.

Clayton Hamilton (ed.), *The Social Plays of A. W. Pinero* (Dutton, 1917-1922). Eight of the best social plays of Pinero, with introductions and critical prefaces.

Ludwig Lewisohn, *The Modern Drama* (Huebsch, 1915). A brief, trenchant, and well selected survey of the modern drama of Western Europe. See pp. 1-22 for Ibsen, and pp. 166-219 for the renaissance of the English drama—especially pp. 182-189 for Pinero.

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SUGGESTED PLAYS—COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

Henrik Ibsen, *The Doll's House*. Nora, who leaves her home, is one of the women most talked about in modern literature.

John Galsworthy, *The Silver Box*. A social drama with a much wider range than Pinero's; an illustration of the author's ironic comedy.

G. B. Shaw, *Candida*. A social drama in which the wife does the unexpected Shavian thing and remains with her husband instead of leaving him.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

On the basis of *The Doll's House* show wherein this play in form and content is similar to Ibsen's and wherein different.

Was the catastrophe in this play avoidable?

Estimate from a modern point of view the characters of Paula, Aubrey, and Ellean.

From the point of view of craftsmanship and staging *The School for Scandal* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are the two most effective plays in this text. Compare them in these respects.

NOTES

FAUSTUS

18.—2. *mate*, apparently means aided or allied with. On the shores of Lake Trasimenus Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, defeated the Romans, B. C. 217.

18.—12. *Rhodes*, town in Germany.

18.—20. *cunning*, knowledge.

19.—5. *Aristotle*, the Greek philosopher. Here Faustus turns to him for logic—or philosophy.

19.—7. *Bene disserere est finis logices*, the translation of this passage is given in line 8.

19.—12. ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν (Greek) being and not being. (Bullen's emendation of Q1, *Oncaymaeon*).

19.—13. *Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus*, "where the philosopher leaves off, the physician begins."

19.—16. *summum bonum medicinae sanitas*. Line 17 is a free translation of this passage.

19.—20. *bills*, medical prescriptions.

19.—27. *Justinian*, Roman emperor, 527–565 A.D., under whom was compiled the Body of Civil Law, (*Corpus Juris Civilis*) "Rome's most precious gift to our modern world." Faustus in the following lines is reading from the *Institute*.

19.—28. *Si una eademque*, etc.: "If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons, one gets the thing and the other the value of the thing."

19.—31. *Exhaereditare*, etc.: "A father cannot disinherit the son except," etc.

19.—32. *Law*, Q1. Church.

19.—33. *His*, its.

20.—2. *Jerome*, Saint Jerome, 331–420 A.D., called the "most learned" of the Latin Fathers of the Church. His great work was the translation of the Bible into Latin. This is known as the Vulgate, the standard translation for the mediaeval church. In the following lines he reads the Latin and translates.

20.—14. *necromantic books*. Observe that Faustus has in turn rejected logic or philosophy, medicine, law, and divinity, and that he now turns to magic.

20.—27. *try thy*, Q3. *tire my*.

21.—7. *conceit*, idea, probably here in the Elizabethan sense of an extravagant or fantastic notion.

21.—19. [*Silk*], Emend. Dyce, Qq. *skill*.

21.—25. *fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge*. When in 1585 the Spanish fighting to subdue Holland blockaded Antwerp, the Hollanders filled a ship with rocks and powder, set off a fuse, and let the ship drift to the bridge, where the explosion destroyed it, with much loss of life to the Spaniards.

22.—8. *Sweet Musaeus*, Musaeus is a Greek poet whom Aeneas (vi, 667) met when he descended to the lower world to see the shade of his father Anchises. Musaeus was so revered by the infernal spirits that they swarmed around him when he came to the lower regions.

22.—9. *Agrippa*. Apparently a mediaeval alchemist. Henry Cornelius Agrippa, born Sept. 14, 1486.

22.—15. *subjects*, Q4. *spirits*.

22.—18. *Almain rutters*, German cavalry. (Ger. *reiters*.)

22.—32. *seen*, versed.

23.—6. *Bacon's and Albanus's works*, etc. Roger Bacon (13th century) and probably Peter of Abano (14th century) or Albertus Magnus (13th century). All were great mediaeval scholars who wrote on magic and experimental science. Their works, the Hebrew Psalms, and the New Testament were to be used in connection with incantations.

23.—16. *quiddity*, detail.

23.—20. *Sic probo*, "thus I prove."

23.—30. *licentiate*, licensed by university degree, or otherwise, to practice his profession.

24.—7. *corpus naturale*, etc. "'Corpus naturale seu mobile' is the current scholastic expression for the subject matter of Physics." (Ward). Faustus is a natural or moving body.

24.—14. *precision*, Puritan.

24.—25. *Rector*, the head of the university.

25.—5. *erring stars*, wandering planets; that is, moving in their orbits.

25.—9ff. *Sint mihi*, etc.: "Be propitious to me gods of Acheron! May the three-fold deity of Jehovah prevail! Hail spirits of fire, air, water! Belzebub, prince of the Orient, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we appease you that Mephistophilis may appear and rise. Why dost thou delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our prayer, may Mephistophilis himself now summoned by us arise!"

25.—28. *Quin regis*, etc.: "For indeed thou rulest in the image of brother Mephistophilis."

26.—6. *per accidens*, through what I heard.

- 26.—7. *rack*, to pervert, to twist the meaning of.
- 26.—20. *For he confounds*, etc., he has no regard for either Heaven or hell.
- 27.—20. *resolve*, inform.
- 27.—33. *speculation*, study.
- 27.—36. *'Swowns*, God's wounds. The terrible oaths during middle ages were those combining the name of the Divinity with parts of his Body, of the Cross, etc.
- 28.—1. *pickadavaunts*, short beard trimmed to a point.
- 28.—15. *Qui mihi discipulus*, one who is a follower of mine.
- 28.—17. *beatensilk and stavesacre*, a kind of larkspur, used for destroying lice (Neilson).
- 28.—18. *Knave's Acre*, Poultney Street, London, "chiefly inhabited by dealers in old goods and glass bottles." (Strype.)
- 28.—27. *familiars*, spirits or demons.
- 28.—36. *Mass*, God's Mass—oath.
- 29.—14. *slop*, wide breeches.
- 30.—3. *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*, "as if to follow in my footsteps."
- 31.—1. *Emden*, an important commercial town in Elizabethan times. (Neilson.)
- 31.—20. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, "company is the solace of misery."
- 32.—14. *consummatum est*, "it is completed."
- 32.—17. *Homo, fuge*, "man, fly."
- 34.—5. *fond*, foolish (regular Elizabethan meaning).
- 34.—34. *Penelope*, the faithful wife, who waited years in Ithaca for the return of Ulysses despite the importunings of many suitors.
- 34.—31. *Saba*, Sheba, the Oriental queen who visited Solomon.
- 36.—16. *Alexander's love*. See p. 48 (scene x), ll. 26–39, reference to Alexander and his paramour.
- 36.—16. *Cænon's death*. Cænone, the beautiful nymph, deserted by Paris for Helen. He later returned to her to be healed after he had been wounded by a poisoned arrow. She refused his request. But after his death she threw herself in remorse upon his funeral pyre and was burned to death with his body.
- 36.—17. *And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes*, etc. Amphion, a son of Zeus, "having become king of Thebes, it is said that when he played on his lyre, stones moved of their own accord and took their place in the wall with which he was fortifying the city."
- 36.—34. *situ et tempore*, "in direction and in time."

37.—19. *Per inæqualem motum respecta totius*, "on account of their unequal motion in relation to the whole."

38.—33. *Pride*, this is the worst of the seven deadly sins. Pride or arrogance caused Lucifer (later Satan) to be cast out of Heaven.

39.—26. *case*, pair.

39.—33. *bevers*, refreshments between meals.

39.—37. Martlemas, St. Martin's Mass. St. Martin's day is November eleventh, "the customary time for hanging up provisions to dry which had been salted for the winter." (Nares.)

40.—28. *Enter Wagner*. Wagner here has the function of a chorus. In later editions this speech is given to the chorus.

41.—4. *Trier*, Treves.

41.—13. *Maro*, Virgil: of special importance here because he was regarded as a magician in the middle ages.

42.—28. *Sound a sennet*, "a signal call played on a trumpet, the signal for entrance or exit. Common in the stage directions in the Tudor drama." (Skeat-Mahew, *Tudor and Stuart Glossary*.)

42.—31. *an*, if.

43.—30. *Maledicat Dominus*, "May the Lord curse him."

44.—8. *Et omnes sancti*, "And all the saints."

45.—24. *ippocras*, "a cordial drink made of wine flavoured with spices."

45.—36. *clean our boots*, the boots of the guests, their regular task.

46.—3. *purchase*, general meaning is anything secured in any manner; here booty.

46.—12. *but a etc.*, words to be filled in by the actor as he wished.

47.—first stage direction. *squibs*, something like fire-crackers.

47.—1. *O Nomine Domini*, "In the name of the Lord."

47.—3. *Peccatum peccatorum*, "sin of sins."

47.—5. *Misericordia pro nobis*, "Mercy upon us."

48.—12. *answerable*, proportionate.

48.—30. *motion*, mention.

49.—20. *Diana and Acteon*, Acteon out hunting came upon Diana bathing. She turned him into a stag and set his hounds upon him.

51.—6. *horse-courser*, "a dealer in horses." (Skeat-Mahew.)

52.—7. *Doctor Lopus*, Doctor Lopez, physician to Queen Elizabeth.

52.—16. *battle of hay*, bundle of hay.

53.—9. *ostry*, inn.

57.—9. *age*, old man. As often in Shakespeare, the abstract word for the concrete.

57.—28. *suck*. Qq 1-3 read *suckles*.

58.—8. *Semele*. Jupiter appeared to Semele as a lover in ordinary form. Because of doubts aroused in her mind by Juno, she secured from Jupiter a promise that he would appear to her in all his glory. Unable to endure the brightness she was consumed to ashes.

58.—10. *Arethusa*. Reference apparently confused. See Guerber, *Myths of Greece and Rome*, p. 190ff.

60.—24. *O lente, lente, currite noctis equi*, "O slowly, slowly run, horses of the night."

61.—17. *Pythagoras*, Greek philosopher 582-507 B.C., who taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

62.—9. *Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus*, the hour closes the day, the author closes his work.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

71.—4. *affected to*, in love with.

71.—28. *embezzl'd*, squandered (Skeat-Mahew).

71.—28. *coz*, cousin, used of any relative outside one's immediate family.

72.—10. *Wars of France*. Though the London life here represented is that of 1599-1600, the historical background is that of 1399-1413, the years of Henry V, during whose reign occurred the famous English victory over the French at Agincourt.

72.—14. *presently*, immediately, regular Elizabethan meaning.

72.—21-24. *Mile-end, Tothill fields, Finsbury*: districts in or about London. In Finsbury fields, to the north of the city, James Burbage built 'The Theatre', the first public playhouse, in 1576. In addition to serving as drilling grounds, Finsbury fields was a public park popular with middle class London.

72.—26. *imprest*, advance-pay.

72.—26. *furniture*, equipment.

73.—14. *bias*, inclination.

73.—19. *Portuguese*, a gold coin worth between three and four pounds.

73.—26. *beckons*, Qq., become.

73.—38. *our great charge*, our companies of men (see p. 72, l. 21ff.)

74.—16. *an*, if.

74.—23. *firking*, frisky.

74.—31. *cormorant*, play on word colonel.

75.—5. *press'd*, drafted into service.

75.—19. *your pols, etc.* Colloquial for "By Pollux. Solemn declarations, or oaths" (N. E. D.).

75.—26-29. *Hector, Hercules, Termagant, Arthur, Ludgate, Pharaoh.* Eyre is a remarkably versatile shoemaker in his allusions. Observe that he refers to a Trojan (Hector) and a Greek (Hercules) hero, a Saracen (Termagant) divinity, a British (Arthur) hero, another legendary British ruler (Ludgate), and an Egyptian monarch (Pharaoh). Ludgate was one of the gates in the London wall near St. Paul's.

75.—28. *tall, brave.*

75.—34. *gull, fool.*

76.—21. *pick thank tales, tales told to gain favor.*

76.—35. *groats, small coins.*

76.—35. *mustard tokens*, apparently a token given to purchasers of mustard entitling them to a small repayment when a certain number have been accumulated; also a term of contempt (N. E. D.).

77.—7. *bombast cotton-candle quean*: "Suggested by Jane's white soft hands and delicate appearance generally" (Lange).

77.—18. *Basa mon cues*; cf. vulg. French, *baisez mon culs* (*qu eue*) (Lange).

77.—21. *slops*, (pockets of) trousers.

77.—31. *pink'd*, her name pierced on the shoes.

77.—Closing words of stage directions. "*Farewell, etc.*", other words to be employed by the actors to create illusion of reality.

78.—18. *against*, for the time when.

78.—18. *Lady of the Harvest.* In connection with festivities of harvest season, when the last load of grain was brought into the yard, a pretty girl was chosen to sit on one of the horses, 'her straw hat ornamented with flowers and corn.' (Chambers, *Book of Days*, II, p. 293.)

78.—26. *out of cry*, beyond all description.

78.—30. *Old Ford*, a suburb of Elizabethan London.

79.—4. *With a wanion*, with a vengeance.

79.—5. *humorous, capricious.*

79.—10. *stamp crabs*, crushed crab-apples.

79.—11. *verjuice*, juice of crab-apples or other green fruit.

79.—12. *Than may'st he much in my gaskins, but nothing in my nether-stocks*, apparently, "After all, you don't mean much to me!" Gaskins, loose hose or trousers, the upper-stocks, as opposed to the nether-stocks, the lower, close-fitting stockings.

79.—16. "*Go by, Jeronimo, go by*," a line from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, popular contemporary play.

79.—23. *proper*, handsome.

79.—24. *snick-up*, "be hanged."

79.—37. "*up tails all*," "the name of a popular tune." (Tatlock and Martin.)

80.—(Stage direction, sc. iii). *Making himself ready*, dressing.

80.—26. *brewess*, beef broth (Neilson).

81.—1. *powder-beef*, salted beef.

81.—3. *kennels*, gutters (Neilson).

81.—12. *bandog*, a dog so fierce or wild that it had to be tied or held by a *band* or chain.

81.—20. *souse-wife*, a woman who sold souse; i.e., pickled pigs' feet.

81.—27. *toward*, to come.

82.—10ff. *Der was een bore von Gelderland, etc.*

There was a boor from Gilderland

Jolly they be.

He was so drunk he could not stand,

Drunken (?) they be:

Clink then the cannikin,

Drink, pretty mannikin. (Neilson.)

82.—17. *Saint Hugh's bones*. St. Hugh was the patron saint of shoemakers. His bones were supposed to have been made into shoemakers' tools. (Neilson.)

82.—26. *butter-box*, "a contemptuous term for a fat Dutchman." (Skeat-Mahew.)

83.—7. *you gallimaufry*, medley or mixture (contemptuously); originally a dish made by hashing up remnants of food; a hodge-podge.

83.—10. *Goeden dach meester, ende, u vro, oak*, "Good day, master, and your wife also."

83.—11. *Nails*, oath by a part of the Cross or of the body of Divinity.

83.—14. *Yaw, yaw, ik bin den Skomawker*, "Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker."

83.—21. *Yaw, yaw; be niet vorveard, etc.*, "Yes, indeed, don't be afraid. I have all the tools for making shoes of all sizes."

83.—25. *mystery*, trade or craft.

83.—27. *Ik weet niet yow seg; ich verstaw yow niet*, "I don't know what you're saying; I don't understand you."

83.—31. *Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat wel doen*, "Yes, yes, yes, I can do that well."

84.—2. *trullibub*, triflers.

84.—10. *O, ich wersto you, ich moet een halve dossen cans betaalen; here boy, nempt dis skilling, tap eens freeelicke*. "O, I understand you; I must buy half a dozen cans; here boy, take this shilling, tap once freely." His initiation is to furnish drinks for all.

84.—24. *Clapper-dudgeon*, slang for beggar; another of his numerous epithets for his wife.

84.—26. *conger*, an eel.

84.—26. *hyperboreans*, another bit of Eyre's jargon from the classics; dwellers beyond the north winds.

85.—6. *take soil*, take to the water, for protection.

85.—7. *embost*, fatigued.

86.—8. *O gross!* That's a good one! Observe the Elizabethan love of punning in the lines following.

86.—17. *Wounds*, (God's) wounds.

87.—24. *Gods pittikins*, Sibyl's oaths are more gentle and refined than those of the others; God's pity.

88.—8ff. *Skipper*, "I tell you what, Hans, this ship that comes from Candia, by God's sacrament is full of sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and a thousand other things. Take it for your master, Hans. Here is the bill of lading. Your master, Simon Eyre, shall have a good bargain. What say you, Hans." *Firk*, —. *Hans*, "My dear brother Firk, bring Master Eyre to the Swan Inn at once; then you will find the skipper and me. What say you, brother Firk? Do it, Hodge." (Neilson.)

89.—2. *porpentines as an earnest penny*. Firk intends to mention *Portuguese*, a coin; but his word for it is *porcupines*: An advance payment to bind the agreement.

89.—4. *St. Mary Overy's bells*, bells of well-known London church near river Thames.

89.—22. *firk*, beat, trounce.

90.—6. *Finsbury*, Finsbury fields; public park or recreation grounds. (cf. p. 72. l. 24.)

90.—11. *Tannikin*, "a diminutive pet form of the name Anna, used especially for a German or Dutch girl." (Skeat-Mahew).

90.—39. *yark*, "to pull forcibly as shoemakers do in securing the stitches of their work." (Skeat-Mahew).

91.—3. *from the bias*, beside the point.

91.—14. *Skellum Skanderbag*, "German: Schelm, a scoundrel. Skanderbag or Scander Beg (i.e. Lord Alexander), a Turkish name for John Kastriota, the Albanian hero, who freed his country from the yoke of the Turks (1443-1467)." (Neilson.)

91.—18. *guarded gown*, a gown with ornamented border or trimming.

91.—24. *beaten damask*, embroidered damask.

91.—25. *rearing*, ruffling (Neilson).

91.—29. *give you the wall*, that is, the part of the walk away from the gutter; hence, the right of way.

91.—30. *with the right worshipful*, salute you thus.

- 92.—6. *nempt*, take.
- 92.—11. *copen*, bargain.
- 92.—18. *ic heb veale gedrunck*, I have drunk much.
- 95.—21. *square*, quarrel.
- 95.—26. *so fond, to fond*, so foolish as to base or found; a regular Elizabethan meaning, and a pun.
- 96.—28. *mammet*, puppet.
- 98.—2. *angels*, gold coins worth ten shillings.
- 98.—12. *stay*, wait for.
- 98.—25. *an old musty ale-bottle*, "wooden ale-keg." (Skeat-Mahew).
- 98.—25. (*melancholy*) *humour*. According to the mediaeval idea one's disposition or temperament was governed by the relative proportion of the four elements in his body: earth, air, fire, and water. These produced the four humours: sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, melancholy. So here Margaret, according to Firk, would be changing her whole mental disposition or temperament. Ben Jonson is using the word in the mediaeval sense in *Every Man in his Humour*.
- 98.—29. *dame*, mistress. Eyre's advance in rank gives Margaret also a more dignified place and title.
- 99.—6. *Mee tanck you, vro*, "I thank you, mistress."
- 99.—11. *back-friend*, faithless friend. (Neilson).
- 99.—27. *poulterers*, place where rabbits were sold; a typical Elizabethan pun—*hair, hare*.
- 100.—3. *Ick bin vrolicke, lot, see you soo*. "I am happy, let's see you so."
- 100.—4. *drink a pipe*, smoke a pipe; regular Elizabethan meaning. Recall that Raleigh had only recently introduced tobacco into England.
- 101.—6. "*ka me, ka thee*," do me a good turn and I'll do thee the same. (Skeat-Mahew). "Scratch me and I'll scratch thee."
- 101.—23. *brave*, splendid.
- 102.—14. *I smell the rose*, I see by the stamp on the coin. "The three-farthing silver pieces of Queen Elizabeth had the profile of the sovereign with a rose at the back of her head." (Dyck).
- 102.—28. *this flap of a shoulder of mutton*, the flap of a hood trimmed with fur or sheep's wool. (Rhys).
- 102.—31. *Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty*. Remember the twenty Portuguese which Hans had advanced to Eyre to bind his purchase of the cargo (III, i, p. 89, ll. 1-4.)
- 103.—6. *some odd cratchets, some morris*, some fantastic original entertainment, some morris dancing.
- 104.—9. *The First Three Men's Song*. "A catch for three

voices. It is by no means certain at what point in the play the songs were introduced." (Neilson).

105.—23. *cordwainers*. Cordwain was a Spanish leather originally made in Cordova; hence, the leather workers.

105.—33. *Ik bedancke, good frister*, "I thank (you) good maid."

107.—8. *And this too curious*, and this one is too scrupulous.

111.—10ff. *Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly youngster. Hort, I mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres vor Mester Jeffre's boots*. "Forward, Firk, thou beest a jolly fellow, I pray you, master, cut me a pair of vamps for Master Jeffrey's boots." (Neilson)

111.—17. *counterfeits*, another word for vamps, upper fore-leather of the shoe; also, a pleasant pun.

111.—39. "*They say, seven of the aldermen be dead or very sick*," a reference to the plague which by deaths created the vacancy in the Mayor's office for Eyre.

112.—20. *Vat begaie you? Vat vod you, Frister?* "What do you want, what would you, girl?" (Neilson.)

112.—23. "*Vare ben your edle fro, vare ben your mistris*." "Where is your noble lady, where is your mistress?" (Neilson).

112.—30. *ic sall meete yo gane*. "I shall go with you."

116.—16. "*Forware, me tresse, 't is un good skow, it sal vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen*." "Indeed, mistress, 'tis a good shoe; it shall fit well or you shall not pay for it."

116.—23. "*Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well; forware, 'tis un good skoo, 'tis gimait van neitz leither; se ever, mine here*." "Yes, yes, I know that well; indeed, it is a good shoe, it is made of neat's leather: see here, good sir."

118.—29. *honniken*, a despised fellow, (cf. modern German *hohn*, scorn, disgrace) (Skeat-Mahew).

119.—20. *gentle craft*, the title of Thomas Deloney's stories of shoemakers, the source of Dekker's play.

119.—22. *bob*, deceive.

119.—39. *I'll so gull these diggers*, I'll fool these diggers after information.

120.—2. *in sadness*, seriously.

120.—10. *in a new pair of stretchers*, devising new kinds of lies; stretching the truth.

120.—27. *Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London stone*, the steeple of St. Paul's cathedral is higher than the stone marker which indicated the center from which the old Roman roads radiated.

120.—28. *that the Pissing-conduit leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch*, nor that only pure ale such as Mother Bunch

(a famous ale-wife) sells flows from a certain public water conduit. (Ironically).

120.—40. *inconie*, a fine pair.

121.—24. *ban*, curse.

122.—2. *cozen*, cheat, trick.

122.—5. *hold out tack*, hold out or endure. (Skeat-Mahew).

122.—25. *farthingale*, look in any book of costumes or in a dictionary under this word for an illustration of this feature of Elizabethan dress.

123.—10. *marchpane*, a sweetmeat made of sugar and almonds.

123.—27. "*I promised the mad Cappadocians*, etc., "a jocose expression for mad-caps." This refers to an incident in the opening of Deloney's *Simon Eyre*: "Now, their custome was so, that every Sunday morning divers of these prentises did use to go to a place neer the conduit to break their fast with pudding, pies, and often they would take Simon along with them. But upon a time it so fell out that when he should draw money to pay the shot with the rest that he had none. Whereupon he merrily said unto them: 'My faithfull friends and conduit companions, treasurers of the water tankard and main pillars of the pudding house, I may now compare my purse to a barren doe, that yields the keeper no more good than an empty carkasse; or to a bad nut, which being opened hath never a kernell. Therefore, if it will please you to pardon me at this time and excuse me for my part of the shot, I do here vow unto you that, if ever I come to be Lord Maior of this city, I will give a breakfast unto all the printises in London.'" See also Act V, scene v, p. 139 l. 33ff., the closing speech of Eyre.

123.—32. *I have procured that upon every Shrove Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell.*" "Shrove Tuesday derives its name from the ancient practice of the Church of Rome, of confessing sins, and being *shrived* or *shrove*, i.e., obtaining absolution on this day. Being the day prior to the beginning of Lent, it may occur on any one between the 2nd of February and the 8th of March. . . . The character of the day as a popular festival is mirthful: it is a season of carnival-like jollity and drollery. . . . When Shrove Tuesday dawned, the bells were set aringing and everybody abandoned himself to amusement and good humour. All through the day, there was a preparing and devouring of pancakes. . . . Before being eaten, there was always a great deal of contention among the eaters, to see which could most adroitly toss them in the pan." Chambers, *Book of Days*, I, 236.

125.—5. *clubs*, rallying cry London apprentices, who had clubs for weapons.

125.—28. *'Swounds*, God's wounds.

126.—10. *busk-point*, the lace, with its tag (or point), which secured the end of the 'busk' or strip of wood in front of the stays: "so much as a corset-string."

126.—14-16. *Blue coat . . . we'll give you a new livery; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's day for you.*" Blue was the usual color of dress of servants; also blue was the fashionable dress for Saint George's day (April 23). Possibly this refers to the fact that the dragon, a popular feature of St. George's day was often stoned, kicked, and buffeted as it appeared in the processions.

127.—16. *The sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus*, a double reference: astrological relation or conjunction of planets and combination of fighting and love.

128.—36. *lac'd mutton*, a slang term for woman.

129.—22. *lamb'd them*, beaten them soundly.

130.—7. *To the great new hall*, Leadenhall, big London market, which came into possession of the city early in the fifteenth century.

130.—18-2. *brewess, . . . dry-vats, . . . collops, . . . scuttles*, beef-broth, barrels, slices or pieces of meat, broad shallow basket or dish.

130.—35. *Saint Hugh*, patron saint of shoemakers.

133.—1. *trowl*, pass.

134.—3. *white-pot*, "a dish made of milk, eggs, and sugar, etc. boiled in a pot." (Skeat-Mahew).

134.—5. *carbonado*, a grilled steak scored or cut across.

134.—8. *partlets*, ruffs for the neck. (Neilson).

134.—9. *flews*, flapping skirts like the hanging chaps of a hound.

134.—9. *rub out of mine alley*, don't obstruct my bowling alley.

135.—10. Tamar Cham's, *Tamurlaine*. Recall that Marlowe's play by this title was very popular.

135.—11. *and stuff tennis balls with it*, regular way of making them in those days.

138.—22. *that new building*, etc. In Dekker's source, Deloney's *Simon Eyre*, the hall is built by Eyre after this big banquet as a market place for the shoemakers. As Lange, the editor of *The Gentle Craft*, states: "Deloney's Eyre is an imperfect blending of history, tradition, and Deloney. In Dekker's hands he becomes one of the great humorous characters of English comedy." Maitland, *History and Survey of London* (II, 187) has Eyre build Leadenhall at his own expense as a public granery for laying up corn against a time of scarcity. Another authority gives Eyre as a draper before he was mayor.

139.—34. *shroving, shrove-tide*, a day for recreation.

139.—34. *which I promised long ago*, see note above on V, i, p. 123, l. 32.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS

150.—10. *for what can be concluded, etc.*, "Here and throughout the dialogue Steele follows closely the conversation of Simo and Sosia in Terence's *Andria*, Act. I, Sc. i." (Aitken).

151.—12. *like Cymon in the fable*. This refers to Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, one of his *Fables, Ancient and Modern*. He translates and adapts it from Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Fifth Day, Novel I). It is the story of a young man of noble birth but with such stupid, clownish ways that his father finally in despair puts him out on a country farm to become a rustic squire. Then one day Cymon, happening upon a beautiful maiden sleeping with her attendants by a fountain in a forest, has his nature so changed by the love aroused that he returns to his father's home and under the inspiration of this love becomes courtly and graceful in manners and appearance.

152.—3. *You are right, etc.*, "This and the two following speeches by Sir John Bevil are borrowed from Terence." (Aitken).

153.—5. *vails, tips*.

153.—36. *shams, false shirt fronts*.

154.—27ff. *Painted Chambers. . . . Courts of Requests*. Servants at a common meeting place adopted the manners and titles of their masters. Tom here indicates also that for their meeting places they employed names of rooms in the Parliament building. See Steele, *Spectator* 88, for such a description of servants.

154.—32. *nemine contradicente*, with no one opposing.

155.—77. *ridottos*, an entertainment with dancing and music just becoming popular in England at that time.

155.—18. *Belsize*, London amusement garden or park, popular in the early eighteenth century.

156.—33. *carried in a coach or chair*, Swift in *A Modest Proposal* (1729) mentions "several plump young girls . . . who without one groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair." Cf. I, ii, p. 162, l. 30: "Call a chair."

156.—37. *twire, coquette with the eyes*.

158.—5. *poor Crispo's fate, Crispo* was a popular contemporary Italian opera.

158.—8. "*Se vedette*," opening words of a song from the above opera.

158.—9. *fobbed off*, put off, got rid of.

158.—36. *a patch happily fixed*, For an essay concerning

one use of patches on the face, see Addison's *Spectator* 88, *Party Patches*.

159.—25. *This charming vision of Mirza!* See for this Addison's *Spectator* 159, a vision of life after death.

166.—32. (Stage direction). *Exit Tom*. Not in the first edition.

167.—Close of Act I. *Exit, Exeunt* in first edition.

167.—3. (Stage direction). *Exit Tom*. Not in first edition.

167.—6. *Vacant*, care-free.

168.—17. *humorous*, capricious.

169.—12. *natural*, fool

169.—13. *sense*, eighteenth century meaning of moral perception.

176.—30. *Crispo or Griselda*, two operas by the Italian composer, Giovanni Bononcini, produced in 1722.

177.—7. *dolce sogno*, "sweet dream," phrase from the song.

177.—21. *Signor Carbonelli*, an Italian violinist whom Steele mentions in his preface to this play as having taken part in the play in lieu of a violinist for whom he had prepared a song.

182.—20. *Ah! too well I remember, etc.*, This affords an interesting illustration of Steele's adapting from his essays material for his drama. See *Guardian* for June 20, 1713.

184.—36. *liquorish*, eager, desirous.

185.—19. *earnest down*, advance payment to bind the bargain.

191.—23. *indentiture tripartite*, a written agreement in triplicate.

192.—2. *entail*, property or estate so restricted that it may be left only to a stated heir or heirs.

196.—18. *But then this dueling, etc.*, Recall that "a duel which he (Steele) fought with Captain Kelly in Hyde Park in 1700, and in which he wounded his antagonist dangerously, inspired him with the dislike of the practice that he showed to the end of his life." On duelling, see Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, XXXVIII; also Steele, *Tatler*, 25, 26, 28, 29, 38, 39.

201.—18. *cocker*, patron of cock fighting. (Aitken).

203.—18. *such a husband soils with his wife*, lives with. (Tatlock and Martin).

213.—7. (Stage direction). *table book*, memorandum book.

215.—35. *commode*, accommodating: in a bad sense.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

229.—5. *vapours*, a fit of melancholy or blues.

229.—6. *papers*, R. Crompton Rhodes in the introduction

to his recent edition of this play emphasizes that Sheridan was satirizing "one of the greatest vices of the age." This applied especially to the libellous nature of the scandal and gossip which characterized the recently founded *Town and Country Magazine* (1769) and *The Morning Post* (1772).

229.—8. *quantum sufficit*, as much as suffices.

229.—18. *poz.*, positively.

229.—22. *Grosvenor Square*, fashionable residence district of London.

232.—21. *a tête-a-tête in the Town and Country Magazine*, Here R. Crompton Rhodes in his introduction explains that the main feature of the magazine was a sketch of the affairs of some prominent man or woman with the latest mistress or lover, respectively, to which was "annexed the tête-a-tête, a plate showing their portraits in vignette." Though the editors avoided employing complete names, they identified these characters sufficiently for their readers through well known nick-names or the common device of dashes for omitted letters: e.g., H—k—s, Hopkins.

235.—5. *sensibility*, delicacy of feeling, quick emotion or sympathy, a popular word and idea during the eighteenth century. See Bernbaum, *The Drama of Sensibility*, *passim*.

235.—13. *distresses*, legal seizure of goods not paid for. (Tatlock and Martin).

235.—15. *execution*, seizure of property to pay debts.

238.—22. *York diligence*, the York stage coach.

240.—23. *Petrarch's Laura*, or *Waller's Sacharissa*. Petrarch, Italian poet of the fourteenth century, made "Laura" the subject of a sonnet sequence; Waller, an English poet of the seventeenth century in his verse called his sweetheart, Dorothy Sidney, Sacharissa.

241.—26. *Tunbridge*, Tunbridge Wells, famous English resort for recreation and health.

242.—22. *Old Jewry*, London street, near the Bank of England.

242.—25. *Irish tontine*, The tontine was a system of insurance or annuities (so-called from Tonti, the Italian who devised it) providing for distribution of income to the living members and for the passing of the principal to the last survivor. Because of the Irish national debt at this time, the English government adopted the tontine to increase its capital. (Nettleton).

243.—38. *sentiment*, a mental attitude characterized by delicacy of feeling, sympathy, moral considerations. Another very popular eighteenth century word and idea. Observe that in this play Joseph is *a man of sentiment* Because a

person of *sentiment* tends to become a hypocrite, he is an object for satire.

247.—20. *Pantheon*, a concert hall in London, opened in 1772. (Nettleton.)

247.—21. *fête champêtre*, an elaborate entertainment in the open air.

247.—28. *Oons*, God's wounds. Cf., Zounds, 'Swounds.

247.—36. *tambour*, a circular frame for holding firmly in position a piece of cloth for embroidering.

248.—7. *Pope Joan*, a game of cards.

248.—13. *vis-à-vis*, a carriage in which persons sit face to face.

248.—36. *'Slife*, God's life.

249.—20. *rid on a hurdle*, "In England a sled or crate on which criminals were formerly drawn to the place of execution."

250.—15. *Hyde Park*. This still is the popular park in London.

250.—20. *macaronies*, one of a class of young men affecting foreign ways. The term came into use about 1760.

251.—4. *piquet*, a game of cards played by two.

252.—28. *a character dead at every word*. This has often been commented on as an echo of Pope's "At every word a reputation dies," from *Rape of the Lock*, iii. 16.

253.—11. *the Ring*, a circular drive laid out in Hyde Park by Charles II. Here the fashionable paraded themselves for one another. (Nettleton.)

254.—21. *Spa*, originally and here the name of a place in Belgium where there were mineral springs.

255.—11. *poaching on manors*, hunting illegally on private game preserves.

255.—22. *law merchant*, the law that applies in commercial transactions.

257.—23. *cicisbeo*, "the recognized gallant of a married woman."

262.—28. *Crutched Friars*, "a crooked street deriving its name from a former monastery of the Friars of the Holy Cross." (London, Ward, Locke, and Co.)

264.—15. *Annuity Bill*. Nettleton in the notes to his edition of this play emphasizes the fact that the reference here and in the following lines is decidedly a local hit. At the time of the first appearance of this play (May 8, 1777) a bill was in Parliament providing that contracts made with minors for annuities should be legally void.

270.—6. *bags*, bags or pouches for holding the back-hair of wigs.

- 270.—34. *post-obit*, a bond payable after the death of some person; here applies to the wardrobe of Trip's master.
- 270.—36. *point ruffles*, lace ruffles.
- 271.—21. *hazard regimen*. (He is now under) a rule of living which applies to a pure game of chance.
- 272.—2. *round of her peers*, a toast to her equals among the ladies.
- 275.—40. *a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life*, a note payable after Sir Oliver's death, with the expectation of inheritance from him as security.
- 277.—9. *race-cups and corporation bowls*, cups won in racing and bowls presented by the city.
- 278.—27. *up to the Conquest*, back to the Norman Conquest.
- 279.—24. *here's the family tree*, the roll of parchment containing the genealogy of the Surface family.
- 279.—36. *Duke of Marlborough's Wars*, Continental wars during the reign of Queen Anne. Addison in *The Campaign* (1704) celebrated the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim and established his position as a famous poet.
- 280.—9. *Kneller*, Sir Godfrey Kneller, German portrait painter in England (1646-1723).
- 280.—32. *woolsack*, the seat of the English Lord Chancellor; applied, as here, to the seat of any English judge.
- 280.—39. *This is the first time that they were ever bought or sold*. Horace Walpole, prime minister of England from 1721 to 1745, had as a motto: "Every man has his price."
- 292.—26. *trepan*, to ensnare, to deceive (obsolete).
- 293.—16. *close*, concealed
- 295.—18. *incog.* incognito, concealed.
- 301.—28. *rupees*, Indian coin worth between one and two shillings.
- 301.—28. *pagodas*, an Indian coin worth about seven and a half shillings.
- 301.—31. *avadavats*, small Indian song birds.
- 301.—31. *Indian crackers*, fire crackers from India.
- 306.—8. *a thrust in second*, a position in fencing. See illustration under *seconde* in an unabridged dictionary.
- 306.—26. *Salthill*, where he had been to see Montem, "a custom formerly practiced by the scholars of Eton College, England of going every third year, on Whit-Tuesday, to a hillock (Salthill) near the Bath road and exacting 'money for salt' from all passers-by, to assist in supporting at the university the senior scholar of the school."
- 314.—30. *A. B. at the Coffee-house*, allusion to the custom of making appointments for meeting at coffee-houses through advertising one's initials and thus concealing one's name.

320.—17ff. *Mr. Coleman*, George Coleman, manager of Haymarket Theatre.

320.—22. *motley Bayes*, the dramatist or poet with his folly: motley, the garb of the court fool; Bayes, character in *The Rehearsal* (1671) intended as a caricature of Dryden; hence, dramatist as poet.

321.—14. *pounded*, impounded, imprisoned.

321.—18ff. *at backgammon*, . . . *loo*, . . . *vole*, . . . *seven's the main*, . . . *hot cockles*, references to the country amusements, ranging from a game analogous to a combination of checkers and dice to cards and a children's game. The curious person will find a discussion of these games and terms in any unabridged dictionary.

321.—24. *Farewell the plumed head, the cushioned tête*, reference to the elaborate hair dressing and high wigs, the fashion in that day. Cf. Cowper's description of a country girl:

Her head adorned with lappets pinned aloft
And ribbons streaming gay, superbly raised
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains.

The Task, Bk. IV, ll. 540-544.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

346.—1. *I give up Pall Mall for the Surrey Hills*. Pall Mall, a street in London, the center of club life. (pr. pĕl-mĕl').

356.—13. *Then a game of Bésique*, a game of cards.

365.—10. *You remember the episode of the Jeweler's Son in the Arabian Nights?* This tale, entitled "The Story of Mohammad 'Ali The Jeweller, or the False Khalifeh," begins with night 285 of *The Arabian Nights*. Briefly, Mohammad 'Ali, son of a jeweler, was loved by Dunya, sister of Ja'far, the councilor of state for the Khalifeh Harun Er-Rashid. Because she one day thought him unfaithful to her after they had been married a month, she had him beaten and thrown out of her palace. For a year after this, every night he appeared on the Tigris River in pomp, with attendants, pretending to be the Khalifeh. One night the Khalifeh and two of his friends, after having by chance discovered the young man in his nightly exhibition, followed him to his palace. There they were royally entertained and heard the story of his sorrow, which had impelled him to appear in public each night as the true Khalifeh, always lamenting the loss of his lady. The next day the Khalifeh summoned the young jeweler and Lady Dunya and effected a reconciliation between the two. Pinero

probably refers to Harun Er-Rashid's discovery of the young jeweler when he was pretending to be the Khalifeh. In any event, the idea is that just as surely as the identity of the jeweler's son was discovered, so surely will Paula Tanqueray's identity and character be discovered by Ellean.

386.—40. *She has the entresol of the house*, the mezzanine floor of the house.

387.—12. *They gave him his company and a V. C. for it.* They gave him his rank of captain and the Victoria Cross, awarded for distinguished bravery.

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